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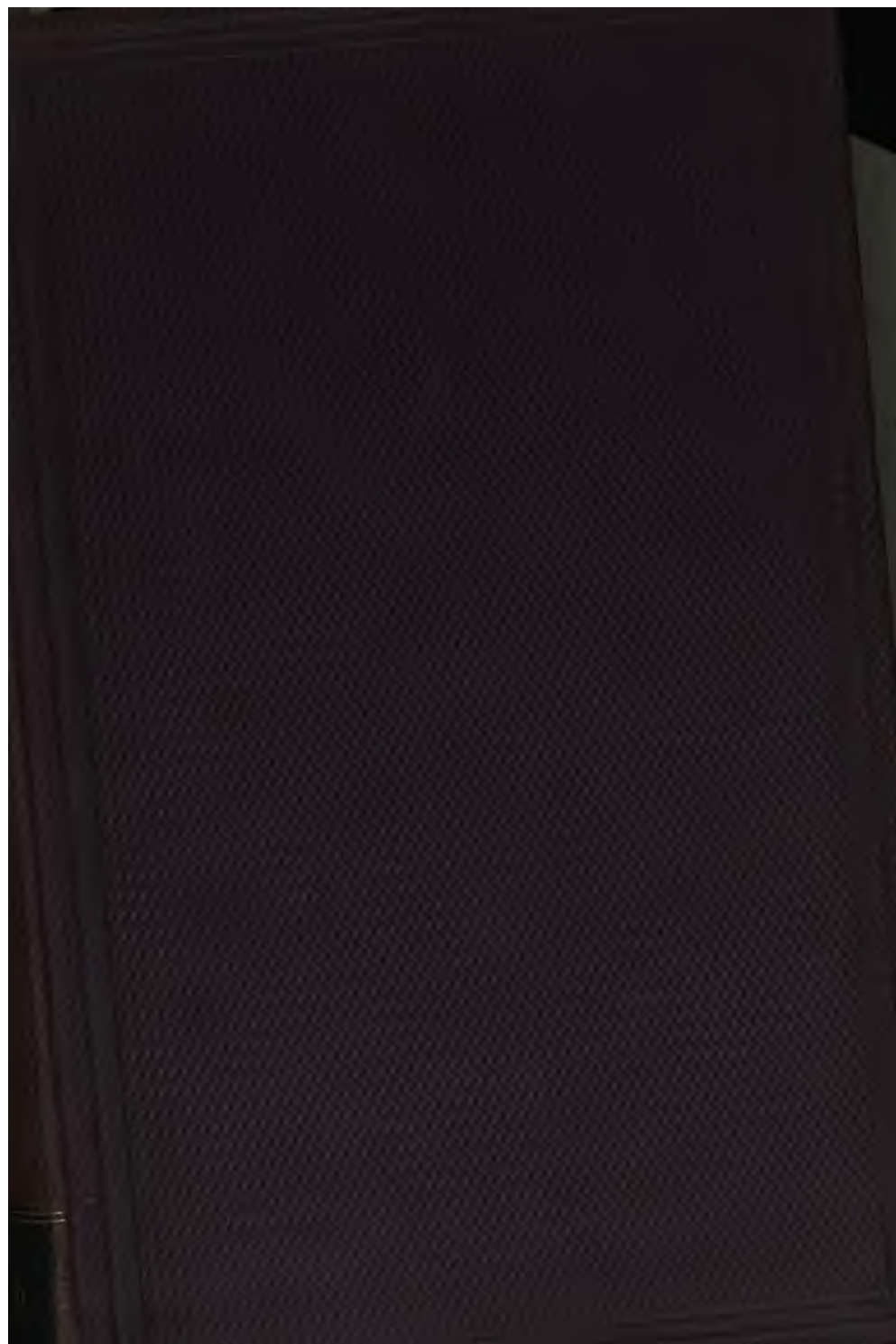
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HOMELESS;
OR,
A POET'S INNER LIFE.

BY
M. GOLDSCHMIDT,
AUTHOR OF
"JACOB BENDIXEN," ETC.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."
SHAKESPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

250. b. 110.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1861.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY R. BORN, GLOUCESTER STREET,
REGENT'S PARK.



HOMELESS;

OR,

A POET'S INNER LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE next day Marie Elizabeth came to Lykensgave. The parson's children were also there, and games and merriment of all kinds were the order of the day. At first Otto only took part in the games as guide and director; he endeavoured to maintain a certain grave and dignified superiority—but was soon carried away by the sports, and took part in them with all the more zest because of his assumed dignity. During one of the pauses between the games, he undertook to teach Marie Elizabeth to fence. She was very willing and evinced much zeal, but though she soon learnt the passes it was impossible for him to teach her to parry—she would lower her rapier (or the cane

that represented a rapier) instead, thus presenting a beautiful symbol of womanliness, which disarms by its defencelessness.

Late in the afternoon the children proposed a rowing-match, and Otto took a seat in one of the boats to guard them against any mischief that might arise. Young Paulsen also came down to the lake, encouraged the rowers, advised and cautioned, and at last was seized with a desire to try his strength with that of Otto. One of the parson's sons took the helm in Paulsen's boat—Marie Elizabeth steered for Otto.

"The match is not an even one," said Otto, smiling, when he observed the difference between the two steersmen; for the fair girl, with her flowing locks, her rosy cheeks, and her bright blue eyes, looked like a very Eros at a rowing-match.

"Oh, do you mean to say that you are so much stronger than I?" said Paulsen; "you had better not brag until you have won!"

"It seems to me that that is the very time one ought not to brag," replied Otto, putting out his oars.

All within the house were at the window looking on, so there was something to strive for. Paulsen immediately got a start of half-a-yard, and after a long and hard pull Otto had not gained an inch on him. Marie Elizabeth's countenance expressed the greatest excitement and anxiety. Otto turned round, and saw to his

annoyance how near the goal was. "Marie Elizabeth!" he suddenly cried out, as a spur to energy. The days of his childhood, the vessel with its tarry sides, Peter Kroll and little Emilie, his father and mother, all passed rapidly before him as in a vision. In front of him was the real Marie Elizabeth, the lovely child—further off, but still looking on, as he believed, was "the lady."

A vigorous stroke of the oar sent the boat forward with renewed impetus—another and another followed, and with a joy and triumph for which she could not herself account, Marie Elizabeth saw the boat shoot past that of Paulsen, who had only his arms, but no battle-cry.

"I knew that with that name I could not fail!" exclaimed Otto, when they had reached the goal; while Paulsen, who came in directly afterwards, cried,

"You would not have won had I not had that clumsy boy in my boat; he weighs at least two stone more than Marie Elizabeth!"

To what an eminence did not these words raise Otto above Paulsen in Marie Elizabeth's estimation. The one weighed her by *avoirdupois*, the other

Paulsen left them, but soon after his mother, her sister, and the actress came down to the boats. The children ran to meet them, clapped their hands with joy, and said that the ladies likewise must have a row.

"It will not do, children," said Mrs. Paulsen; "we are too many—who is to row us?"

"Kroyer! Kroyer!" cried the children; "and we will help him."

"You must spare Mr. Kroyer a little, children," said the actress, "he has had a very hard day of it."

She was clad in a simple white dress, that imparted an ethereal lightness to her beautiful figure, without concealing its graceful roundness. Her head was uncovered—she looked very youthful—and a white silk parasol and delicate gloves gave a finished elegance to her appearance.

Otto felt almost pained at being brought within the magic circle of her influence; he could not in her presence give himself up with all his soul to the children—he was too old for that, and yet he felt that, in relation to her, he was too young. He also fancied that a sarcasm was concealed under the apparently friendly warning concerning him given to the children; but what was concealed under the sarcasm?

"We may take the sailing-boat, if the ladies will trust themselves to me," said he.

"For heaven's sake, no!" cried Mrs. Paulsen; "sudden squalls sometimes occur, even on the lake."

"Squalls on such an afternoon, Mrs. Paulsen—impossible!" cried Otto; "besides, we can sail with loose canvas."

The ladies allowed themselves to be persuaded. While the boat was being got ready, a messenger was sent to the house for shawls and wraps, and then off they started with a light breeze.

The breeze soon fell, the sail was reefed, and Otto put out the oars and began to row, humming the while a few bars of a sailor's song. Anon the children joined in, Mrs. Paulsen taking upon herself to distribute the parts; and at length "the lady's" voice also shared in the simple melody. But what a change was wrought by that voice! What new life and expression were introduced into the old hackneyed tune! To him it sounded as if her soul had until then been imprisoned, but was now permitted, in a song of other times and of another theme, to express all its treasure of joy and aspiration, of sadness and enthusiasm. As they sang, "When the full-grown Danish lads play the game of war," it seemed to him that were *she* to sing that war-song to an army, that army must of necessity either conquer or die. The wonderful dramatic expression which she introduced into the simple, true-hearted words—the manner in which she imbued them, as it were, with something of her own individuality, exercised a magic influence over him. When she sang about the king of Thule "faithful unto death," it was if she were "the bride so lovely" whom the king could never forget; and this manly fidelity seemed to Otto easy to understand. When she sang of Denmark—"In

thy bosom is love, in thy forests peace"—her voice seemed to tell what that love was, it sounded so playful and mocking, yet it was as if the playfulness and mockery were only used to veil the deeper feeling, and make it more bewitching. All the riches of Denmark, all the happiness which is mysteriously concealed in its lap, and which it bestows on its favoured children, seemed to him to rise out of the old songs and float in the air, upborne by the tones of her voice, held in dependence on her will and bidding.

The sun had sunk below the horizon, and over sky and earth was spread a richness of light, which no language can describe, words fail for the numberless tints and shades. In the west the sky was flaming in gold and purple, while the delicate streaks of downy cloud, higher up on the vault of heaven, were of pearly white, interwoven with transparent hues of rose and gold. The sky in which they were floating, without any perceptible motion, was of scintillating blue, overspread by a brightness the eye could only fully appreciate on turning to the north, and beholding the clouds that stood along the line of the horizon, like a chain of distant blue mountains, increasing, by their calm, sombre moodiness, the joyous impression of the light; for on such a Danish summer evening, what otherwise would wear a threatening and disturbing aspect, only serves to heighten the prevailing beauty.

The light was gradually fading, but so slowly that it seemed still to linger, and only to become more delicate; while forest and lake and field, the green domes of the trees, the mirrorlike waters, and the yellow corn, were sunk in solemn stillness, as if in soft breathing enjoyment of the peace that shed its mild and enchanting radiance around. The light concentrated itself more and more in the west, the sky-tints became fainter, while the gazers on this scene felt their own souls soaring in ever-expanding spirituality. A little longer and the waning light appears only in a narrow line along the western horizon. Nature closes her eyelids, but a fresh bloom still lingers on her cheek—she is only preparing for healthful sleep—"we shall have a fine day to-morrow," says the farmer when closing his gates after the labours of the day.

Marie Elizabeth had been leaning over the gunwale of the boat, looking down into the waters, whose shiny surface formed a magic mirror for the evening sky, giving, as it were, substance and fixedness to that which above was only a fleeting show. The peculiar tones and expression of the actress's voice, which enchanted Otto, pained the child, she did not know why; and with unconscious but deep antipathy she wished herself far away—while the lovely melodies with which these tones were connected seemed, to her, to sound upward from the mystic world into which

she was gazing, and to fill both air and water. When, from time to time, the young girl heard Otto, who was gently rowing along, join his voice with irrepressible admiration to that of "the lady," she felt as if she must burst into tears; but the child's eyes could not weep the tears of the maiden's heart. She alone was not in her place amid the joyousness that was resounding in the boat; she alone was unheeded here; but the world around and beneath her was as pure, as luminous, but calmer than her childlike soul. It called her and lured her with all the power of the sweetest music; wishing to shake off these feelings, she suddenly arose, looked up, and saw that now the sky above was not so beautiful as the waters below. Again she quickly bowed her head, but in so doing lost her balance and sank into the magic circle, into the cool bosom of the lake.

For one moment she appeared again on the surface, and those in the boat, from whose lips every sound had suddenly died away, saw her sink once more, carried down by her own struggles. Otto lost no time. Springing to his feet and throwing off his coat, he plunged into the water. After a few moments of great exertion, he held up the senseless girl, who was drawn into the boat by the actress, by whom order had been maintained; and now, having placed the little

girl in safety, she held out a hand to Otto, just as he felt that help was needed.

This feminine soul, which, with an inborn appreciation of and yearning for the great and ennobling, was commonly reduced to occupy itself with them in imagination only, while the surrounding realities were petty, barren, and unsatisfactory. She was deeply moved, and impressed with the little real event in which she had thus played a part, by the real danger, self-sacrifice, and success she had witnessed and shared during those brief moments. The quiet evening, with the lovely tinted sky and water, suddenly assumed a romantic character in her eyes; but amid all she missed, perhaps, some being suited to the events of the hour and to herself. However, the enjoyment, as well as the disappointment, soon became subjects of reflection to her—she felt that they were both visionary, yet she clung to the illusion; and as if Otto were really the being whose absence she had felt as a disappointment, she showed him all the tender care, all the silent admiration, which to her, the actress, it was so easy to express beautifully by look, tone, and manner—perhaps without thinking of what a magic influence she was at the same time exercising over his mind—what an illusory happiness she was nourishing within him.

While Otto's mind was wild by chasing a world of shadows, a child's soul was coming to maturity. Marie Elizabeth lay in her bed praying to God, praying again and again for forgiveness—

not because she had fallen into the water, for she knew she could not help this—but for the bewildering thoughts she had had, and which she had not been able to conquer. Trying to escape from the vague tormenting feelings that beset her like spectres, she fixed her mind on her mother, and found peace. She prayed to God for Otto, and with childlike romance also prayed for a blessing upon her whom she disliked, and then fell into a sound sleep.

The next day, when Otto rode over to Tjörnelund, to inquire after Marie Elizabeth, in the name of all at Lykkensgave, the mother did not receive him with the same heartiness as before. She thanked him almost passionately, it is true, for having saved her child; and there was heartfelt sincerity in these passionate thanks, yet there was a something wanting, or rather there was a something too much; for the relation between them had already become such, during the short period of their acquaintance, that he had expected no other words from her than a mother might address to a son who had saved his sister from a perilous position. But Mrs. Sandberg had perceived, by Marie Elizabeth's manner, that something had happened beyond the mere falling into the water. She could obtain no distinct answers from her daughter; for to do so you must know how to put your questions, and any one who had not witnessed the events of the day could hardly be expected, in this case, to put the

right question. But at least she learnt from her daughter's manner that something unusual had befallen her—that this something was not good, and that Otto was the cause. Her nature was too transparent for Otto not to perceive a difference; and besides, it is a peculiarity in our relation to good and lovable people, that we derive, as it were, from them a keener sense, which enables us to trace even the most delicate shades in their feelings. Perhaps, also, the secret voice of conscience helped him to this unusually quick perception; but be this as it may, he felt that there was a difference between the friendliness shown him before and now. It was but a shade, but it was the very shade that had constituted the peculiar, poetic, unhackneyed something which a few days previously had made him feel so happy under this roof. Neither was Marie Elizabeth the same. She wished, most earnestly wished, to show him how grateful she felt, but in vain; something that was stronger than herself made her manner reserved. However, she believed that as a matter of course Otto must feel the gratitude that was swelling at her heart, though it would not gush to her lips. Mr. Sandberg thanked Otto for his prompt and ready deed, with all the frankness of his nature; but the very fact brought down the whole family to Mr. Sandberg's level, and Otto keenly felt at that moment that there was something in mother and daughter that had shrunk back, been withdrawn from him; and when he again rode away,

the fear with which he had once played in imagination had become reality—the house, such as he had first known it, was no longer there.


When there exists between two people a feeling which is above the common, they are mutually influenced by means lying beyond the common sphere of the senses. If the relation be pure and beautiful, the one feels the other's sorrow, though it be deeply hidden in the heart; those who sincerely love are to the eyes of each other transparent, as it were, even though their eyelids be cast down; and when passion pervades the lover, this passion constitutes a magic fluid, forming a connecting medium between them; and the one whose passion is the stronger is the more sensitive to the influences so mysteriously exercised.

Otto's conduct was moulded by "the lady's" will. And though she was but playing with him, there was much earnestness beneath, for she began to feel an interest in him, and wished to influence him. A slight, almost imperceptible, bend of her head indicated the place he was to occupy when he approached; his manners bore the impress which she considered indicative of the perfect gentleman; his words and mode of expression became imbued with the elegance that pervaded her whole being. And all this was easy to him, because true politeness and its forms are in fact but expressions or representatives of kindliness, and of a sense of

beauty. It is true, he sometimes felt that the part he was playing was but that of the lover and schoolboy combined; yet the teacher exercised a fascination over him, from which he neither had the will nor the power to escape. Even his feeble attempts at rebellion, and the mode in which they were suppressed, were full of charm, because of her power and superiority thus called forth; and while she subdued she at the same time exalted him.

"The lady" and Mrs. Paulsen sat one morning at work close to a door opening on the garden. She was clad in morning dress, the elegant simplicity of which constantly attracted the attention of her hostess. On her head was a little cap, poised so lightly, that it seemed to have been set there by some hasty chance, and yet so gracefully that it looked as though the chance had been inspired. Otto, who was seated at some distance, a book in hand, endeavoured to read; but his eyes and his thoughts were irresistibly drawn towards her, and dwelt on her with indescribable pleasure.

Mrs. Paulsen had been speaking about the conventionality and reserve that reign in many families, and particularly among ladies in the country. Otto contributed his mite to the conversation, saying how far preferable is simple nature to false refinement, and what a pity it is that a blunder, in some trifling form, should suffice sometimes to throw discredit on a person possessing excellent qualities



and the best intentions. Mrs. Paulsen admitted that he was right, yet maintained that some forms were necessary.

"But then conventionality is at once established," said he.

"That would be a strange society indeed," said the actress, "in which people met with the determination to be sincere and frank towards each other. What should we do in cases when we happened to find ourselves face to face with our enemies?"

"Our enemies we might defy," said Otto.

"Yes, but then it would be necessary always to have a policeman present to keep the peace, and sociality would be impossible under such circumstances. No, everyone who would take part in society must seek to acquire polished manners and *bon ton*. When we have these we feel at home everywhere, in all classes."

"But in this case society is rather a constraint than a pleasure."

"I do not think so. There are many rules, the carrying out of which is a pleasure, whilst their transgression is actually painful. Try, for instance, to put yourself in an attitude which you frequently see opera dancers assume, with your arms extended above your head, and your body bent slightly forward. Now move your left arm, and at the same time your right foot forward, and you will at once experience a disagreeable sensation. But advance

the left arm and the left foot at the same time—that is to say, put yourself in the right attitude—and you will feel as if you had struck an accord. It is the same with good manners—they bring their own reward; but those who imitate them clumsily are brought into disaccord with themselves, and produce disturbance.”

“That is very prettily observed,” said Otto; “it reminds one of the music said to be produced by the heavenly bodies in their harmonious movements within the solar system.”

“Indeed!—then I have been quite learned, without suspecting it!”

“But,” he added, “you must allow that fashion is arbitrary and oppressive.”

“Certainly it is,” said Mrs. Paulsen, addressing “the lady;” “and you cannot deny that there is something very arbitrary in the fashions that are sent to us at present.”

“But I am sure, Mrs. Paulsen, that you do not accept the fashions exactly as they are presented to you, but that you take care to modify them according to your taste.”

“Undoubtedly!” answered she, feeling much flattered.

“I suppose that each fashion owes its origin to something in some attractive person that awakens admiration; people of taste imitate this something with discrimination, and thus the idea gradually descends to those who can do no more than

copy—they bend under the yoke because they are born slaves.”

Mrs. Paulsen’s sister now came in, and catching the last words, said,

“Oh, we are not slaves, though we may not be so free as the birds in the air.”

“No,” answered the actress, “I am afraid I used too strong an expression. . . . But I am so glad you have come! I am just about to begin my grounding, and I want your advice as to whether I ought to make it black or white.”

“Oh, a black grounding by all means!”

“Just what I thought; certainly it will be the more tasteful!”

On another occasion they were speaking about a certain professor at the University.

She remarked :

“What he is when really in the cathedra I cannot say—but in society he conveys the impression of being always in the cathedra. If you happen to put a question to him, he gives you a lecture in reply.

“Then it seems to me that he must be very interesting,” said Otto.

“Yes, but in society it would be better that, instead of lecturing, he should merely reveal his knowledge and intellect by apt observations, just suited to maintain the conversation. A gentleman should speak only to give the ladies an opportunity of saying something.”

"This," said Otto, "is tantamount to demanding that the most distinguished man of science shall, in society, reduce his intellect to the position of a mere servitor."

"Yes," rejoined she, "his first duty is to be agreeable, and he must cease for the nonce to be professional."

"But why, then, did you listen with such evident pleasure to a wood-ranger the other day who spoke of nothing but his forests, and his game, and his guns, and his dogs?"

"To a wood-ranger? How do you mean? Oh, yes! now I remember! Oh, that delightful wood-ranger! Yes, that was a man as he ought to be!"

"But how am I to make this agree with your strictures upon the Professor?" asked Otto, petulantly.

"I can't tell!" cried she, with a sudden burst of merriment.

He felt that her laugh was directed against his ill-humour, and putting on a more amiable look he said,

"Teach me, then, the secret of being a man as he ought to be; for you must confess that it is difficult to understand why talking about forests, and game, and veterinary science is more fit for society than talking about history and astronomy."

"First of all," she replied, "because the fragrance of the forest is sweeter than the smell of musty books or brass telescopes."

"But," cried he, "that is a thoroughly subjective reason."

"What is meant by that?"

"I mean that I may meet with other persons who would say, 'Do spare me the talk about woods and forests—I love the old chronicles, tell me something from Saxo Grammaticus, or about the starry heavens.'"

"That is true enough," said she.

"And you say that so contentedly and unconcernedly, as if it did not break down your whole proposition."

"Only hear him, Mrs. Paulsen, is he not as much intent upon being in the right as any Erasmus Montanus!* Is he not even uplifting his cavilling spirit against a lady? Kneel down, miscreant, kneel down before Mrs. Paulsen and me, and implore the pardon of all womankind."

He knelt, but in so doing the current of his thoughts took a new direction; his heart and his senses knelt before her alone—his eyes did homage to her. She perceived it, and pleased at this youthful homage, she smilingly seized a sprig of mignonette, touched his shoulder three times with it, and said,

"Be obedient, be amiable, be as amiable as a wood-ranger!"

"All hail, noble Danish women, matrons and maidens!" said he. "Here at your feet I swear

* A character in one of Holberg's plays.

not to rise again, until I have learnt why the wood-ranger is amiable."

"That belongs to the things that cannot be spoken in words—it must be learnt by intercourse. Hie thee to the wood-ranger; bind thyself apprentice to him; take lessons from him; implore him to open a course for students!"

On hearing these last words Otto involuntarily rose, forgetting his oath; for by a sudden transition of thought they conjured up before him the diplomatists and officers, the fashionables in the pit-stalls of the theatre, in relation to whom the students are thrown into the shade.

"May I request that you, madam, as the liege lady of this castle, will exercise your authority and bid him remain on his knees?" said the actress, addressing Mrs. Paulsen.

"Down on your knees again!" cried Mrs. Paulsen, with uplifted knitting-needle.

"I obey," said he, in a plaintive voice, again bending his knee; "but then, dame Justitia, you must also command that the desired explanation be vouchsafed to me."

"Be so good as to explain," said Mrs. Paulsen, turning to the lady.

"Ah, Mrs. Paulsen, you are wrong in asking me to do so—he will be too enlightened. But as it must be so, learn that the wood-ranger gave us his flowers, that we might store them up, or adorn ourselves with them, or pluck them to pieces and throw

them to the winds, as best might suit us; while the Professor, on the contrary, takes his flowers, weaves them into a wreath, then places it on his own brow, and mirrors himself in our admiring glances."

"You are quite right, as you say, thus it ought to be; they are all born tributary to us," said Mrs. Paulsen, with a sigh.

"I thought I heard you sigh, mother," said the Justitsraad, who until then had been occupied with some letters; "may I ask if I have not always honestly paid my tribute?"

"No, Justitsraad," interposed the actress quickly, "you have not; for you promised to show me the Count's gardens, and you have not done so."

"Oho! I perceive that I have been sitting in the midst of a shower of hints, without being aware of it! That is what was meant by duty and tribute! Neils," said he, ringing the bell, "Neils, order the horses to the britzka. As we drive shall we stop on the way and take up the pastor's wife, ladies?"

"Oh, yes; that will be very nice!" cried the actress, as if she did not in the least perceive that this proposed addition to the party was the Justitsraad's revenge for being forced into taking a drive against his wish.

When they had reached the Count's park gates, Mrs. Paulsen proposed that her sister, Mrs. —, and herself should pay a visit to a family in the neighbourhood, while the rest of the party could walk

over the gardens and the park; they themselves had seen them so often, she said, and there was little hope that they would be allowed to see the Count's treasury.

In the meanwhile, permission had been asked and granted for the visitors to go over the grounds; and after the actress, the Justitsraad, and Otto, had strolled about for some time, the Count himself came to do the honours of the place. The strangers were introduced, and the old nobleman expressed as much joyful surprise, at this unexpected visit from the celebrated actress, as the highest breeding would allow, and uttered a few words of lively and hearty appreciation, on which some restraint seemed imposed, lest they should bear the appearance of common flattery. The agreeable impression produced by the pleasant, attractive, gentlemanly manners of the Count, was further increased by the veneration his age inspired, and by the claim he might legitimately have put forward to be the object rather than the dispenser of attention.

Here, where she was bound to observe the strictest rules of courtesy, refinement, and grace, the actress was entirely in her element—at least so it appeared to Otto. His eye was not sufficiently practised to see that she was, in a certain measure, acting a part, while the Count was acting in accordance with what had become to him second nature; that she, without being

exactly theatrical, nevertheless sought her inspiration in stage memories, and repeated what she had studied before the footlights; while the Count gave only what had become traditional in his family. Her mistake was that she was earnestly bent on representing a woman of rank; but this mistake Otto did not discover. He watched with intense interest the little polite nothings, the light manner, which seemed to play with the burdensome toil of speaking about nothing, of varying the expressions of pleasure while the objects that called them forth were almost always the same; to be ever ready to put a lively question, or to give a lively answer, out of consideration for others, and at the same time to walk properly, to turn with grace, &c., &c.

They entered an open glade in the park, where groups of southern trees were surrounded by serried ranks of protecting beech, ash, and fir, amid which the flora of a warm zone were distributed in pots hidden beneath the velvety sward. The colours were so beautiful, and the fragrance so sweet, that she could without any exaggeration say,

“Oh! this reminds one of the court of Miklagard, protected by its guard of Varangians.”*

“Truly,” said the Count, “I could desire no

* Miklagard was the name given to Constantinople by the old Scandinavians, a body of whom were in the pay of the Emperor, and formed his most faithful guards.

sweeter reward than such a panegyric for the many years of labour spent on this plantation. But it is not yet completed; we are still at work here."

Behind the spot on which they stood, facing the south, and commanding a lovely view over the undulating country, rose a building in course of erection.

"It will be long before it is finished," said the Count. "It will be my son's task to complete it."

Through these words went a breath, if not exactly of immortality, yet of the proud family's earthly continuity. The horizon of the soul seemed to expand in the presence of the old nobleman, who built and laboured without wearying, leaving the completion of his work to his successors.

"But might it not be finished at once?" asked the actress.

"Yes, if we would spend more upon it than the revenues of each year allow."

"But surely you need not be hampered by the considerations that weigh down others?"

"Why not? We live by our labour . . ."

She smiled.

"Yes—by capital, care, order, and such successes as the Lord vouchsafes. Is it not so, Justitsraad Paulsen?"

"Certainly, Count. Without capital, more especially, no landed proprietor can advance. There

is, however, a difference between a working capital and riches."

"No doubt; but what are riches? I remember in my youth, when I went to Paris, and was to be introduced at court, I fancied that I should awaken general admiration by the richness of my jewels. But the young Duc de Noailles eclipsed me, as the sun eclipses a lantern; and when I saw the king at a court ball, he wore but a single diamond—yet, compared to it, the Duc de Noailles' jewels and mine together seemed fit for nothing better than to form its setting. Indeed, that was as it should be; for the nobles are the brilliants in which the splendour of the crown is set... nobility and genius," added the old Count, correcting himself; and, carried away by his desire to be polite and pleasant, he would fain have added, "nobility, genius, Justitsraad Paulsen and Mr. Kroyer."

"Everything that is noble and beautiful in a realm," he continued, "brings its tribute to the throne, and thus is formed the crown-jewel, whoever may be its bearer for the moment—just as in nature the sparkling diamond seems formed of all that is most brilliant in the earth, the ocean, and the sky, while it is at the same time more indestructible than aught else."

Otto felt, on hearing these words, that it was time for him to show his colours, and said,

"But in Athens, and in the Italian republics,

there was no throne to which genius brought its tribute."

"True enough, my young friend; but then, how long did the glory of Athens and the Italian republics last? The throne represents the permanent, and, in return for what is sacrificed to it, it bestows stability and permanence . . . but forgive an old man his antiquated views."

Stimulated by the actress's glance, to show presence of mind and pliancy, Otto rejoined—

"On the contrary, Count, I owe you thanks for showing me the subject from a new side."

"Nicely expressed, my young friend," replied the Count, taking Otto's hand. "But, as I was observing, precious stones are among the most beautiful products of nature. What wonderful play of colours, and what brilliancy, are there not in the ruby and the emerald! and what pleasure to watch the mysterious play of light in the water of the diamond!"

"And yet they upbraid women for being so fond of jewels."

"On the contrary, they praise you for your good taste, and often pity the jewel for the risk it runs of being eclipsed," said the courteous old gentleman, correcting her.

"You mean, Count, that we violate good taste in using jewels to adorn ourselves, instead of valuing them for their own beauty."

"Indeed, fair lady, I could hardly have ventured to entertain such a thought."

“ Confess, Count, confess that you do not think a lady capable of an impartial appreciation even of diamonds.”

“ Oh, to free myself from so odious an imputation, I am tempted to beg you will sacrifice a few minutes to the inspection of my ‘treasury,’ as we call it in sport.”

With a merry and triumphant glance at the Justitsraad, she took the Count’s arm, and they walked towards the castle, through avenues in the old French style, with niches cut in the bordering hedges, and peopled with statues, in plaster, of shepherds and shepherdesses; similar statues, many of them in the worst possible taste, decorated the broad stone steps. Here was something that Otto understood, here his mind began to feel free again, though, as the old gentleman’s guest, he would fain have found everything beautiful and correct. At the sight of these unworthy statues, used instead of the nobler products of the sculptor’s art as decorations to the mansion of a high-born family, a remembrance of Canute Jedde, the frivolous, faithless young nobleman, was involuntarily awakened within him. They entered a large drawing-room, opening on the garden; the walls were hung with family portraits, which Otto at once began to examine, as the Count absented himself a moment, and “the lady,” after a rapid glance at an open work-table, which had evidently been but very lately abandoned, placed herself in an arm-chair, the Justitsraad walking to and fro.

The Count returned with a box, which he opened before "the lady." She found it difficult to conceal her disappointment; expecting to see diadems, necklaces, earrings, brooches, she beheld only unset single stones, placed symmetrically on the velvet lining of the case, and varying in size from that of a pea to that of a large bean. But when the Count beheld his much-prized treasures, his dull blue eyes sparkled, and he failed to observe that her thoughts were elsewhere, while she was giving utterance to the admiration she supposed herself bound to express.

"And see, with one hand you can seize the whole, put it into your pocket, and walk off."

"And walk off?"

"Yes; who will guarantee that a time may not come again when palaces will be stormed, when the mob will rise against kings and nobles, drive them into exile, and confiscate their property for the benefit of the nation?"

"Oh, in our country there is no danger of anything of the kind," said the Justitsraad.

"There is no knowing," answered the Count, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Do not be uneasy, Count; all will go well."

"Have you not observed," continued the Count, "that in our day there seems to be a process of decomposition or dissolution going on, not only in men's minds, but also in the various members of the state. But I must beg your pardon, dear madam, for introducing the subject of politics."

She looked up at him with an admirable expression, implying that the interest she felt in hearing him speak was sufficient to make any subject attractive.

"Only allow me," he continued, "to complete my observation—that this process of decomposition is going on, that there is nothing stable to which a man can appeal; the monarchical sentiment is growing weak, or is dying out, and a man who is called upon to take the reins of government at such a moment might be tempted to begin where Lord Castlereagh had ended."

"How did Lord Castlereagh's career terminate, your Excellency?" inquired the lady.

"He used a razor—fatally," replied the Count.

"Good heavens! politics are really dreadful matters?" cried she.

"Yes, dear madam, we must pray to God to endow the king's advisers with wisdom, and to give their counsels success. All must do the little good they can, each in his sphere, yet be prepared for failure. The ground is daily being cut away from under all that is most sacred and venerable. Nations are called in to loosen the Gordian knot, but they cleave it with hatchets; they break down doors, and thrust out the memories of the past, because they cannot get rid of the past itself."

While this conversation was going on, Otto had been contemplating the family paintings on the wall,

many of which represented mail-clad warriors; he now exclaimed,

"The monarchical sentiment I learn to understand it when looking at these ancestral portraits—these military nobles."

"In our times it is talent that ennobles," said the Count, with a courteous bow to the lady. "Roscius, Mars, Talma, Shakespeare, Phidias, are its ancestors. And this nobility is the only one, we may feel sure, will survive all changes."

A servant now brought in refreshments, and whispered a few words in the Count's ear.

"I am sorry that my wife should be unwell to-day," said the Count, gliding swiftly over the words, while helping his guests to wine.

After the interchange of a few more polite phrases, the party took leave. The actress was in high spirits when they joined the other ladies, and gave them a full account of all they had seen.

"Were you asked into the house?" inquired Mrs. Paulsen.

"To be sure we were," answered her husband; "have you not just been told so?"

"What did the Countess say?" asked the pastor's wife.

"She was not well," replied the actress, in a tone of indifference.

"But the young Countess and the Count's daughter?"

"I believe they had gone over to Aastrup on a visit," said the Justitsraad.

"No, indeed ; that is quite a mistake !" cried the pastor's wife ; "for we saw them at the window, for one moment, just as you were coming away."

The Justitsraad turned the conversation quickly upon another subject, and Otto observed as little that the ladies had been interchanging pin-pricks, as he had observed that there was anything remarkable in the circumstance of the Countess not having appeared, as the Count had said she was not well.

A shooting party, in which two of the Count's sons and a nephew took part, led to Otto and young Paulsen being invited to the castle. The old Countess was really indisposed on this occasion, and consequently her daughter-in-law did the honours. When dinner was announced, Otto believed it to be his privilege and his duty, as the greatest stranger present, to take the lady of the house to table. He had observed that this was the custom at the Justitsraad's when there was company. He had moreover seen something of the same kind on the stage ; and he had also imbibed such an idea from the "lady's" lessons. When, with all his senses on the alert to discover any criticism that might be passed, he offered his arm to the young Countess, she said, in accepting it, "Oh ! thank you !" in a tone which seemed to indicate

that he was showing her quite an unexpected politeness, or was taking an unwarranted liberty. Something in the behaviour of the young Count, especially towards Paulsen, tallied with it. It was evident that the two guests were not looked upon as equals; and Otto asked himself whether he ought to be angry. "In any case not to show it," answered he. "That *she* would say; and I must try to act as though *she* were present; and I must learn to parry in octave with a smile, as André would say. No; I will take another view of the matter. I will no longer consider that I am paying them a visit, but I will look on them as animals in my menagerie!"

From this moment he began to speak with a certain inward satisfaction that no one understood, yet the conversation became animated. As is generally the case in Danish families who spend part of the year in Copenhagen, it soon turned on the theatre, though all present took great care not to mention "the lady." A student of the University had lately gone on the stage, and the young Countess inquired whether he was successful, adding, "It is very strange that he should become an actor, for he is said to be of good family."

"I do not think that he is," answered Otto.

"Oh! but I can assure you that it is the case," insisted the Countess; and she mentioned what appointments his father and grandfather had held.

"Ay, that may be," answered Otto; "but neither on his father's nor his mother's side does he descend from the muses or the graces."

It appears that Otto had now learned to parry in octave with a smile.

While coffee was being handed round, the only child of the Countess, a boy of two years old, was brought in, when the child, by chance, ran towards Otto, and then began to cry. The mother came up, took the child in her arms, and seating herself by Otto's side, began to tell him how much anxiety she had suffered a few months previously, when the child was dangerously ill.

"One evening," she said, "I saw, by the expression of the doctor's countenance, that the danger was great, and in my terror I opened the Bible, in the hope of finding an omen of good promise; but, to my dismay, I opened the book at the words, 'The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption, and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning, and with the sword, and with blasting, and with mildew; and they shall pursue thee until thou perish.' I sank down on my knees and leaned my head against the edge of the child's crib, and wept and prayed, as a mother alone can pray. When I arose again I made another trial, and the words that met my eyes were, 'Arise, woman; thy faith has saved thee!' And from that moment the child began to recover!"

Although Otto felt that the confidential way in which the Countess now spoke to him was partly inspired by the wish to make a sort of atonement for her previous behaviour, partly by the wish to place herself in an advantageous light, she nevertheless gained her end, and did succeed in making an impression upon him.

On their return home, Paulsen's account of the visit made the actress suspect that things had not gone on quite smoothly, and she longed to be alone with Otto to question him. Towards the time when the children were sent to bed, she proposed a walk to Mrs. Paulsen. The latter excused herself with having to attend to her children, but begged that she would walk on with Mr. Kroyer, saying that she would follow them.

"Do you hear what an honourable office the *châtelaine* bestows on you?" said "the lady," addressing Otto, who was endeavouring to look unconcerned, so as not to betray his delight; "your arm, if you please, Sir Marquis—of course speaking figuratively."

They had not proceeded far, before he had given a detailed narrative of the events of the day, with the exception of the account given by the Countess of the child's illness and the incident with the Bible, which he instinctively kept to himself.

"What did they answer when you said that about good family?" inquired she.

They were silent for a moment, and then turned the conversation on other subjects.

"Well, after all, it is no great triumph for a guest to have reduced his host to silence."

"No ; I have thought of that already."

"You may be assured," she continued, "that they will not easily forget it. Nevertheless, it was well said. *Well* said, observe—not *wisely* said. How did young Mr. Paulsen behave ? I suppose he was also—a little overlooked."

"He was very cordial to them while we were there, but on the way home he gave vent to his vexation, and said that nobility ought to be abolished."

"Young Mr. Paulsen is a man of sense. I am sure he will succeed in life."

"Succeed ? Ah, to succeed is not the question, but to be happy," said Otto, with a look full of romantic sentiment.

"Who has taught you that ? How can we be happy without success ? We must have attained a certain position to be able to guide and to rule others."

"Oh, you rule without much difficulty !"

"I ?—that is quite another matter."

"You rule through your genius, and because you are—"

"Well — because ? I suppose you have a well-turned compliment ready at hand."

"No, not a compliment. I was going to say, you rule because you charm."

"You are mistaken, friend. A woman never rules. When a man distinguishes himself, he acquires friends and adherents. Men are always ready to form a party around one of their number. Women never take part with each other; women must walk alone, jealously watched, and secretly envied and hated by all other women. And while a man who acquires celebrity through his genius finds constantly in his path women willing to give their very life to him out of admiration, a woman only finds admirers who wish to possess her."

This outburst struck him by its truth, and made him feel embarrassed; yet here again was opened one of those fascinating, tempting vistas into the future. Was it not a woman's lips that pronounced the promise?

After a short pause he said: "It seems to me that wherever a woman of talent shows herself, young and old, high and low, bend before her. Even the proud nobles crown her brows with laurel."

"Oh yes," she answered; adding immediately after, "but the individual forming an exceptional case must not therefore forget the general rule. The rule is, that they place a false diadem on her head and pay her compliments, which bear the same relation to true appreciation that gilded cop-

per coins do to real gold. A woman who is not of noble birth must not venture to compete with noble ladies even in virtue."

There was a terrible sarcasm in the tone in which these last words were uttered.

"No," she continued, "the possession of a few acres of field and meadow and forest, that our forefathers have trodden, is an immense advantage!"

"Ah," said he, in a dejected tone, "if you aspire to such a position you may easily attain it."

"I? But why are you always speaking about me? Do you think that I would sacrifice the happiness I enjoy through any one part that I perform really well—that I would exchange a single one of the creations of what they politely term my talent, for the genealogical tree, or the broad lands of a countess?"

"No," answered Otto, naively.

She was silent for awhile, and then said:

"There seems to be an inborn hostility between nobility and talent, perhaps because they ought always to be united, yet are rarely found together. However, talent has the advantage—it can always attain to the privileges of nobility. Victor Hugo, for instance, has been made peer of France, and when he was threatened with disagreeable consequences from his affair with Madame Biard, the king interfered to screen him. If Alexandre Dumas desires to make a cruise in the

Mediterranean, a ship of the line is placed at his disposal. The man of talent has only to will! All the prejudices and conventionalities that press around us poor mortals like iron bonds, are to him like elastic bands. To him the whole world is open, to him it belongs. With his genius and his independence of mind, he strikes off the chains that fetter others—nay, they feel liberated merely by following in thought his spirit. Oh, when I think of these things, I can hardly conceive how it is possible that so many men are content to remain nonentities!”

If ever a young man felt as though exalted above the earth—needing but a fulcrum for his lever, that he might move the world—Otto so felt at this moment.

“It would not be difficult to become a distinguished man,” said he, with a trembling voice, “if—”

“If what?” asked she, with one of her velvety glances.

“If encouraged by a distinguished woman.”

“A man who distinguishes himself may always feel sure of the approval of distinguished women.”

“Yes, but—”

“But what?”

He could not answer, and she knew it. A moment afterwards she added: “Did you never hear the story of the French poet, who, each

time he published a work, received a letter containing expressions of such delicate, discriminating and affectionate admiration, that the unknown writer of these letters became to him as a good genius. After the lapse of several years, he one evening at a party met a lady, who in the course of conversation used one of the peculiar modes of expression that had struck him in those letters. He thus recognized the writer, and I believe she afterwards became his wife."

The same bright evening light, the same varied tints in the sky and the same delicate play of colours upon the earth, that had exercised so great a charm over Marie Elizabeth a few evenings previously, again enveloped the garden, fell through the interstices of the foliage, and spread over the open walks, captivating the senses with beauty; while her voice sounded like the musical accompaniment of the scene, caressing and mocking as would the voice of the evening tints, could they speak, and could any mortal stretch out his hand to seize them. It seemed to Otto as if he heard a low voice in the air singing :

" Here, fond youth, say not nay ;
Come, throw the dice with me."

But just then Mrs. Paulsen's footsteps were heard advancing along the gravel walk.

The next day "the lady" left, and very soon after Otto took his departure for Copenhagen,

the summer vacation having come to a close.

On entering the stage-coach which was to take him across Funen, from the Little Belt to the Great Belt, or from Middelfort to Nyborg, he observed a veiled lady in the opposite seat, but he did not bestow much attention on her. However, when going on board the steamer at Nyborg he recognized in her Pauline Belle, the daughter of his former host. All that her mother had gained by sending her away was thus lost, thrown as she was again now into Otto's society. He had grown mentally in intercourse with Scott and with the actress, and although in her presence he was under constant restraint, yet Otto acquired from her lessons of freedom and self-possession, which developed themselves now before the simple, less imposing Pauline. With his soul full of the image with which he had just parted, he could not even see that Pauline was pretty, or at least he did not care whether she was so or not; and he treated her like a child, who had once, he hardly recollected how, shown much friendliness towards him. Whilst the actress had always drawn him out, he now drew out Pauline.

"Have you been on a visit to your relatives in Middelfort?" said Otto.

"Yes, I have been staying with my uncle, or rather with my aunt," answered Pauline.

"Is your uncle, then, not your aunt's husband?" asked he, smiling.

"Yes, my uncle is married, but a sister-in-law of his is living in the same house, and it was with her that I was staying. Did you never, when you were in that neighbourhood, hear of Mrs. Belle, the widow?"

"Is there anything remarkable about her, since you think that she is much spoken of?"

"Yes, in my eyes at least she is remarkable. I do not believe there is another woman in the world so good, so active and so energetic as she is, and who has suffered so much."

"How has she suffered much?"

From Pauline's answer to this question it appeared that Mrs. Belle's husband, Pauline's uncle, had met with his death in some unfortunate way—but this was alluded to in terms so vague and delicate, as only women can use in speaking to those whom they wish to please, and of matters they are anxious to conceal; for we do not only adorn ourselves with garments, but also with the circumstances of our lives. The name of Sanders was mentioned, a merchant, who had been guilty of great injustice.

"He is the only person whom my aunt never can forgive," added Pauline, "though her confessor has admonished her to do so."

"Her confessor! Is your aunt a catholic?"

"Yes, she was born in Austria, in the city of Trieste."

"Then your aunt is not only a catholic, but

almost an Italian;" and it seemed to his fancy that this fact shed a greater refinement about Pauline.

"Oh, yes, I wish you could see what a handsome woman she is, though no longer young; and she has suffered so much. Everybody loves her; she does a great deal of good, for she possesses a small competence."

"But how can she have a confessor? Surely there is no catholic priest in Middelfort?"


"No, but until very lately she went once every year to Copenhagen. You know there is a catholic chapel and a catholic priest there. I once went to see him with her."

"What sort of man is the catholic priest? What did he say to you?"

"He was a very nice man, as far as I could see. I thought that we should afterwards go in to his lady to take coffee, as we did when I went with my mother to see our pastor, and I pulled my aunt's sleeve and asked about the lady. Aunt then called me a heathen, for catholic priests are not allowed to marry."

"What a shame!" said Otto, smiling. "But did he not want to convert you, and to induce you to go into a convent?"

"How can you ask such questions? He spoke very nicely and kindly to me. He told me to be a good girl; and gave me a picture of the Holy Virgin, whom, he said, they had driven out of



"The first step in the process of a new product is to identify a market need. This is often done through market research, which involves gathering information about the needs and preferences of potential customers. This information is then used to develop a product that meets those needs."

"The next step is to develop a business plan. This plan outlines the company's goals, strategies, and financial projections. It is a crucial document that helps to secure funding and guide the company's operations."

"Once the business plan is complete, the next step is to secure funding. This can be done through a variety of methods, including bank loans, venture capital, and crowdfunding. Each method has its own advantages and disadvantages, so it is important to choose the one that best fits the company's needs."

"After funding is secured, the next step is to develop a prototype. This is a small-scale version of the product that is used to test the design and gather feedback from potential customers. It is a crucial step in the product development process, as it allows the company to identify and address any issues before full-scale production."

"The final step in the process is to launch the product. This involves marketing the product to potential customers and getting it into the hands of the public. This can be done through a variety of methods, including advertising, public relations, and direct sales."

"Once the product is launched, the company must continue to monitor its performance and make adjustments as needed. This is an ongoing process that is essential for the long-term success of the product and the company."

"In conclusion, the process of developing a new product is a complex and multi-step process. It requires a combination of market research, business planning, funding, prototyping, and marketing. By following these steps, a company can increase its chances of developing a successful product that meets the needs of the market."

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"It was at Mrs. Hillebrandt's one evening. I left very soon after you came in."

"Oh, that evening! And were you the young girl with the veil? . . . I was not aware that you were acquainted with the Hillebrandts."

"Mother has known Mr. Hillebrandt ever since his childhood; but she does not like him much now, because he has grown so avaricious; and she fancies that it is Mrs. Hillebrandt that has put it into my head to go on the stage—but this is quite a mistake."

"On the stage!" exclaimed Otto. "Have you a talent for it? Have you ever performed?"

Pauline acknowledged modestly, or perhaps sincerely, that she had no talent for it, and that she was frightened at the thought of appearing before the public. Seemingly this love of the stage was in her case, as in that of so many Danish girls of the middle-classes, who are shut out from what may strictly be termed society, the expression of a yearning for the realities of life, or for its beauty. Be this as it may, Otto learnt that her mother's fear of this vague love for the stage had been the principal reason for sending her to Middelfort.

When taking leave of Pauline, Otto said,


"You will go and see the Hillebrandts sometimes, will you not?"

And Pauline answered, "Perhaps."

CHAPTER II.

WE must now view how matters have progressed, during Otto's absence, with some of his acquaintances who have already been introduced to the reader.


Milner was under-secretary in one of the government departments; but was generally called "Mr. Secretary"—because in Denmark, where rank and titles are held in such high estimation, it is always well when you seem to let your good wishes run, like a greyhound, a few steps in advance of reality in a man's career. He was about thirty, and possessed of a fortune that rendered him independent, and able to await with patience his promotion in due time as chief in his department, councillor of state, &c. He had the reputation of being a young man of ability, though no one could say in what his ability consisted. In reality, he was distinguished by a remarkable absence of originality of thought or



opinion ; but he had sufficient intellect to enable him to appropriate the thoughts generally current, and to apply them in society. He had never troubled himself much about any other than worldly matters ; and his convictions as to good and evil, as to what was permissible and what was not permissible, were not determined by his conscience, but by the judgment of others. This capacity of forming his opinions upon those of the general world had, by early intimacy with society, almost assumed the character of an instinct, that guided him with unerring precision ; and in the eyes of the world, as well as in his own, he was a perfect gentleman. He was good-looking, always dressed in good taste, sang rather nicely, and with an expression that imitated feeling ; and his manners were so exceedingly smooth and polished, that he could allow himself to be a little equivocal and free even in the presence of ladies, without giving offence. Added to this, he possessed a certain amount of good-nature, and was, moreover, a member of various benevolent societies ; thus, he was just such a companion as people in general most value. He had, besides, another rather unusual quality—he was discreet—and perhaps it was for this very reason that in society he met with a success of which the world heard nothing. He was, in fact, the impersonation of Scott's thoughts in action ; but devoid of theory and of system, merely gifted with a correct social instinct. Between him and Scott

there was no friendship; but Milner, happening to make Scott's acquaintance, continued it, feeling admiration, not unmingled with fear, for his extraordinary conversational powers; while Scott, on his side, ever loth to give up anyone from whom there was the least chance of extracting any essence, also held fast by Milner, whose tales and inuendoes furnished him with matter for new theories.

Milner had suddenly been struck with a young lady, the daughter of a house he visited rather frequently. This may easily happen; a man is likely to overlook a young girl whom he has known from childhood, and who, during the years of growth and development, may have been unattractive, hoydenish, awkward and shy. But suddenly the scene changes; she has been absent for awhile, and on her return he observes, for the first time, the change that has taken place in her; perhaps he discovers it by seeing how much she is admired at some ball; or his attention, which had up to a certain period been devoted to another, may suddenly become disengaged and go in quest of a new object. However it may have arisen, Milner now began to notice the young girl whom he had overlooked before, and, with his usual quick perception, he saw at once that there was something in her. What this something was, however, and in what manner her piquant womanliness affected him, he did not account for to himself; he merely followed his instinct.



He approached her gradually, and showed her all those little polite attentions, which cannot be called wooing, but which, like the head of Janus, have a double face, the one expressing earnestness, the other sportiveness—the one indicating the protecting and guiding sympathy of an elder and superior, the other revealing the possibility of youthful love. Every step in this path is secure, because it counts double, and by degrees fascinates the woman.

This young girl, Camilla by name, was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, by name Sanders, living in good style, without, however, making any show or mixing much in general society. Camilla had lost her mother when she was thirteen years of age ; and while her silent and reserved father, who married a second time, devoted himself exclusively to his business, the superintendence of her education was left to the care of a female relative of her deceased mother. She was brought up under a most inconsistent system of mingled freedom and constraint. The rules of decorum and of refinement were imprinted on her mind ; care was taken that all her companions should be such as were educated according to the received notions ; some choice of reading was made for her, and for the rest her educators were content to rely on the fact that she lived in a well-ordered community, in which no one would approach a girl in her position except with honourable intentions.

Her womanly instincts led her almost immediately to suspect, from Milner's manner, that he was planning a little love intrigue; but she did not fear him in consequence, because he in no way responded to her ideal. She felt strength enough to venture to confront him, and she wished, moreover, to learn, to see, to try and prepare herself by exercise for the actual contest—for real life—that life which youth, never satisfied with the present, looks for on the horizon.

Milner's literary cultivation enabled him to know exactly what kind of books he should lend to ladies. With his usual correct instinct, he selected reading for Camilla, and thus obtained the key to her imagination, and frequent opportunities for the cultivation of a closer intimacy, by sending her little notes with the books, and afterwards talking over the matter of the work with her. He had no great critical talent, but he knew how to lead the conversation from life as described in books, to life as it is in reality, and to introduce little traits and anecdotes, which, in their ambiguity, never went further than to be—piquant. But one word leads to many, and if he fascinated her, she involuntarily tempted him—for she was really endowed with mind. She seemed to be longing for a system that might fully occupy her thoughts, while in truth she was longing for an individuality that could fully occupy her heart and imagination. One day, when Milner found himself in a di-

lemma, he borrowed Scott's thoughts, and spoke about the ideal and the natural, about the freedom of soul which is its own law, about the omnipotence of true womanliness and its absolute rights with respect to the world. He spoke obscurely, because the thing was not clear to himself, but this was of no consequence. It is said that the sunlight does not exist as light on its way from the sun to the earth, and is not endowed with that peculiar nature until it enters our atmosphere: thus it was that the light from Scott passed through Milner to Camilla.

These thoughts were not quite new to her—she had met with something similar in French books; but it is very different to contemplate a thing from a distance, and clothed in a fictitious form, and to come into actual and daily contact with it; to see it leading a real though secret life in our immediate neighbourhood, and to have it introduced by a man whose sole reason for enlightening us does not seem to be his desire to increase our knowledge. However, she took up the views somewhat differently from what he supposed; she mingled them with the other aspirations of her soul, with her longing for something great and beautiful; and full of energy, beginning to reflect and to compare with greater boldness, to listen to her own claims, and venturing to break, with all her strength of will and freshness of mind, through the petty and meaningless conventional formalities and barriers

that hedged her in, she endowed with fresh significance the new form under which she pictured life to herself. Had Milner's own individuality inspired the words he spoke, her heart would have recognized it, and she would have devoted herself to him with entire confidence; but Milner was only the speaking-trumpet through which the words sounded; and although a woman's mind may be bewildered, her heart is not so easily deceived. She felt dissatisfied with Milner; and nevertheless it was he who most nearly satisfied her, by bringing a certain yearning into her atmosphere, by causing her heart to throb, by stimulating her sense of actual life.

He lent her the book which Scott had mentioned, about the prime-minister's daughter and her lover, the young ambassador; but in so doing he told her that it was a forbidden book—not that it was immoral, but that it was bolder and more beautiful than the old fogies of society could put up with. She read the book, and if she found that she might be capable of acting like Agnes, she felt at the same time that it must be for a man like the ambassador.

For a long while Milner was greatly annoyed, and disappointed with his own work. Hald and Brenning frequently visited the house, and Hald showed Camilla an amount of respectful attention, seeming to indicate serious matrimonial intentions. It was not, however, the possible serious intentions of Hald that made Milner uneasy; for although he would hardly have confessed to himself that he

entertained the dishonourable project of laying the foundation of an attachment without the ultimate idea of marriage, this nevertheless lay latent in his mind. But few people can calculate clearly and coldly in such matters. The present had too many allurements to allow of his sacrificing them for the sake of the future. A mobile female mind has great power over the man who ventures to play with it. Milner was tempted beyond his strength; he interpreted her caprices and her occasional notice of Hald as coquetry, and began to fear that if matters between himself and her did not progress, they must retrograde. How he sighed for the possession of the mental superiority that would enable him to subdue her; how he wished he could pronounce the magic formula, which bears the appearance of a system, and yet is little more than a false pretext, with which a woman bribes her watchful reason, when her heart is about to carry her away.

Milner did not by any means confess to himself that Scott furnished him with ideas, yet he acknowledged that Scott awakened ideas within him; that is to say, when he was listening to Scott he felt something within himself of that presence of which he was not at other times conscious; he felt freer, and things and characters stood more distinctly and in clearer outline before him; and though he would never have dreamt of applying to Scott for information, he watched secretly for opportunities of listening when the latter expounded sub-

jects best worth hearing, this being the utmost that his pride would allow. At the same time, he felt a great uneasiness as to the issue with regard to Camilla; he could not conceal from himself that he was running the risk of forfeiting his hard-earned reputation in society, or that it might lead to a marriage, which would deprive him of his much-loved liberty. But though acknowledging this, Milner, having completely worked himself into a state of excitement and passion, was like a huntsman who, pursuing a wounded deer, no longer calculates whither he is rushing—besides, “after all, it would depend so much upon herself.”

Thus matters stood when Otto left Copenhagen for his vacation visit to his mother.

The preceding summer, Camilla had been on a visit to some friends of her father residing in a small country town, and since then a lively correspondence had been kept up between herself and the only unmarried daughter, to whom repeated invitations being given to come and spend some time at Copenhagen, the young lady was expected in town in the course of the winter; but her father, Commerceraad Theilman, having been ill, and still continuing to suffer, the promised visit had to be deferred. However, Commerceraad Theilman's complaints were, in fact, more the result of displeasure at the new-fangled ideas and ways of the times, than real sickness. He was provoked at the number of young traders who had established themselves in

the town and competed with him, keeping country agents to buy up for them, and drawing the whole of the business with the farmers into their own hands ; or who outshone him by establishing elegant shops, in accordance with the tastes and demands of the day. He would have liked well enough to do many of the things which they did, for he recognized energy and pluck in their proceedings ; but he could not bear to have the appearance of imitating them, and, as they had been the first to act, he refrained. Other matters also disgusted him—as, for instance, the petty tricks of competition. .

“It makes me quite sick,” he said one day to his wife ; “they are running here, there, and everywhere, like hungry dogs, and would like to snatch the food out of my hand while I am carrying it to my mouth, and if I turn away for one instant from the dish of meat some fellow puts his paw into it !”

Besides this, since Canute Jedde had visited the town, the mania for beautifying and changing the names of places had become endemic, and the Commerceraad had to bear the indignity that on the queen’s birthday Theilman’s Lane was rechristened Caroline Amelia’s Lane. It is true, that the municipal council had, with due consideration, asked his consent to this obliteration of the memory of his great-grandfather ; but he could not well refuse it, nor could he even suggest that the desire for novelty should seek its satisfaction in changing the name of

the only real street in the town, High Street; for this had already, on the crown prince's birthday, and in honour of the new pavement wherewith it had been provided, been changed into Frederik's Street. From the moment that its denomination changed, he never named the lane, and the people who lived in the little cottages there, now always found him inexorable on rent-day, for these people, he considered, were living on a hostile territory; though he was not a hard-hearted man in other respects.

Dr. Siemsen at last conceived the bold idea of recommending a journey to some watering-place. The mere rumour that Commerceraad Theilman was contemplating a visit to a watering-place, shed a new halo, a hitherto unknown tint of fashionable sickness, or sickly fashion, around his whole house; consequently the Commerceraad soon felt himself obliged, as it were, to carry out the plan. First, however, he went to Copenhagen with his daughter; when they arrived Mr. Sander would not hear of their staying at an hotel, but insisted upon their taking up their abode at his house.

Emilie's natural cleverness, as well as her general culture, enabled her in a few days to cast off those indescribable and yet so significant little differences which, taken altogether, constitute the distinction between a provincial lady and a native of the capital. Emilie was then about twenty, and even a connoisseur like Milner could not deny that she was

remarkably pretty, although her complexion had lost, if not the freshness, at least some of the brilliancy, which gave such beaming beauty to her face when she was seventeen. She was by nature endowed with that grace of carriage and manner which no art can give—not a deportment which imposed by its majesty, but the winning, coaxing, captivating grace, the result of her lovely harmony of form, and of the poetic play of the joyous, vital energies in her every movement. Her countenance could hardly be called intellectual, or beautiful, except in as far as her black hair, her dark and finely pencilled brows, and her blue eyes, formed a pleasing and attractive contrast; while an undefined promise seemed to linger round the perfectly-formed mouth, with its slightly upturned lip. But hers belonged to the class of face which to men of poetic minds seems to contain a revelation of “das ewig Weibliche;” and towards which they are drawn by their craving for happiness, while they are withheld by want of confidence in their own success. Emilie’s was a countenance which you must either trust entirely or not at all. On seeing her, you learned to understand how it was that Otto, after having lost his belief in her, had instinctively felt that no reconciliation, no trust, no faith, was any longer possible; but nevertheless continued to bear in his heart an unquenchable yearning after the beautiful in its most perfect form.

Milner was not a man to allow himself to be

overawed. He believed Emilie to be neither better nor worse than others. His opinion was that every woman is, after all, but a woman; and any secret power that he might possess in regard to the sex arose out of this opinion, and the boldness and perseverance with which he watched for the weak moments that it inspired. After the first impression, he determined to pay court to Emilie. A flirtation with so pretty a girl, who was, moreover, not to stay long, was very tempting; and besides, it might be useful in making Camilla jealous. But he soon discovered two things: first, that he had committed a blunder in approaching Emilie with an air of superiority, and addressing her in a low voice and a confidential manner; and then, that she could not be conquered by a *coup-de-main*. Seeing the chances in his favour so little secure, he took into consideration, as a prudent man, that the endeavour to keep up a relation with two lady friends at once frequently ended in ridiculous discomfiture, so that he determined to make a sacrifice, and to rest content with Camilla alone.

Though Emilie was highly pleased with her life in the metropolis, with the shopping, the promenades, &c., and also with the conversation of Milner, Hald, and Brenning, her father was by no means so comfortable. He was suffering from hunger—not that his friend lacked hospitality; but it was Copenhagen hospitality, which demands

that the guest shall conform to the rules of the house. He was expected to breakfast at eleven, dine at four, and to take tea at nine; whilst he was accustomed to rise with the sun, and to make five repasts a-day. He might, it is true, have had recourse to a restaurant; but if any guest of his had ever gone to the inn to take a meal, he would have considered his house dishonoured; and wishing to do as he would be done by, he bravely resisted the temptation, in order not to offend Mr. Sander, though feeling anything but well the while. To do it in secret he never dreamt of—for how could it remain a secret that such a man as Commerceraad Theilman had gone to a restaurant? At the house of another acquaintance of his, where he was invited to dine, the dinner went on from five till eight; then he was expected to listen to music until nine, without getting ever so short a nap first; and next, to play at cards until twelve. Had it not been for his fear of public opinion, Mr. Theilman would have returned home after three days' absence.

One evening at the tea-table, while the worthy man was making not very successful endeavours to butter a slice of bread of the thickness of paper, some one happened to mention the bathing establishment at Klampenborg,* which was then quite


* This establishment, at a distance of about six English miles from Copenhagen, is situated in the midst of a beautiful beech forest on the borders of the Sound.

new, and to which it was not yet considered vulgar to resort. It was said that it would be pleasant to spend a few weeks there. The *Commerceraad* pricked up his ears. A bathing establishment?—that must be pretty nearly the same as a watering-place. He inquired, with some cunning, how people lived there—whether there was a restaurant in connexion with the place; and when this question had been satisfactorily answered in the affirmative, it was arranged that a cottage at Klampenborg should be taken for a few weeks. Mr. Sander would provide the furniture, and the family were to have dinner sent to them from the restaurant, or go there to dine, as might be most convenient. The young ladies were delighted at the prospect of this irregularity; there was something pertaining to gipsy life in it; and, thanks to the *Commerceraad*'s energy, two days afterwards they were installed at Klampenborg.

The usual frequenters of Mr. Sander's house soon found their way thither; and Sander, though a silent and reserved man, added to the number of constant visitors by introducing a Mr. Dalberg, who was staying at a country place in the neighbourhood, and whom he met on board the steamer which was going to and fro. Dalberg was known in political circles, as one of the leaders of the liberal opposition. He was of good family, young, handsome, and of winning address. Like most of his friends, he belonged

to the French school. His political consciousness had been awakened by the revolution in July, 1830. Men like Thiers and Guizot were his ideals, and the models he proposed to himself for imitation in parliamentary combat. The opposition, to which he belonged, possessed no actual power in relation to the existing government ; its strength lay entirely in the youthful, indefinite hope it entertained of what the future would bring. Through means of the press it raised as many obstacles as possible in the path of the government, and endeavoured to awaken discontent, and a longing for greater independence. Dalberg was one of the most zealous members of the party, and by his eloquence gained a prominent position for himself, not only in society, but in public opinion ; while he never lost an opportunity for propagating his ideas. His attention was soon drawn to Theilman, as a great merchant in a little town, and he determined to plant a mustard-seed in that town. Theilman proved very receptive for his ideas, or at least raised no opposition—moreover, it soon became evident that he belonged to the discontented, for he was displeased with the new magistrate in his town. Dalberg, who boasted that he was well acquainted with every form of selfishness, and knew how to enlist it into the service of his idea, bid Theilman look hopefully towards the future municipal system, in accordance with which it might be expected that each town would elect its own mavor. This idea struck the Commerce-

raad with surprise, for his thoughts had never yet soared so high as to contemplate the possibility of lording it over a mayor or chief magistrate. Under such circumstances, it even seemed to him quite likely that he himself might be elected, more especially through means of his tenants, who were all little shopkeepers and artisans; and it never struck him that the elective franchise, when bestowed upon such as these, might prove less agreeable to him in many ways. He had not as yet lost all illusions—he was still inexperienced, young as regards politics. His next question to Dalberg was as to how matters were to be arranged in regard to trade—whether every young upstart was to be permitted to push up the price of corn, and to drive down the price of coffee and sugar, to compete with old citizens, who had borne the burdens of taxation for so many years, to ruin himself and cheat his creditors? This difficult subject of free trade Dalberg declared to be an open question. The answer was, to a certain extent, well calculated; for as Theilman did not understand it, he was silenced. But he conceived great respect for Dalberg; and this respect was converted into admiration, mingled with fear, when the latter said, that as soon as the right of granting supplies was vested in the citizens, they might button up their pockets and force the government to terms. From that moment Theilman had but one objection to Dalberg, and this was, that he was



"too clever;" and Dalberg, considering him as well prepared as such an old gentleman could be expected to become, turned next to the ladies. He was, perhaps, the first man in Denmark who discovered what a political power women constitute; how grateful they are to those who entrust them with ideas, how perseveringly they labour for these ideas, and how many means are at their disposal. In his conversations with Emilie and Camilla, Dalberg insisted on women's right to mental equality with men, to have the same interests as men; and even maintained that women are, as regards such matters, often more to be depended on than men, and far more enthusiastic.

"Look at France," he said. "What a part have not women such as Madame Tallien, Madame Roland, Madame de Stael, Madame Récamier, and others, played there! What immense influence did they not exercise! How is it possible to maintain that women ought to have nothing to do with politics? Is it not they who as mothers are to educate the youth of the country, to send them forth to combat and to victory? Is it not they who, as wives and sisters, strengthen every man's courage by the sympathy and stimulus they afford?"

After this conversation Camilla wrote to town for the biographies of the women he had named; and Milner sent her the memoirs of Madame Stael-Delannay, from the times of the regency. Emilie listened with great interest to Dalberg—she had

never before heard anyone speak thus; in the attentions to which she (and many others) had been accustomed, there was something formal and artificial; they constituted a kind of game in which women seem for a time to be the winners, but ultimately really became the losers. She, therefore, welcomed politics as a capital ally; but it must be confessed after the manner of Athens—using the contributions of her allies for the embellishment of the city.

In the hearts of both girls a quick, lambent flame for Dalberg shot up. He was so gifted, so admired, that it seemed almost a condescension in him to give his attention to ordinary people; and yet there was nothing humiliating in this condescension—for he was devoted to the ideal, and this ranks above all. The feeling they entertained for him was indeed rather that of idolatry than love, yet it was questionable whether it was not the kind of sentiment that throws side glances at friends and acquaintances, to see whether they are observing the honour conferred by the attentions of so distinguished, so “divine” a character. In regard to a woman of superior mind, such position is, to a certain extent, awkward; so that a man must take care never to descend from his position of demigod, which is no easy matter.

In the meanwhile, Milner had begun to discover that country life presents various attractive features; that the social intercourse between neighbours admits of greater freedom than in towns, and that “chances” are of more frequent occurrence; he cast

his eyes, therefore, upon "the slope," situated at a suitable distance from the houses of the Sanders and the Theilmans, where dwellings were especially arranged for the reception of single gentlemen, and which seemed to be particularly provided for the frequenters of the bathing establishments. He proposed to Scott to accompany him to Klampenborg to secure lodgings. Scott willingly acquiesced, desirous of making himself acquainted with life at such places, merely as a matter of curiosity. But when they arrived at Klampenborg, and Scott saw the public room, and the pretty private apartments, the windows of which commanded on one side a view of the blue sea, and on the other of the green woods, he felt a desire to remain there for some time, and to live for sea-baths and morning walks, the fragrance of the woods and a comfortable chat at dinner in the handsome dining-room. He drove back to town with Milner, put his house in order—which was effected by the despatch of a few notes—and returned next day by steamer in Milner's company to Klampenborg.

It was not long before he presented himself with Milner at the establishment, where he was introduced to the *Commerceraad*. During the first few days the acquaintance was cold and distant, but it soon became all the more intimate. The truth is, that the *Commerceraad* was not more comfortable at Klampenborg than he had been in Copenhagen. The sea-baths had considerably increased his appe-

tite; and although there was a restaurant in the establishment, he was troubled by being made to wait so very long for everything he ordered. He, the great man of a little town, lost his courage before the smart waiters, and they soon discovered his weakness, and delighted in teasing him. It was a sad sight to see the poor Commerceraad seated at the table with downcast eyes, feeling very shy at being there alone, and throwing sidelong glances at the waiters bustling past him; and sadder still would it have been could any one have heard how, in his heart, he cursed and swore at them, until at length they took mercy on him, and brought him what he wanted. Under these circumstances, Scott and the Commerceraad seemed as if specially created for each other—Scott for many years might be said never to have taken a meal except in public dining-rooms; and the Commerceraad, the practical man, had much to tell, and could furnish abundant materials out of which to shape theories, but being at that moment in a practical difficulty, afforded Scott, who was so mighty in theory, a long wished-for opportunity of proving his superiority in practical matters also. From the moment they met—the one bent on his luncheon, the other on his breakfast—the Commerceraad had, by sundry little hints, let Scott into the secret of his embarrassment. Scott took him under his protection, and thenceforth the Commerceraad had the gratification of playing the part of a man of

standing, whom a younger friend relieves from all contact with such vulgar mortals as waiters.

Commerceraad Theilman now began actually to love Klampenborg. Guided by Scott, he almost became a *gourmand*, drank the best French wines, now brought to him with respectful alacrity, enjoyed the fresh breeze and his coffee outside the pavilion, and treated Scott to cigars at one skilling a-piece, which Scott smoked, because, by the contrast, they made his own taste better.

These new friends sometimes spent hours together. The Commerceraad discoursed about his business and his distillery; and Scott listened with pleasure to the account of his energetic activity, assigning him a high place in his menagerie.

One day, when the Commerceraad was speaking about the small traders, he said suddenly,

"Tell me, my dear Mr. Scott, what do you understand by an open question?"

"I should call it an open question, for instance, if a lady were asked her age."

"That is a question which the ladies do not much like," said Mr. Theilman, winking his eyes cunningly.

"No," said Scott; "and therefore a clever and experienced man is not likely to put such a question."

"Death and devils!" exclaimed the Commerceraad, looking suddenly very grave. "Then to tell a

man that he has put such a question is the same as telling him that he is a fool, a donkey."

Scott was quite alarmed.

"A man like yourself, Mr. Theilman," said he, soothingly, "may put a question of the kind without receiving so impolite an answer."

"Oh, polite here and polite there!—I can tell you, Mr. Scott, that I don't give a farthing for politeness!"

"Nor I either," said Scott, with a strong suspicion that the *Commerceraad* was getting a little dazed.

By degrees Scott, as a friend of Milner and of the *Commerceraad*, was brought into the society of the ladies. First, there was merely an interchange of salutations; then of a few insignificant words on the lawn, outside the cottage; then invitations to tea, and the establishment of a regular acquaintance—although Milner, who had not calculated on anything of the kind, and who believed Scott to be a perfect ladies' man and adorer, was secretly intriguing against him; for Scott was his friend, and he was, of course, bound to be very cautious on account of the ladies, and how could he venture to make Scott still more dangerous by openly warning them against him?

Thus was formed an acquaintance, which did not, however, hold out any promise for the winter. Copenhagen families admit summer acquaintances, in the same manner as clubs admit travelling members. Scott, who up to this time had never been in what

is termed society, and who, looking down upon it from his ideal stand, had despised its affectation and effeminacy, its luxuriant carpets and empty formalities, its restraints and want of liberty, was nevertheless now, on being brought into contact with it, overawed by its polished exterior, by the tasteful arrangement of the house, by the elegance of the furniture, by table-covers and vases, and by the easy manners of the people, which to him seemed most difficult of attainment, because he had had no practice. His innate sense of beauty and his books had, indeed, made him acquainted with the rules of politeness and good breeding; but real life is more pliant than life in books—it assumes a variety of forms, presents unforeseen situations, which, in spite of their insignificance, seem overwhelming to him who does not know how to conquer them with a slight degree of presence of mind—a slight degree, and yet so much to him who has it not.

Scott had intellect and knowledge enough to converse with anyone—that is to say, if he received due warning, and if sun and wind were fairly shared between the combatants, as at a tournament. But he was not a practised conversationalist; he had plenty of gold coin, but no small change. He was shy and constrained, and he felt it—felt it even more than others did, because the ideal was enshrined within him. He consequently adopted a very wise system of tactics; he kept himself in the background, and felt all the happier for doing so,

for the ladies had awed him. They were not, indeed, goddesses, nor those female creations of the imagination whom "nature looks upon with pride," but they had other very essential qualities: they lived and spoke—they were pretty, attractive, and elegant. And to feel these allurements, while his soul, with involuntary prudence, refrained from coveting—to be subdued by a sentiment of reverence, while rejoicing in their beauty and animation—to feel his mental powers agreeably excited, without having any especial use for them—was an enjoyment which Scott contemplated with eyes turned inward, rejoicing that he had still so much youth in his heart, and feeling grateful to fate for having bestowed upon him this new source whence to draw knowledge and experience. But, for these very reasons, he was not a keen observer. His memory had shaken its mantle, and so thoroughly, that all his theories seemed to have been shaken from it. He was, indeed, always wanting in quick perception as regards real female character; but on this occasion he further obstructed his view by being more occupied with the effects produced in his own mind than with the causes that produced them. As far as he was concerned, he would have been content had everything remained perfectly unchanged from the first evening that he took tea with the family; but he had been thrown among mobile people, and he was dragged along by them.

Milner soon perceived that Scott was not himself;

but he would have been very much surprised could he have looked into Scott's heart, and discovered the tardy youthfulness that was putting forth its blossoms there. At first he took care that Scott should be brought particularly into contrast with Emilie, who rendered him most shy, but who, at the same time, was best able to rouse him. For some time the development went on very slowly, because Scott never made his appearance except when there were other guests present, and then he only addressed himself indirectly to the ladies, though he let his light shine before them while conversing with others.

As an earnest politician, Dalberg overlooked various little human affairs, and, among others, that Camilla and Emilie were in the blossom of their maidenhood, and likely to have suitors. But one day when Hald, in a moment of confidence, alluded to Camilla, and gave him to understand that he intended to pay his addresses to her as soon as he could obtain an appointment, Dalberg's zeal was awakened. Camilla had always listened to him with much interest, and consequently he regarded her as a political genius; he now calculated that she might be extremely useful in the future, if she were married to one of the party, on whom she would bestow her fortune, and who might thus be enabled to see much company and live in style. His eyes being once opened in this direction, he saw a great deal more: he saw that Emilie, likewise, was pretty and rich;

and when Hald told him that he believed Brenning was seeking to win her, Dalberg at once became intent on introducing to the *Commerceraad* some rival belonging to his own party. But the "open question" had for ever closed the *Commerceraad's* heart against Dalberg, though he was never able to discover the cause of the sudden, silent, but obstinate, opposition with which Theilman met him on all occasions.

One evening, after a long walk, the whole party was assembled at tea at the Sanders'. Hald had arrived later than the others, and was somewhat depressed. He was seeking an appointment; but feared that another candidate, a partisan of the government, might be preferred.* Dalberg shrugged his shoulders, saying that the government was demoralizing the people by giving prizes to servilism. After some other sharp strictures had been passed upon the government, Brenning said,

"I cannot undertake to pass judgment on the government officials in question, but it seems to

* In Denmark it has from time immemorial been the custom to give government appointments exclusively to such as had passed successfully the required examination. The candidate who obtained the best character, as it is termed, at the examination gets the appointment, *ancienneté* determining the choice in case of equality of character. Such is the rule, though favouritism may at times prevail; and during the reign of Christian VIII. more especially, the time at which the scene in the tale is laid, the king occasionally found it inexpedient to appoint young men who had expressed too openly their hostility to the existing form of government.

me that men who are opposed to the principles of the government ought not to be desirous of taking service under it."

"The officials are not the servants of the government, but of the state," said Dalberg, sharply.

"Possibly," answered Brenning; "but they take an oath, they swear inviolable fidelity and obedience to the king, and to respect his privileges. How can they take such an oath when they are intent upon limiting his power against his desire?"

"Must the whole future of the nation—must liberty, enlightenment, morality, and progress be sacrificed or impeded because, some hundred years ago, a certain oath was prescribed to a constitution, which, though it might have been very good for those times, is utterly unsuited to the present consciousness of the nation?" cried Dalberg.

"No," answered Brenning, "I do not say that the people shall be fettered either in will or thought—I say nothing against liberty; but I do say, that he who takes an oath is bound by it, and that he who would not be bound should not seek an appointment which he cannot hold without taking an oath."

"A political oath," persisted Dalberg, "has no absolute significance when it is contrary to the public conscience. What do you say to that scene, during the revolution of 1830, in France, when the troops of the line fired in the air and fraternized with the people—when the officers saluted

the people in military fashion, and ordered the standards to be lowered before them—how they have sworn allegiance to Louis Philippe, and have served him faithfully for many years, and why?—because they act in obedience to the public conscience. Had it not been for this, the Bourbons would still have been seated on the throne of France.”

“Well, as a divine I say, may the Lord forgive them; but were I to speak as a statesman or a general, I should say that they ought to have been brought before a court-martial, condemned, and shot. I do not recognize any ‘public conscience,’ neither do I recognize two oaths. And whether a man swear to be faithful to his king, his standard, or his wife, he is equally bound to keep his oath.”

A faint smile passed over Dalberg's lips at this mention of a man's fidelity to his wife in conjunction with fidelity to his king and his standard; but not wishing to continue the discussion, he said, “Well, dear Mr. Brenning, I must still hold the opinion that, in the present day, no act of mere formality can have binding power over a man; the ideal sense of right makes way for itself, in spite of material brute power.”

Brenning was about to answer, but just at that moment the servant opening the door, a strong current of air rushed through the room in the direction in which Brenning was seated. He raised his hand to his head with an expression of pain,

and Dalberg, who never allowed an opportunity of saying something piquant to escape, inquired,

“Is your head sensitive to draughts?”

Brenning answered in the affirmative.

“Then we must cover it with a mitre,” continued Dalberg.

With this the conversation concluded, without a dissonance ; Emilie understanding these last words literally, thought they indicated that Brenning was in such high favour with the government that he was likely to be made a bishop.

Emilie had not had many opportunities of amusing herself, and she began to find politics a rather irksome ally. When she was about to visit Copenhagen, her imagination had involuntarily been occupied with images of tournaments, in which knights broke lances in honour of their ladies. She knew that this was not likely actually to take place ; yet she was craving for better entertainment than the serious thoughts casually awakened by her present companions.

Camilla, on her side, again began to occupy herself with Milner. Though her thoughts turned at times in other directions, as if seeking for something she missed, they ever reverted to him again. She dwelt on his reserve, and his attention to the elder members of their society ; and she was drawn towards him by the force of habit, as also by her regret at having done him injustice. He had risen in her eyes merely by the fact of his

having remained silent; for she attributed to him, in consequence of this silence, thoughts and feelings which those who spoke did not possess. Girls of eighteen are often poets, when left undisturbed in their dreams.

The two girls were together one evening in Camilla's room, in the upper story of the cottage. They stood at the open window, looking out over the moonlit Sound. A sparkling line of yellow light stretched across the waters. The waves, impelled by a gentle breeze, broke in rhythmical measure against the beach.

"What are you thinking of, Emilie?" asked Camilla, after a pause.

"Oh! I don't know. I believe I was not thinking at all. The night is so lovely."

"Has it never struck you how strange it is that everything should proceed so quietly and calmly—that the world can be so peaceful, so bright, and so gladsome?"

"Was that what you were thinking of just now?" asked Emilie, turning a searching glance upon Camilla.

"Hark!" said Camilla. "I know that voice!" A sonorous and vigorous sailor's "ahoy!" was heard at a distance.

"Whose is it?"

"Ah! I don't know that; but this afternoon I saw a tall muscular man, probably a sailor, down

by the gate. He called out in the same way, as if hailing or answering some one."

"And it made such an impression on you?"

"Yes; the voice sounded so vigorous and so bold! It made me think that such probably were the voices heard on board a man-of-war in battle."

"Take care!" said Emilie, playfully.

"Of what?"

"That you do not fall in love with the tall man from a distance."

"Oh! I dare say he would dwindle down on a nearer approach. Have you ever been in love, Emilie?"

"No. . . . Yes, perhaps in my childhood."

"Oh! in your childhood! Were you really tenderly in love?"

"I am not quite sure. I think he was too fond of me."

"You are then a coquette, Emilie?"

"A coquette? What is the real meaning of coquette?"

"It is—it is—," said Camilla, as if seeking for a definition; and then suddenly interrupting herself, she cried, "It is what I am not!"

There was an innocent dignity in the words, and there was also a kind of complaint, addressed by her self-consciousness to fate; but they sounded like arrogance, and Camilla felt it when the words struck upon her ear. She was abashed, as people are apt to be after an involuntary outburst of feeling; but

Emilie put her arm around her, caressed her forehead, and said, "You are a sweet girl—you are much better than I."

"What is his name? Is he still living?" asked Camilla, smiling, with tears in her eyes, putting her arm around Emilie. "Tell me about him, and about yourself."

Half in sport, and half in earnest, Emilie spoke of Otto and his tender devotion; described the scene with the apple—how he had struck her, and how she had liked him better after that than she had ever done before—how he had afterwards again lost the advantage thus gained. The further she advanced in the narrative, the nearer she drew in thought to Canute Jedde; the tone of her voice betrayed that her heart beat quicker, and it assumed a saddened expression when she spoke of Otto's departure. She exaggerated the little exploit on the meadow, because at that moment her imagination was occupied with the image of a warrior; and when she ended with "And since then I have not seen him," Camilla exclaimed, while Emilie leant out of the window,

"You love him still!"

"Whom?" asked Emilie, absently.

This glimpse was enough to make Camilla suspect some other tale, that had not been told; but she answered, "Your Otto . . . did you not say his name was Otto Kroyer?"

"Yes," said Emilie "But if you please," she continued, suddenly brightening up again, "now it is your turn to narrate, for you were also in love when you were a child! Don't deny it, you little gipsy!"

"I was indeed, when I was quite a little girl," answered Camilla.

"Then begin your narrative!" cried Emilie, turning her smiling countenance, with its frame of rich brown ringlets, full upon Camilla; who, with her dark eyes, and black hair, lighted up by the full moon, looked at this moment paler than ever. To a spectator, the two young girls would have presented lovely pictures—the one of joyful vivacity, the other of deep feeling—two different images of the poetry of womanhood and the happiness of men.

"I think I was about eight years old at the time," began Camilla. "A foreign family came on a visit to Copenhagen; the gentleman was an old friend of my father's, and had, I think, been consul in Austria, or somewhere in Germany. He had a little boy of the same age as myself, and as soon as we met we liked each other. We walked hand-in-hand; I gave him all my toys; and when they told us to go and play together, we went and seated ourselves on a sofa, and petted and kissed each other. Each time we met it was the same. I distinctly remember that I felt as if I were being absorbed in him, and I often

seem still to be able to recall the indescribable, happy, melting feeling. I always wanted to sit with my head resting against his shoulder, for it was then I felt so very happy; but he wanted to lean his head upon my shoulder, and I did not like that. Once, as he was sitting thus, and I was distressed at it, I suddenly discovered that he was fast asleep. Oh, it made me so unhappy, and so angry! I did not venture to stir for fear of awakening him, but I believe I should have been ill had I not been relieved by tears; I sat quietly weeping for a long time. At length he awoke, and began to caress me, and again we seemed very, very fond of each other; however, I remember that I then began to love him only because I thought it was my duty. Yet when he went away, I longed very much for him."

"Where is he now?"

"He went to Germany, and died there."

Emilie's face wore mourning for one instant. "Do you grieve for him?" she asked.

"Oh, it is so long since!"

"But," added Emilie, "he continues to be great, because he cannot approach nearer!"

A deep blush suffused Camilla's face; but she recovered herself quickly, and shaking her finger at Emilie, cried, "Though a village maiden . . ."

"I am not so stupid," interrupted Emilie, completing the quotation. "Yes, you Copenhagen ladies fancy that we provincials can neither

see nor hear; but I can assure you that we can see Mr. Hald, and Mr. Scott, and Mr. Milner . . .”

“And Mr. Brenning, and Mr. Dalberg; we do not in the least doubt it.”

“What do you think of Scott?” asked Emilie, with a smile.

“Oh, I don’t exactly know . . . his linen is not very fine.”

“What, you who are so grave, and who are not at all coquettish, you notice such things?”

“Yes, I am surprised at myself; but I could not help it. Yesterday, or the day before, when he was speaking about the gods, my eyes fell upon his shirt-front, and I was shocked to see how coarse and blue, and how badly ironed it was.”

“A learned man does not care so much about those little matters as we ladies do.”

Camilla turned round and met Emilie’s roguish glances.

“Do you really think he is as serious as he looks?” asked Emilie.

“Why, I hardly know, he does not appear to me to be so very serious; he is even witty at times.”

“Yes, as far as that goes!” said Emilie, thinking to herself, at the same time, that after all she needed no theoretical guidance, but might convince herself in practice.

“To tell the truth,” she continued, “I think that Milner is much more dangerous. There seems to be something hidden and deep in him.”

"Do you think so?" said Camilla, so calmly and so simply, that even Emilie's fine ear could not discover anything particular in the tone.

"What do you think of Dalberg, Camilla?" asked Emilie again, after a pause.

"What do you think of him, Emilie?"

"He is handsome."

"Yes."

"He undoubtedly possesses genius; and will have immense success in the world."

"In the world yes."

"You speak so strangely sometimes, Camilla. . . . Now, what do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I said. Papa was telling us to-day that Dalberg is to be engaged to a daughter of one of the ministers, and that in consequence he will obtain a place in the Chancery,* then the government will become liberal, and Slesvig will be incorporated with Denmark."

"Indeed!" said Emilie; and letting her eyes, like Camilla's, stray through the moonlight across the shining waters, she added: "After all, there is something grand in marrying for state reasons. It is just like the kings."

"Yes; and she, poor girl, is like the queens."

"Poor girl! To be married to a man of such celebrity, and who is so much admired! And she will most likely rule over him! For, as you have

* One of the ministerial boards.

yourself acknowledged, when looked at more closely men dwindle down."

"A wonderful happiness indeed!" exclaimed Camilla, impatiently.

Emilie changed the subject, and said, "What do you think of Brenning?"

With an expression of much heartiness, Camilla answered, "I am sure he is a good man. He does not promise more than he can keep. . . ."

"Just like Hald. . . ."

"Yes."

A pause ensued, which Camilla at length interrupted by saying, "It is getting cool, let us shut the window."

They withdrew into the room, and, looking at her watch, Emilie exclaimed, "Dear me, it is almost twelve o'clock! How time flies! Good night, dear Camilla But tell me, since you have observed that strange man's voice, do you know the gentleman, the gaily dressed gentleman, with the many-coloured waistcoat, who passed us several times in the concert-room this evening, and followed us when we left, continuing to walk to and fro outside the house here for some time? I think I saw you bow to him."

"Yes, it is Mr. André, the music-master. He taught me the piano for a short time some years ago."

"Ah! Well, to judge by his looks, he has not forgotten his pupil."

"Oh, Emilie, how can you be so Why, he did not take his eyes off you!"

"Be so? What were you going to say? You did not mean coquettish, did you? Well, I am a little coquettish, I confess, but I will try to improve," said Emilie, with such a bewitching mixture of roguishness and compunction in the expression of her countenance, that Camilla threw her arms around her, and cried, laughing,

"It is impossible not to love you, you little witch! We must get him to improve you."

"Whom?"

"Your Otto."

"Ah, yes."

When Emilie had retired to her own room it struck Camilla that the inquiry about André, postponed till the last moment, was like the postscript to a woman's letter, which is generally believed to contain the principal subject. She remembered having heard from her father that Ferdinand André had once asked him for an introduction to Commerce-raad Theilman; but she also heard that he had returned again very soon to Copenhagen. She connected this with Emilie's absent query, "Who?" earlier in the evening, and believed that she had found the key to her friend's thoughts. Opening the door to Emilie's room, she cried out, "Now I know! Now I know! It was he, then! It was he who was paying you attention at the same time as your Otto."

“Whom do you mean?” asked Emilie, turning deadly pale.

“André! Ferdinand André! the music-master. It is no use your denying it.”

“Hush, Camilla, for heaven’s sake! Never let papa hear you mention that name.”

“Be quite easy,” said Camilla, delighted at her own perspicacity, and shutting the door, she retired to bed. She was so much occupied with her supposed discovery, that she forgot herself, and not until after the lapse of some time did she compose herself to sleep with a heavy sigh.

The next day, after the *Commerceraad* had passed some time in engagement in the restaurant and pavilion in Scott’s company, he determined to go home and sleep away the hottest part of the day. Scott accompanied him. They were both silent, the *Commerceraad* being sunk in a state of drowsy well-being; while Scott, dreaming, yet wide awake, and agreeably affected by the light of the sun, the shade of the trees, and the breeze from the sea, was absorbed in involuntary recollections of Plato’s dialogue about love, wherein Socrates wades across the brook and seats himself in the shadow of the plane-tree. They arrived at the cottage; the ladies were seated at work outside, on the shady side of the house; the *Commerceraad* went in; Scott bowed to the ladies, and commenced a conversation about the weather. Emilie seemed to have no thought but for her work. Suddenly she exclaimed,

"Oh, dear! the steamer has left, and I shall not have another opportunity of sending to town to-day."

Camilla inquired what she had forgotten. Something very important!—some lace.

"I shall not be able to send in until to-morrow," continued Emilie, with an expression of vexation, "and shall not get the collar ready until the day after."

"If you have a commission, perhaps you will allow me to execute it," said Scott. "I must go to town this morning." But he took care that his tone should indicate that it was only for her sake he was going.

"Really?" said Emilie. "But how will you get a conveyance?"

"Oh, there are plenty to be hired."

"Well, if you will be so kind as to take a message for me at the same time, I shall feel very much obliged to you. The young woman in the shop will then send me the lace . . ."

"Could I not bring it back with me?"

"You are really too kind."

Scott received the necessary instructions, and drove to town in the scorching sun.

If it were not exactly the hour, it was about the same time that Otto was taking his ride for "the lady's" letters. But Scott was convinced that Emilie felt the sacrifice he was making, and rejoiced at the thought of having been brought nearer to

her. He abstained even from looking at the young woman who sold him the lace, and thus added to the generosity of his sacrifice and to Emilie's debt of gratitude. When he returned in the afternoon to the cottage, where Milner had called in the meanwhile, he went up to Emilie with a certain air of importance and secrecy, and delivered the parcel to her.

Emilie said aloud, as if surprised :

"What is this? . . . Oh, many thanks, Mr. Scott!"

And a few moments afterwards she laid down the parcel.

Scott drew back with a kind of self-denial, as if unwilling to demand his reward at once.

Milner's eyes had been fixed upon Emilie with a smiling expression. He now went up to her, and said, in his usual suppressed tone of voice,

"Have you ever seen the picture of 'Ariadne drawn by panthers,' Miss Theilman?"

"No—why do you ask, Mr. Milner?"

"I was reminded of it by seeing how you have attached Mr. Scott to your triumphal car."

"Mine is only a one-horse car, then?"

"Oh, I did not mean to imply that. Of course it only depends upon yourself whether you will drive four-in-hand, or indeed with six horses, and outriders, like the king himself."

"In that case I am afraid I should have to borrow one or more of Camilla's panthers . . . was it not panthers you said, Mr. Milner?"

"Yes," answered Milner, a little crest-fallen.

"But who was Ariadne, Mr. Milner? Whose daughter was she?"

Milner was in a dilemma, but he saved himself by saying,


"I knew it when I was at school but we can search in the dictionary. . . . Scott, tell us something about Ariadne. Whose daughter was she?"

Scott drew near, and said,

"She was the daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, and she helped Theseus to conquer the Minotaur, by giving him a ball of thread to mark his course through the labyrinth. She afterwards followed him, but he abandoned her in the island of Naxos, and there Bacchus finding her asleep, on his return from his victorious progress through India, the god was so charmed by her beauty that he took her chaplet and flung it up among the stars, where you may see it sparkling to this day."

"How pretty!" said Emilie; "I must try and remember it. Ariadne gave Theseus a ball of thread was not that it?—but he abandoned her; and then Bacchus, coming home from his conquests, threw her chaplet up among the stars. . . . Yes, in those days the world was full of chivalrous enthusiasm!"

"Nay, allow me to correct you, Miss Theilman," said Milner; "he found her asleep, and it was while"



Scott, shocked that anyone should venture to approach Emilie with such bold images on his mind, quickly interrupted him, saying,

“Another legend says that Bacchus never saw Ariadne; but that Artemis, jealous of her beauty, killed her with her arrows.”

“Ah, see what comes of making people jealous!” cried Emilie; and then added, “What an advantage to possess such a memory!” while she fixed her beautiful eyes for an instant upon Scott, with an expression of friendliness and admiration. She really felt grateful to him at that moment; for even while themselves affording opportunities for ambiguous observations, women like to be treated with reverence as goddesses. But suddenly she remembered what Camilla had said about his shirt-front, and her eyes were directed towards it. Scott bore her first gaze with a joyful heart, but this second glance deprived him of his self-possession.

At this juncture Mr. Sander joined the party, with Dalberg and Hald. Very soon after Mr. Theilman also came in, and he and Mr. and Mrs. Sander began to chat together, while Dalberg and Hald commenced a conversation on politics, in which they engaged Camilla also. Milner joined the group as a silent auditor; he was bent upon watching what was going on, but took good care not to evince the slightest sign of discouragement or jealousy.

In Camilla's eyes he bore the appearance, as long as he remained silent, of mastering a sorrow, and

resignedly acknowledging, not a more worthy, but a more powerful competitor.

Scott again approached Emilie, who, busy with a piece of tapestry-work, was quietly waiting until the gentleman should again seek her.

"Do you like it?" she asked, after Scott had for a while contemplated her work in silence.

"It is very pretty indeed! . . . May I ask, is that huntsman an Assyrian?"

"An Assyrian! What makes you think so?"

"The length of his eyes. . . . But his hunting pouch harmonizes with his eyes—it is so large! I presume it is meant as a symbol to indicate that the wearer is a mighty Nimrod—and Nimrod was really an Assyrian."

"Was he?" said Emilie.

"Yes—but," continued Scott, "the cut of his jacket is suspiciously modern, and his gun . . . but, to be sure, the Chinese have been acquainted with gunpowder for more than a thousand years . . . and Nimrod may therefore have used a rifle."

Scott was fast getting into his own peculiar vein, the ironical, and had thus every chance of regaining his entire self-possession and individuality; and while these words burst forth irresistibly from his true nature, he felt indeed as happy as a fish that feels the water again after having been caught.

"You are mocking me," said Emilie, looking up with the expression of an angel who finds herself in the midst of an evil world. That look Scott could.

not resist ; he was alarmed lest he should wound or offend her—the fish slipped into the net again.

“But,” said he, “you are not responsible, Miss Theilman, for the pattern that has been sold to you. The dealers in these goods ought really to be subjected to an examination at the Academy of Arts before a license is granted to them. They ought to do something for the privilege they enjoy, of having ladies for their sole customers.”

“Yes, but ladies cannot always go themselves . . . When I am at home, I must write for my patterns.”

Scott looked searchingly at her. Did she mean to give him a hit ? Was she alluding to his undertaking to do her errand ? No, she looked like gentleness itself, as she sat there bending over her frame, while her luxuriant curls fell gracefully on each side of her face.

“No,” said he to himself on reflection, “she has entirely forgotten it, or she would carefully have avoided those words.”

“There now, my wool is broken ! Even the very wool seems no longer inclined to work at the Assyrians. They were bad people, those Assyrians. I remember that from bible history . . . Had they really long eyes ?”

Scott was delighted at the opportunity offered for obliterating the remembrance of his criticisms. He spoke about the peculiar features of Assyrian art, about the monuments of it still in existence ; he

alluded to Egyptian art, described the temples on the Nile, the pyramids, and the tombs of the kings; endeavoured to give a vivid impression of the stupendous magnitude of these works, the immense area still covered by their ruins, of how these memorials of the triumphs and conquests of the kings of antiquity have defied time and destruction.

Camilla had drawn near, and was listening in silence.

Emily asked,

"How long is it since those great conquests were made, Mr. Scott?"

"It was some thousands of years before our era," answered Scott.

"Dear me, what a very long time ago!" exclaimed Emilie.

Emilie's instinct had correctly told her that she might allow herself a great deal more with Scott than with many other men, and she found that in his case being drawn by panthers was a very amusing pastime. He did not believe his own ears and eyes, but modestly put a very different construction on words, glances, and smiles, than he would have done had anyone told him of such instances. In this respect he was very much like Karl Hacon, who searched the ships of the Icelanders for a fugitive culprit, and each time he left the ship was able to say exactly where the culprit must be concealed, but when he returned on board could never find him. Emilie was exactly the kind of woman most calcu-

lated to interest Scott in society, but at the same time the least likely to awaken within him a true, deep, and redeeming passion. In the same measure as she was deficient in earnestness in regard to him, he was deficient in faith with respect to her; in spite of the peculiar, one might almost say newborn, poetic ignorance which veiled his experience, in the deepest recess of his mind lay, nevertheless, the thought that, after all, she was the mouse who was venturing to play with the cat. And so she was theoretically; but practically he was the mouse and she was the cat.

Mr. Sander proposed a walk; and after a short stroll the whole party stopped at the concert-room. Milner, who was at Camilla's side, was telling her an amusing story about one of the ladies present, whether true or false we cannot undertake to say. As usual, when he gave himself up to the instincts of his nature, he was successful; there are social circumstances under which the strong feel inclined to defy the good, merely to escape from the worship of appearances.

"But this is really frightful," said Camilla.

"Yet it *is* so," rejoined he; and forgetting all his systematic plans, and giving himself up to impulse, he sang in a low voice, and with a playful look,

"Al mio dio saró sperquira,
Ma fedele a te saró!"

She was silent, and thus discomfited him.

Scott was enjoying an unwonted feeling of satisfaction; he felt as though he had become a personage of some importance. What he would never have believed of himself had really come to pass—he was not only pleased to be at the side of a pretty girl, but was gratified by being seen in her company, and in that of the fashionable society to which she belonged.


Emilie on her part had the gratification of knowing that she was admired and envied. As for herself being the prettiest, as well as one of the wealthiest and most tastefully dressed ladies present, she felt not the slightest degree of envy; she only felt feminine triumph, and gave herself up to its calm enjoyment, without craving for more: for a woman's vanity may for a time feel satisfied, whereas a man's never is—perhaps because it is less natural. But Emilie was also fully occupied. She had to speak to Scott and Mr. Sander, in the way that well-bred people speak in public: to let the public see that they are talking. She had to observe all the ladies and gentlemen present, and at the same time to play a little trick on Camilla and Ferdinand André, who had not failed to make his appearance. She wanted to make Camilla think that she really entertained some feeling for André, and at the same time she was not unwilling that he should think so too. She therefore cast down her eyes whenever they were on the point of meeting his (and

she understood the art of making downcast eyes quite as dangerous as direct glances), while Camilla unconsciously helped her to carry out her plan as regarded André, by the look which she cast upon him when Emilie averted her eyes, and which made him feel sure that he must have been a subject of conversation between the ladies, and awakened in him all kinds of preposterous hopes. He believed and he doubted; he felt suspended between heaven and earth; he laid the most fantastic plans, which he immediately afterwards abandoned; he ventured not to approach, yet had not the strength to withdraw. When at last he was obliged to leave the establishment, his mood was such that he felt impelled to drink and to sing. He therefore joined a merry party, obtained the wished-for opportunity to drink, to sing, and to play—that is to say, a game of hazard. He won; and having received a classical education, and knowing that Venus was the goddess of gambling as well as of love, he amalgamated his two passions, and gave himself up for the moment to the direction in which fate seemed most propitious.

Some days passed without any new occurrence; but time, like the sun, was developing the germs that lay hidden in the existing circumstances. The *Commerceraad* daily showed a greater predilection for Brenning. Dalberg's antagonist, and treated him more and more as his special guest.

Scott was the Commerceraad's friend in public, in the dining-rooms; but Brenning was invited into his private apartments—and probably Brenning followed the admonition of Scripture, and proved himself “cunning as the serpent and harmless as the dove.” It never struck Scott that the distinction, shown Brenning in this way, might lead to practical results. He looked at the whole matter from an æsthetic point of view, and was too much occupied with himself to observe others narrowly. In the presence of the ladies it was almost impossible for him to throw off the manner which had become habitual to him; whatever his good intentions, he was always led to discourse instead of conversing. The most insignificant incident or observation sufficed to carry him away to the laws of the comets, or to the laws of man.

Camilla was occupied in bringing order into her thoughts about herself and about the world, in learning to understand and to control many things that had been introduced confusedly into her mind from divers quarters, and were causing her uneasiness. Feeling alone and isolated in the midst of the bustle of the watering-place, she had of late contracted the habit of watching from the window the flagstaff from which the Danish colours waved, wondering to herself what Denmark's standard would say to her thoughts could it read them. On these occasions so ideal an earnestness often overspread her lovely, youthful



countenance, that had such a thing been possible, Milner must have fallen seriously in love with her. On one of those days Hald came in high spirits to announce that he had obtained an appointment. Dalberg congratulated him, and added,

"That article in our paper about appointments may after all have been of some use."

"Yes," answered Hald; "and particularly because it was couched in such polite and chivalrous terms—I believe I know the author."

"Then do not forget him when you enter your paradise?" said Dalberg.

Hald was highly elated; and when not speaking about "state affairs," was giving utterance to his desire to do his duty to the utmost—to show the greatest zeal in his new office. He gave evidence of an uprightness and earnestness which made a very advantageous impression on Camilla. But their conversation was interrupted by Emilie, Milner, Scott and other friends, who proposed a sailing excursion.

The next morning a violent thunderstorm passed over the neighbourhood. The pouring rain kept the inhabitants of "The Slope" within doors, and Milner came to Scott in a pensive mood.

"I beg your pardon. I am afraid I am disturbing you," said he, on seeing Scott occupied in writing.

"I shall be ready in a moment—take a book for a few minutes."

"What a curious book," said Milner, when he saw Scott folding his letter; "one would scarcely believe that an entire people worshipped the sun."

"Yes," answered Scott, "but hardly in so crude a manner as many fancy. The worship was symbolical, and among other things the sun represented passion, the source of all human action, whether uttered in poetry or deeds. We now are more frivolous, and worship the idea in the beautiful eyes of woman."

"*Apropos* of woman's eyes, Scott, you are a man of experience, what do you think of Emilie Theilman?"

"You are a clever man, Milner, what do you think of Miss Camilla?"

"What is your opinion of her?"

Scott could not allow an opportunity to escape for expressing a theory; Camilla did not puzzle him like Emilie, though he was far from fully understanding her, but he watched her more as a simple observer, and he answered, "Do you know what, Milner, Agesilaus once proclaimed that the laws should sleep for one day, when nearly all the youth of Sparta had given way before the enemy. In polite society there are women, in regard to whom the law should sleep for one year; when home again after this, they will most likely prove excellent women."

"That is beyond my understanding," said Milner, though he understood perfectly.

A gentleman coming in, invited Milner to join him and others at a game of whist; this Milner being very willing to do, they went into the public room; Scott sat down by them, full of thought; he seemed to follow the game, but his imagination was busy building castles in the air with the kings and queens. Milner played so inattentively, that he repeatedly took his partner's best cards. Something in his mind was ripening to a crisis.

In the afternoon the weather partially cleared up, the sun burst forth, while masses of dark clouds scudded across the heavens, like fugitives seeking a place of concealment. In the fields the ripe corn was beaten down here and there, as though giant children had been gambolling over it. Some few stalks still stood upright, but the ears were weighed down heavy as though with tears, in which the fleeting sunbeams twinkled. In the Sound ran a heavy swell, and the turbid waters broke sullenly along the coast. But the woods stood in new-born freshness; and the birds were twittering among the foliage, while the dripping moisture fell at irregular intervals, with a clicking sound on the lower leaves, and on the burdocks growing along the dikes.

Neither Milner nor Scott had an eye this day for the quiet spectacle of nature; the storm and the returning smiles of the sun only induced the one thought, that, happily for them, there would be

no visitors from Copenhagen that day. As soon as they possibly could, with due consideration for the dinner hour of the family, they repaired to the cottage. On the road they met the Commerceraad, chuckling at the observation that he was the only man in the establishment who wore sensible boots. "All the others," he said, "were sitting at the windows like a flock of hens, looking up to the heavens with one eye." He did not, however, interfere with the plans of the gentlemen; he had letters to write, he said, important letters, and looked very much pleased.

Shortly after their arrival Hald made his appearance, and some time was spent in trifling conversation. At length, when the roads seemed to have become dry, Hald proposed a walk. On setting off he offered his arm to Mrs. Sander, leading her on before the others. Milner followed at Camilla's side, and Scott at Emilie's.

Emilie pointed out to Scott a rainbow stretching across the Sound, and said, "That augurs unsettled weather."

This observation led to Scott's narrating the beautiful Indian myth about the goddess Ira or Iris; but suddenly, while he was still speaking, though provoked at himself for again having got into the lecturing strain, Emilie exclaimed, on seeing Camilla turn her face round to them,

"What is the matter, Camilla? Are you ill? You are so deadly pale!"

While they had been speaking about the rainbow, and then had turned their attention to Indian myths, and the sayings of the wise Menu, Camilla had been gazing out over the Sound. A warm vapour hung like a light mist over the waters; not a breath of air, not a wave, was stirring; a few ships were anchored in the bay, mirrored in its dimly shining surface. From one of the ships far out sounded the faint barking of a dog, speaking strangely of homeliness and comfort. A fishing-boat came slowly in, its red sail hanging lazily round the mast, and the stroke of the oars against the row-locks fell heavily on the ear at regular intervals; while from afar was heard the rushing noise of an approaching steamer, like the flapping wings of a gigantic bird.

"In such weather I think it must have been," said Camilla, breaking the silence, "that the pilgrims of old set out for the Holy Land, or for Rome."

"I can hardly think so," rejoined Milner; "for they would have had no wind to speed them on. But what makes you think of this, may I ask?"

"Oh, I can scarcely tell; perhaps it is because I have been reading lately the chronicles about Erik the Good, who would go on a pilgrimage, though the people implored him with tears to stay at home."

"Who lent you that book?"

"Does it rank among forbidden books?"

"At all events, such books should be forbidden

to fair ladies. Why, you were looking out over the waters as if you, too, were longing to go a pilgrimage in sackcloth and ashes."

"Would that I could!"

"Oh, you cannot really mean that!"

There are prosaic thoughts and feelings which have a power over us and make us abashed, because they address themselves to the less elevated parts of our nature. She cast down her eyes and said,

"Why should I not mean it?"


"Because it is not in your nature to renounce the stirring pleasures and joys of life, and more particularly for such a fancy as 'the Holy Land.' The Holy Land! It is not nearly as becoming to you as your mantilla."

"You ought not to mix up two such things together—you ought not to speak of God and my mantilla in one breath," said Camilla, impatiently.

"My dear young lady, you are becoming quite pathetic! You are in a pious mood to-day, and inclined to speak of God."

"Do you then not believe in God, or in immortality?"

"Oh, of course I do! Though perhaps not exactly in the same way as the parsons believe, or would have us believe. I do not believe that God is sitting watching if you behave nicely, and submit to all the tight-laced forms that the little minds of the world have invented, and which cramp the best feelings, until they wither away."



"What do you then believe about God?" said she with a suppressed sigh.

"I believe, what all people with spiritual freedom believe, that God is passion. It is only in our strongest feelings that we live, and the whole is soon over."

She fixed her eyes on him for one moment, looked round as if bewildered, and then quickened her pace until she joined her mother.

A woman does not so easily renounce her faith in immortality, at least not theoretically; she may suspend it awhile on account of a passion, on account of an individuality, a character in whom she beholds the infinitude of love; but immortality destroyed, when there is no question of a personality, is to her an abomination.

On joining the others Hald turned round, and, seeing Camilla's palor, said,

"Are you not well, Miss Sander?"

There was something kind and true in his voice, and it had that gentle expression which the voice naturally assumes when we are speaking to one whom we esteem and honestly love. At that moment his voice sounded to her like tones from a better world, speaking of home on the troubled ocean.

"Do I look ill? Perhaps it is because I have been speaking of the Holy Land with so much longing, that Mr. Milner thought me quite sentimental."

Just then the *Commerceraad* was seen advancing towards them, with Brenning at his side.

"I wish you joy, Mr. Brenning!" cried Mrs. Sander to Brenning.

"On what occasion?" asked Milner.

"Dear me! we forgot to tell you that Mr. Brenning is appointed to a living."

Congratulations were now expressed on all sides. Shortly after Milner took leave, and Scott was obliged to follow his example.

"Why do you leave so early?" asked Scott of Milner.

"Do you think they had forgotten to tell us that Brenning had been appointed to a living?"

"Hm! Why not? It is nothing so very extraordinary that a clergyman should be appointed to a living."

"No, nor would it be so very extraordinary if a clergyman were to marry the daughter of a rich *Commerceraad*. I have no doubt that Brenning is to walk home with Miss Emilie by a circuitous route, and when they arrive at the cottage they will find that the *Commerceraad*, who, I daresay, brought his son-in-law out with him, has arranged a little family festival, at which, of course, we should have been *de trop*."

"Hm!" said Scott.

"Let us go to our lodgings and drink a glass of champagne to the health of the young couple—or perhaps you prefer spring-water?"

Next morning, before Milner was out of bed, Scott entered his room.

"I have just been breakfasting with the Commerceraad," said he. "You were quite right in your surmises last night."

"Ah, there you see!"

"Yes, but while Brenning was making one circuitous route with Emilie Theilman, Hald went another with Miss Camilla; and in the meanwhile Mr. Sander arranged, as you supposed, a little family feast. Will you not drink a toast to the health of the young couple? Huzza for Mr. and Mrs. Hald!"

And with these words Scott offered Milner a glass of water.

"Zounds!" cried Milner, "then I must be off to town by the first steamer! What o'clock is it?"

"It is eight o'clock—you have still an hour. But what the devil have you to do in town?"

"Why, it would be impossible to get a proper bouquet here — and, besides, I must arrange a bachelor's entertainment for Hald and Brenning; and also for the Commerceraad, before he leaves."

*"Fractus si illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ,"*

cried Scott.

"What do you think, Scott?—Hald and Miss Sander have been engaged for some time, and I have been in the secret."

He said this with such an expression of truth-

fulness, that Scott believed him, and felt quite abashed.


The party in the cottage were in the meanwhile busy with the agreeable realities that embellish life. The Commerceraad took Brenning aside and said,

"I must tell you that I cannot give my daughter much of a marriage portion. Emilie's sisters derived their inheritance, about a couple of thousand dollars, from their mother, when they married, and I will give her the same. The rest she must wait for until I am gone. But she shall have a trousseau, and as far as that is concerned you may rely upon her mother. I will insure you half a hundred pairs of sheets . . . so that when visitors come to the parsonage they will find a bed at least—eh?"

And saying this, the Commerceraad placed both his hands on Brenning's shoulders and laughed aloud.

Brenning answered that he was quite content and thankful, in whatever manner those matters might be settled; he had obtained the best gift, and the dowry was but an accessory.

"I like you for saying that," rejoined the Commerceraad. "But now I'll tell you something: we will have the wedding in October! No extension of term, no days of grace, as they say in law. By that time our new drawing-room will be finished—we'll have a room for dancing, I can tell you, the like of which cannot be found in the kingdom of Denmark!"



The Commerceraad did not complete his thought, or he would have said that with the drawing-room he was about to enlarge was intimately connected the plan of a new shop; and that his love of building having been so far indulged, he had further projects of removing all his small tenants down to the neighbourhood of the fishermen's huts, and of building a new street, which should again immortalize his great-grandfather, or the great-great-grandfather of the youngest generation of the Theilmans.

About the same time Mr. Sander had a similar conversation with Hald.

"I am not a friend of long engagements," said he; "if you think as I do, we will fix a short term for the wedding. And as we are now upon this chapter, let us settle one matter which must be attended to—Camilla is our only child; through her you will inherit all that we possess. But more than six thousand dollars and her trousseau and furniture I cannot give you at present."


Hald very properly expressed his perfect satisfaction, but could not help wondering what was the meaning of the emphasis with which Mr. Sander pronounced the word *cannot*.

The meaning was this: Sander had in early days been very hard upon his customers and creditors, the traders in the provincial towns. On one occasion he had, by his unrelenting mode of procedure, saved a considerable sum owing to him by a

young tradesman—but the creditor committed suicide. Now it was the great terror of Sander's life that there might be no luck with his money after this unfortunate event, though his wealth had considerably increased since then. Six thousand dollars were his personal indubitable property, acquired long before—and this sum therefore he could give to his daughter.

The two projected marriages created quite a sensation in Klampenborg. In the cottage next door to Sander's it was asserted that each of the young ladies would receive a dowry of fifty thousand rix-dollars; further off the dowry rose to a hundred thousand. The shares in Klampenborg rose in almost the same ratio; every vacant lodging was taken; but this induced the directors to plan new buildings, and the shares fell again.

When Scott heard the rumours about Emilie's great dowry, he was struck by the circumstance that he had never for one moment thought of her wealth. It was a satisfaction to him to feel in what an æsthetic position he had placed himself towards her; but at the same time he mentally said, with a bitter, ironical smile, that had he acted less æsthetically, and particularly had he been a chamberlain, or a captain of the guards, or some other personage with a grand title, he might have been more successful. He flattered himself that he was hardened against the world, yet he could not escape from a feeling of pain: a woman's



glance penetrates the strongest coat of mail; the wearer himself is indeed but too willing to open a passage for its sweet arrows, and not until it is too late does he feel the sting of disappointment. Scott found it the more difficult to regain his composure, as he was obliged to see Emilie every day, and each day he felt anew his want of practical capacity.

In spite of all his resolves, he could not succeed in assuming an appearance of calmness and dignity: she sometimes looked at him with such an expression, that the feeling of having lost her for ever shot through him like a pang; and then his heart would melt within him, and he would give utterance to some indirect reproach. In the lightness of her heart she would cruelly assume the same vein, and appear as indirectly reproaching him for having come too late. But instead of these mutual reproaches leading to a reconciliation, she managed to keep their relation to each other for ever hovering on the brink of bitterness; for all that she desired was that Scott should give distinct signs of suffering from unrequited love. So far, however, she never succeeded; she only brought about a series of those verbal conflicts, in which men are generally the losers, but in which women are not the better for winning many victories.

"By-the-bye, Mr. Scott," said she one day, in the midst of one of these irritating conversations, "you

promised to show me the Institutes of the sage Menu. Have you them out here?"

"What Institutes are those?" asked Camilla.

"It is a very excellent book, in which we are told how to behave, whom a gentleman should marry, how we are to keep house—in fine, how we ought to live, and what we must do to be saved."

"The Bible tells us that," said Camilla.

"Ah, yes! But this enters more into particulars. According to this book, Mr. Scott tells me, the only thing a woman has to do to be saved is to love her husband. And, only fancy! it is a Hindu book."

"I thought the Hindus believed in metempsychosis, Mr Scott," said Camilla.

"So they do, Miss Sander. Their lawgiver, Menu, invents the bliss of heaven and the torments of hell solely for the benefit of women; otherwise he believes, like a true Hindu, in metempsychosis—and, with an inconsistency which is not unusual in him, he applies it to the ladies also. He says, for instance, "when a disciple speaks evil of his teacher he becomes after death an ass, and if he envies him he becomes a worm"; a laudatory poet he classes with a gambling-house keeper, he becomes a grasshopper—and a coquettish woman becomes after death a lark."

"Becomes a lark, Mr. Scott!"

"Yes, the Lord is so merciful to women that, even when they are punished most severely, they are

allowed to become something pretty. But all larks are deceased coquettes. Have you not observed how the lark, when it is hovering in the air, flaps its wings and twitters, and shows unmistakable signs of satisfaction at being admired; and when it drops to the earth to seek its nest, how it always alights in the east, when the nest is in the west, and then slips nimbly into it?"

"That is very remarkable!" observed Emilie. "But, Mr. Scott, you spoke of unfortunate lovers—what becomes of an unfortunate lover after death?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Theilman, but which do you mean—the man who wins the lady, or the one who does not win her?"

Scott felt when he had spoken that this was going too far—but what could he do—the words were uttered.


Milner had endeavoured to approach Camilla; but there was a latent coldness in her manner, that made him feel as though he stood opposite a wall of iron. It was impossible to misunderstand this; but, on the other hand, he did not understand Camilla's manner towards her betrothed—the gentle, calm cordiality with which she treated him. Milner was unable to see that it is the sense of duty which under such circumstances restores a woman's peace of mind. The vacant place in her heart she dedicates to duty, and the passion which she dares no longer nourish she sacrifices on this altar. Ah! when this is the case it is no ordinary man who

can overthrow the altar, and make the feeling that dwelt there homeless.

The Commenceraad had become impatient to return home, and only consented to remain a few days longer, to be present at the ordination which was to take place, on which occasion Brenning, among others, was to be admitted into holy orders. The capital was surprised that day by an invasion of almost the entire population of Klampenborg. The ordination was performed in the church of Our Lady, and after the ceremony Brenning preached.

On witnessing the consecration of her betrothed by the highest ecclesiastical functionary in the land — on hearing him address powerfully, enthusiastically and authoritatively, a select circle of auditors—Emilie's heart swelled with a satisfactory presentiment that a life of greatness and honour was opening before her—that her future lot would be exalted above that of the generality of women—and she was to be led thereto by her husband's hand. She who had suffered so bitter a disappointment, and had been obliged to renounce her high-soaring ideals, now found the very altar of the church serving her as a stepping-stone; she had reached the goal, she would be great in the eyes of her family and of all in her native place.

But while her vanity thus climbed the altar, there was, at the same time, a certain something within her that bowed with humble thankfulness; and during that moment of devotional feeling it seemed



that her every craving was satisfied—that she had found a home beautiful, honoured, and built on a secure foundation.

When she left the church and entered the carriage, there was an expression of earnestness spread over her countenance, making it more lovely than ever.

Scott looked upon this as a new phase of coquetry ; for although he had himself maintained, on a previous occasion, that we mortals are beings of a complicated construction, he was on the present occasion prevented from seeing what was stirring in the heart and mind of that young girl.

The next day she went back to her home, and the vacation being at an end, Scott and Milner removed to Copenhagen. Milner returned with an *affaire manquée* — this was the term by which he generally denominated such matters. There is perhaps some consolation in having a compartment—a pigeon-hole, with a French superscription—in which to put by sorrow. Scott went back with a bitter experience the more, and all his theories upset.

About the same time Otto returned, joyful and rich, as he said to himself ; with his soul filled with aspirations—with reminiscences of a new world that had been opened to him—and with three lovely female images in his mind : those of the child Marie Elizabeth, “the lady,” and Pauline.

CHAPTER III.

No man is anything in the world until, by his own exertions, he has proved himself something to others, and then indeed he becomes a great deal to himself. Otto's earnest resolution to continue his studies, but to devote all his spare time to labour for his mother and brother, afforded him a sense of tranquillity and firmness like that enjoyed by fathers of families, who feel that a loving eye is watching them along the path of duty. Whilst practical workers, often with a limited goal in view, mostly labouring with small means, are constantly impeded by conflicting interests, with Otto the very means of which he was to avail himself were ideal, scientific, and the aims he marked out unlimited. To rear his brother to become an efficient worker in the world, and to relieve his mother from all pecuniary care were indeed his object, but only an intermediate one; his ultimate object was to raise

them into a higher sphere, by means existing within himself, when they should have taken shape and have been recognized by the world. This mystery, this land of promise, that dwelt within him, also in a certain measure dwelt without, and he beheld it in the female faces that glanced at him from afar. The world was to him a temple, bright in the distance; he had entered the service of this temple, but as yet was only keeping guard at the gate.

These feelings could not fail to raise a kind of barrier between Otto and his fellow-students; for friendship is based on sympathy of soul, similarity of mental powers and pursuits. Scott was the one towards whom, for the sake of companionship, Otto felt most attracted; while Sem, still doing service in the vestibule of science, though he believed he had penetrated the holy of holies, continued, as formerly, to be employed only as a Gibeonite. The friendship between Otto and Alfons Mendoza, founded, in a great measure, on childhood's memories, continued like the vibrations of a musical chord, though the friends met but rarely.

In Scott a great change had recently taken place; for in spite of the disappointments to which his stay at Klampenborg had led, it had awakened a love for life in its reality, and a desire to take part and to try his strength in the little conflicts of society. He knew that his power far exceeded what was required, if he could but get an opportunity of exercising it, and he was unwilling to allow the door which had been

opened to close again. He was therefore much pleased when one day he accidentally met Dalberg, who inquired why he kept aloof from public life.

"I have never studied politics," answered Scott.

"That is of no consequence. There are other ways in which a man may be of use to his friends and to his country. You are fitted above all others to write the critiques on literature and the drama for a public journal."

"Hm!" answered Scott.

Dalberg, who, as a true politician, was of opinion that people should be made to see that their material interests would be benefited by their pursuit of the ideal, continued :

"It cannot possibly be long before the old state machinery falls to pieces. When Louis Philippe dies there will be an end to the peace of Europe. Here, in this country, the power will then, as a matter of course, fall into the hands of the people. Consent to be one of those who are preparing that which is to come, and you will probably rise from the position of censor of the national theatre to that of its director."

To be director of the theatre, director of the performers as well as of the taste of the public!—the vision flashed upon Scott with overwhelming brightness; and though he had answered at first with but a "hm!" in a very short time he accepted Dalberg's proposal.

Although Scott's name did not appear officially in

the paper, it soon became known in the "Student's Club" who it was that wrote the new and clever criticisms.

Otto meeting Scott one day said: "Have you heard the news?—a priest has absconded."

"Indeed!" answered Scott, "that is rather extraordinary, those people very seldom run away. From what church is it?"

"From the Parthenon."

Scott, who at once understood Otto's meaning, answered: "No, you are mistaken—he has only been translated."

"I beg your pardon," rejoined Otto. "The priest had given me a place as chorister there; yesterday, when I arrived, I found him gone, and no one knew what had become of him. However, Plato's spirit was so gracious as to appear to me and say: 'Seek him not here, he has gone down to Cleon and Anytus, and the rest of them.'"

"If that is the case, I wish you joy," said Scott, "for then you may advance and be admitted to the priestly office."

"I am unworthy of supplanting so great a predecessor; the remembrance of his discourses will always throw mine into the shade. I can only weep for him."

"Pray, do," answered Scott. "But since you have told me so interesting a piece of news, allow me to communicate something to you in return. I write criticisms in one of our daily papers."

"Indeed! I congratulate the paper in question."

"Well said! I thank you. Some people may think that by joining a political party in this way I have proved faithless to certain rules which I formerly laid down."

"Yes, evil tongues are always at work —the world we live in is very bad."

"Just so; for this very reason I wish to confide to you what I have gained by the change, and you may tell it to others if you find an opportunity. I have gained this much, that I now understand a sentence in a novel by Madame de Genlis, which I read in my early youth, but which I never understood before."

"That must be a very important and interesting sentence."

"Certainly. She says, when speaking of the first imprudent visit which Mademoiselle de la Vallière paid to King Louis XIV., 'And thus this young woman fell, though retaining all her principles.' Thus I also, though retaining all my principles, have fallen in with the paper. Should you by chance again meet Plato's spirit, I authorize you to mention the fact."

"I shall not fail to do so. Am I not to say that Scott has fallen like de la Vallière?"

"I have nourished a serpent in my bosom. . . . But here comes Milner. Now, as you have been engaged as chorister or priest at the Parthenon, you may go to church with us."

"A church which you and Milner attend together in the evening? What is the name of the church?"

"Its name is no other than the church of Our Lady. My party nourishes no hostility against crown or altar. We go to church."

"Well, I will go to church with Scott, it cannot but be edifying in one way or another," said Otto.


They went to the church of Our Lady, which, as Otto perceived from a distance, was already lighted up, while numbers of carriages and people crowded round the door. There was a wedding. The bridal party were assembled before the altar, above which Thorwaldsen's Christ spreads forth his hands, as though in the act of bestowing a blessing, while the Apostles stand, as a sacred marble guard, on each side of the nave. The white-clad bridesmaids took their seats on one side, the gentlemen on the other. From the one side the bride was led up to the front of the altar, while from the other approached the bridegroom, who was their friend Hald.

"Who is the bride?" asked Otto of Scott in a whisper.

"Miss Sander."

"How beautiful she is!"

The admiration which Otto thus expressed passed over all present like the rustling of a summer breeze. Camilla's beauty had never appeared to so much advantage as in the white bridal attire, and during these solemn moments. This was the first time that



Otto had witnessed the marriage ceremony; and the lovely bride, led forward amid the radiant lights and the marble statues, appeared to him like a being from the angel world, who had descended into the world of mortality and common-place, answering to the promise of immeasurable happiness on earth, which he bore within himself.

"The minister gave a rather long discourse," said Milner, evincing signs of weariness. "Emilie Theilman's wedding will likewise soon take place," said he to Scott.

"Emilie Theilman! Commerceraad Theilman's daughter?" cried Otto, almost aloud. "Is she going to be married?"

"Yes," answered Milner.

"To whom?"

"To our friend Brenning."

A strange pang shot through Otto. He had no claim upon Emilie; really her fate should not concern him; but without being able to account for it to himself, that which had attracted him the most, in each woman he had admired, had always seemed to him a faint reflex, or a kind of resuscitation, of the memories of his childhood, of all that he had then thought most lovely and most lovable. It seemed to him that by her marriage he was losing something most precious, and he endeavoured to escape from the pain it caused by demonstrating to himself that he was very unreasonable.

"If we did not happen to be here," continued

Milner, addressing Scott, "we might witness this evening another interesting marriage."

"Whose?" asked Scott.

Milner then related that on that very evening the well-known actress, "the lady" Otto had met at Lykkensgave, was to be married to a baron.

"Impossible!" cried Otto, almost aloud.

"Are you then of opinion," asked Scott, "that a nobleman lowers himself by marrying an actress?"

What Otto felt was quite the contrary. He was abashed at having been in love, or at least with having appeared in love with her, when she was probably already engaged to another, and perhaps by that memorable morning's ride he had been the means of bringing her lover's letters sooner into her hands. But what pained him most was that she should have consented to marry a nobleman, after having expressed herself with so much bitterness against the order; that she should have cast such a slur upon her own words; that she, the woman to whom he had looked up with so much admiration, should marry, as was most likely the case, from vanity and worldly calculation.

The ceremony is brought to a close. The tones of the organ now again burst forth, the bridal procession moves forward, people crowd to catch one more glimpse of the bride, the church doors are thrown back; the tramping of horses is heard from without, with the rolling of carriages and the murmur of voices. The organ sends its last tones

after the people, who are flocking from the church, and, as it seems to Otto, are going home each to his special happiness.

"How much have I not lost in there!" said he to himself when alone again. But his reason could neither collect nor judge of what it was he had lost; he could only feel that he had been humiliated and disappointed—and this weighed on him as a heavy burden.

"Well," said he with bitterness, "I have over-valued myself. Because a world of light sometimes streams on my fancy, I have dreamed that such a world of light would once be mine; but when I stretch out my hand after ever so small a portion, it evades me with a mocking smile, that seems to say, 'What right have you, plebeian, to a place at life's banquet?' My thoughts have overlooked the pretty Pauline, or, from a kind of quixotic fidelity towards 'the lady,' I have refrained from going to meet Pauline at the Hillebrandts'. Yet she and I are equals; and neither Emilie nor the 'lady' is so pretty or so friendly as she. I remember that evening that she had been sitting up for me; and would either of them have been so pleased as she was, on finding that I recognized her on board the steamer?"

He called at the Hillebrandts', when Mrs. Hillebrandt said,


"What a pity that you did not come a few days ago; you would have seen a young lady whom

you met on your last journey. But she is coming here next Sunday."

Mrs. Hillebrandt told him this because she liked to have company on Sunday evenings.

CHAPTER IV.

ALTHOUGH every human relation almost invariably bears the impress of the thought from which it springs, the connexion formed between Otto and Pauline was really such as might be contemplated with pleasure. The religious books of some Eastern nation mention six kinds of love, one of which is called the "heavenly music's love;" yet, notwithstanding its fine name, this love ranks only third in the list. Above it are placed such connexions as are formed for the purpose of perpetuating a noble race—and highest of all those the object of which is to honour God. On looking nearer, we may perhaps discover that, after all, the difference in the three kinds of love lies principally in the first thought, in the spirit in which the love is first conceived—whether it is born during an elevated, pure, heavenward aspiring mood, or amid the honourable traditions of a vigorous and proud family, or at a concert,



or a ball, or some other accidental meeting of the kind, during which a half-romantic, half-sensuous mood prevails. This third kind of love may for a time be very beautiful—nay, a vast number of people marry for no better love. It may be like a sweet strain of music; it floats and undulates through the blood, singing and carolling like birds in the forest; it uplifts the soul with strong and joyous emotion, awakens it with fuller life, makes it aspire towards nobler deeds, view the whole of existence as a wonderful garden, and rejoice in the fragrance of its manifold flowers.

As has been said, there was much that was beautiful in the connexion formed between Otto and Pauline. Gifted and solitary youth aspires so zealously upward, has such a sense for what is pure and candid, that it requires but opportunity to emancipate itself from every depressing power. Otto offered to Pauline the poetic aspirations of his soul, the fruits of his reading and his experience, the best and the loveliest of all that he possessed. Though a mother would no doubt be very loth to allow her daughter such intercourse with a young man, it was in reality, for the time, as pure and chaste as any mother could desire. Otto had a peculiar talent for singling out and narrating such events as gave evidence of ennobling internal conflict, either painful or triumphant. Thus, one day he would record the history of Bernard Palissy, the potter of the sixteenth century, who sacrificed every-

thing he possessed to carry out his new invention, and at length burnt his last chair to heat the furnace in which his wares were vitrifying; and then at length—he triumphed! Pauline met the earnest expression in Otto's eyes with a glance, which he thought showed the greatest interest in Bernard Palissy's perseverance and success.

Another day he told her about Rubens and the monk. How Rubens, overtaken by a storm whilst travelling, sought refuge in a convent. How the next morning, just before starting, he was surprised by seeing hanging upon the wall of the refectory a painting which struck him as a perfect masterpiece of art. He inquired of the Prior who had painted it, and was told, with the utmost indifference, that it was the work during leisure hours of one of the monks.

“But his name?” cried Rubens, looking round at the assembled monks.

“He has no name,” was the answer; “he is a monk.”

“But he must, he shall have a name!” cried Rubens; “for he is one of the greatest geniuses God ever sent into this world! Nay, do not smile, man—it is I, Rubens, who say it!”

And on hearing this judgment from those lips, a young monk fainted—some little time after he died.

Otto added: “Just as he had bound himself for life, appreciation of his genius, fame, glory, and all the joys of earth, appeared before him in all their at-

tractiveness! To be so near the goal, and not to be able to reach it!"

"Poor, poor monk!" said Pauline.

Soon, however, Otto's little narratives began to be directed towards a more practical object. He and Pauline were walking one winter evening along a road on the outskirts of the town; he bent down to her—her veil alone seemed to separate face from face. He told her of two children, a boy and girl, that were playing on the banks of the Rhine—of how they had concealed themselves amid the foliage of the vines, and a leaf only parted mouth from mouth; and how he kissed the leaf, and she then said,

"Take away the leaf and kiss my lips."

Pauline's veil was drawn aside—and she gave, or he took, the first kiss!—The snow lay white and pure under their feet, and above them sparkled the stars.

What a happy time was that for Otto! It had entirely vanished from his thoughts that he had longed for womanhood in a more exalted form. Every young girl loving with modesty possesses a charm, a joyous and alluring power, which on innumerable occasions will throw into the shade all that mere imagination and theory have depicted.

Sometimes, indeed, Otto perceived that Pauline could not follow the flight of his thoughts, though she endeavoured to look as though she understood and participated in them. Like many other young girls, she did not look upon the world of ideas,

with its distant and exalted aims, as a thing that concerned her personally. Though she had entertained the project of devoting herself to art, she, nevertheless, looked up to poets and artists with a kind of uneasy reverence, as from a plebeian distance; while he, on the contrary, with all his respect and enthusiasm, always felt drawn towards them, as by the bonds of kindred. Much of what Otto said had no value in her eyes, except because it was he that spoke it, and she felt her attention painfully strained when trying to follow him. On the other hand, sudden unexpected gleams of intelligence would, at times, flash from her mind, as if kindled by love; and many evidences also of a passionate nature, hidden under silence and apparent calmness. And then, she was so lovely and so fresh!—this compensated for the moments when he felt that, though at her side, he was alone with his ideas and his aspirations.

The feelings which possessed Otto at this period belonged too exclusively to the inward depths of his individuality to allow of their being expressed to others; besides, his was one of those characters that do not much need a confidant. His relation to Pauline was therefore never mentioned to any of his friends or acquaintances; those to whom he might possibly have been communicative on the subject—Scott and Mendoza—seemed to him little likely to entertain romantic sympathies; and one day when, in an

unusually communicative mood, he said to Sem, "There ought to be raised altars on which to sacrifice hecatombs!" Sem answered thoughtfully, "Yes, but was it one hundred oxen, or one hundred legs of oxen only—that is, five and twenty heads of cattle only—which they sacrificed? Or do you think the word is derived from Hecate?"

Mentally, the relation between Otto and Pauline had undergone considerable change since the evening when Otto left the church, resolving to seek for the less instead of the greater. Now Pauline was to him everything; the one side of his nature seemed entirely to have vanished, only the child-like elements in it appeared existing still, and these were living a life of complete satisfaction. Through his daily existence resounded a song of triumph, like that of Heinrich Heine :

"Aber ich, ich hab' erworben
Dich und Alles, Schloss und Leut !/
Pauken und Drometen huld'gen
Meiner jungen Herrlichkeit !"

But in other respects no change had taken place. Except when chance occasionally brought them face to face for a moment in the street, they met at Mrs. Hillebrandt's only, and always as if accidentally, although it looked very much like a settled matter that Otto, on these occasions, should accompany Pauline on her way home. Mrs. Hillebrandt would smile, and make sly innuendoes; and Otto was too much in earnest, and possessed

of too much knowledge of good and evil, not to see that it was only her unbounded confidence in him that allowed her to be their secret confidant, and that therefore he was bound by honour as well as love. Like everyone who has known the sweets of a respectable and affectionate family life, Otto wished to enjoy the happiness of a settled home, and yet the remembrance of Mrs. Belle frightened him away from Pauline's home. But love for the daughter always pleads eloquently in favour of the mother; and he came at length so far as to say to himself that after all Mrs. Belle had, on that memorable night, acted only as a good and prudent mother. Mr. Belle was confidential clerk in a merchant's office, and Otto's own father had been a merchant; on this account, therefore, no great objection could be raised. Otto worked himself so thoroughly into these views, that his wishes and duty seemed to coincide; so that one evening, when, as usual, he made a long circuit with Pauline, under pretext of accompanying her home, he suddenly said, "I think your parents should be made acquainted with our intimacy—I will go in with you, and tell them everything."

"Will you, dear friend?" rejoined she gently, but without the slightest evidence of surprise or joy.

Perhaps her tone seemed so cold, just because she was rejoiced at the prospect of having her

unusually communicative mood, he said to Sem
 "There ought to be raised altars on which
 sacrifice hecatombs!" Sem answered thought-
 "Yes, but was it one hundred oxen, or one
 dred legs of oxen only—that is, five and
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 Hillebrandt would smile, and
 and Otto was too much in

led from the
 own and wept.
 daughter's pro-
 to herself an
 things and signs
 as a young and
 old not but con-
 though he had not
 ing and handsome
 were concerned, he
 house, and had an-
 such an odd way, as
 honour. Had he but ad-
 to her, she would have
 spect to find a second
 she dried her tears and
 will all turn out well,
 ine!"

to came, old Belle went
 pressing his hand, said :
 idren!" Then Mrs. Belle
 and at what goldsmith's it
 gave them all such explana-
 family matters, as are gene-
 erations, when there has been
 g so previously.

wedding ceremony in Denmark, but
 viously, as a sign of betrothal ; which
 a legally binding ceremony.


CHAPTER V.

OTTO, on making just one little step towards forming a connection, found that it had led him just as far as if he had made a very great one. He had fallen in love, and had become a member of a new family. Now that he met the family daily, the slight veil of poetry which he had in imagination woven around it, was but too soon rent asunder. Far, far away were the light and beauteous marble statues amid which he saw Hald enter into the bonds of wedlock; still further off was the future, in which his own family was to be raised to a position of honour and eminence. He had upbraided Scott with having deserted the temple of the Hellenic gods; and now Scott was wandering smiling and happy in the light of freedom, while he himself was bound in unaccustomed fetters.

His "new home" was almost as a darksome prison, although he met there with goodwill

and admiration. Mrs. Belle looked up to her future son-in-law as a perfect wonder of wisdom in all matters except those which she understood; but although she thus left a wide field open to him, she considered his knowledge as something supersensuous, something unconnected with this earth and this life, belonging merely to a world of learning, which did indeed exist, though why it should was to her incomprehensible. Could so commonplace a being as Mrs. Belle have been guilty of irony, one might have called the smile ironical with which she sometimes listened to Otto speaking with energy and enthusiasm to Pauline about a world that concerned neither of them; but it was not irony—it was simply pride, quiet wonder, and strained endeavour to follow him. She believed, and she specially declared, that her son-in-law was too refined to have anything to do with the ordinary concerns of life; but her tongue refused to submit to the principle thus established, for as soon as she began a conversation with Otto she invariably, in spite of her better knowledge, turned it upon such ordinary concerns, and especially on the theme of cleanliness. Mrs. Belle was so great a lover of cleanliness, that she spoke of it until it actually became repulsive and impure; for she delighted in recounting her great achievements, and this cannot be done properly without a detailed mention of the enemy's strength.

Thus was Otto by no means predisposed in favour of Mrs. Belle, who in her way was nevertheless a



sensible woman, and he had too little good-natured resignation to undertake to work the metal slowly. To him she was the very personification of the prosaic, and when she was near, his thoughts and fancy lost their wings. Sometimes, indeed, he was vaguely haunted by the grotesque idea that Mrs. Belle was in fact his aunt's husband, who, in demon fashion, was taking revenge for his mental aristocraticism and his contempt for his relatives, by becoming his mother-in-law. And yet he could not help being touched at the intense satisfaction that was depicted in Mrs. Belle's face when, for instance, he accepted an invitation to dine with the family. On these occasions the clever housewife would exert herself to the utmost to give him everything that she thought best, and he had not the heart to tell her that it was indifferent to him what he ate. Had his taste been considered he would indeed have preferred a glass of superior wine, for when they did get wine it was always bad ; but this circumstance did not prevent old Belle from drinking it with great gusto, which pained Otto more than the evidence of real poverty would have done.

Belle's whole manner corresponded with this one little trait. He was not exactly "hen-pecked ;" but his whole existence seemed to be adjusted with a view to avoid this evil—that is to say, he put forward a few pretensions, and kept himself as much in the background as possible. He was pleased with everything, and never enjoyed more than two spe-

cial favours in his home: the one was that Pauline brought him his slippers in the evening when he returned from the office (a habit which she had probably acquired as a child), and the other that when he had a very bad cold he was treated to a bowl of gruel, and was allowed to go to bed at nine o'clock. He would sit so still, occupy so little room, vanish so completely in a corner, or in the old arm-chair, that Otto was often under the impression that it was his evening of special grace, and that he had gone to bed, when all at once some chance circumstance would prove that he was actually present. At first Otto was always expecting Belle to give some signs of life; because when, on the engagement being made known to him, he had pressed Otto's hand, there was something so manly and so affectionate in the pressure, Otto felt that it was at least a respectable man's hand which had clasped his. It is with certain human gestures as with music—they speak to us in a mysterious manner. The hand remembers a pressure as the ear remembers a tone; but if the impression is not renewed, it will at last be completely obliterated. For everyday's use Belle shook hands with two fingers only. This his superior at the office did to him; and this, for the last thirty years, he had done to others.

On one occasion only, Belle, as if protesting against his wife's mode of entertainment, had made an observation in order to reknit the thread of the conversation which she had broken. This observa-

tion was to Otto like a fine prospect suddenly opened to his view ; but it was so little followed up by others, that it might be looked on as an accidental remembrance, or a piece of stray knowledge. Otto was not aware that in his own manner, in the peculiar energy with which he exclusively occupied himself with the mental world, there was something that alarmed Belle, and prevented him from drawing nearer to his future son-in-law. Modesty and vanity combined are so apt to hold men back. And Otto had imagined that his intended "father-in-law" was something like old André, or at least that he was a man of intellect. It was a casual expression of Mrs. Belle's that had led to this, and now he could not help many a time saying to himself,

"Why did she threaten that night, if I did not go, to call Belle ? Had it been he, he could with more right have said, 'If you do not depart I will call my wife !' "

One day Otto met Scott in the "Students' Club." They had had for some time past but very little intercourse, only occasionally interchanging a few words : each had in his own way been occupied with life and its realities. They were now alone in the room ; Scott was smoking a cigar—a cup of coffee stood before him, and he seemed reading a newspaper with deep interest.

"It is very remarkable," said he, after awhile, turning the leaf of the paper, "that rye should at present stand at five dollars."

"You seem to have learnt to take an interest in agricultural matters," said Otto. "But, after all, that price is not so very extraordinary."

"No, but only fancy eggs cost two marks and eight skillings the score."

"Then Ferrini will probably charge more for his *omelette soufflée*."

"Hm! You take the matter philosophically. But what do you say to this?—butter has also risen to two marks and eight skillings the pound."

"Shame upon it!"

"Ah, you may well say that! These are hard times indeed. And take my word for it, matters will be worse still! Do you mean to buy fresh butter or salt butter? Salt butter goes the further, I believe."


Otto now began to see the drift of Scott's observations; but he could not succeed in getting him to change his subject, except that he passed on to that of servants, and of the duty of heads of families to take care to have plain-looking housemaids.

At length Otto said,

"You are either very domestic or very enigmatic to-day."

"Enigmatic? Do you think me enigmatic? Well, then, I will give you a riddle to guess. What similarity is there between you and the marble church?"*

* A church in Copenhagen, which King Christian VI. commenced building in a very costly style, but which has never been completed, on account of want of funds.



"None that I am aware of . . . except it should be that divine worship has never been celebrated in either of us."

"An excellent answer, upon my honour ! Were I a respectable citizen, I should certainly endeavour to get you for a son-in-law. However, that was not the right solution of the riddle."

"Well, then, I give up !"

"Done ; but the answer is a pointed one—hold up your shield."

"Oh, I daresay the thrust may be parried with a counter-thrust."

Scott rose, saying,


"You have both become ruins before being completed ;" and then, with a friendly salutation, left the room, neither affording Otto an opportunity to parry, nor to make a counter-thrust. What prevented him, however, was not Scott's unusually direct and personal attack, but the feeling of how entirely he was in the right, and that the attack was inspired by a friendly sentiment. But what pained or rather provoked him most was that his friend did not take for granted that he himself saw the matter just as clearly as did Scott himself.

He endeavoured to calm his thoughts by devoting himself earnestly to study ; at the same time he mentally said, that the one who should and who could best tranquillize him, was Pauline. Now that he had obtained the great object of his desires—a woman's heart—now the glorious mystery, a woman's

soul, would be opened to him. The marble palaces, which he had once dreamt of as concealed behind the houses in the city, in truth only existed in the human soul—in the soul of the woman whom a man loves, and by whom he is beloved. She should speak openly and trustingly; he ought to know what she sought and what she aspired to; she alone might suffice, if she would, to inspire him with enthusiasm and with strength to perform his part in the world.

But he could not succeed in unsealing Pauline's lips—perhaps because he asked too much of her, or perhaps because she could not be communicative, except on such matters as did not touch her feelings. When she was deeply moved, her usually open countenance seemed clouded; so likewise, when her mother scolded, she never answered; and Mrs. Belle would frequently say, "Pauline puts on a face, and does exactly as she likes."

Otto and Pauline were one evening at the theatre together, and he saw her eyes suddenly fill with tears. The scene was not touching, and he was at a loss to conceive what had produced such an impression, particularly as, when she perceived that he was observing her, she laughed and pointed out to him, how plainly it could be seen that one of the actors' false beards was tied on to his chin. Perhaps no one would have been more at a loss than she herself to account for the tears that had gathered in her eyes. In former days she always felt uneasy when witnessing a performance; she was always



putting herself in the place of some one or other of the actresses—was fancying that she herself was to appear in the same part—going through all the joys and fears connected with a first appearance—regarding the public as her judges, and selecting certain persons whose looks pleased her to be her special protectors and champions. Now she had been sitting a long while looking on undisturbed in mind, like any other spectator, and suddenly arose a tumult of emotions, a clashing of innumerable vague feelings—such as joy in Otto, and at the well-founded prospect of calm and peace in future, with a half-conscious regret at having to renounce other vague, ideal, disquieting fancies—which, summed up to a total and translated into every-day language, might be expressed as follows:—How happy I feel that I am to be married. Would that I could be an actress, nevertheless!

On their way home, Otto asked her what had brought the tears so suddenly into her eyes. She said that she could not remember, and tried to turn the conversation on other matters. Otto, anxious to learn to know her thoughts, endeavoured to recall to her mind what might at that moment have caused her emotion; but she remained silent.

“Pauline,” said Otto at length, concluding from her unwillingness to answer that it was something extraordinary she was withholding from him. “Pauline, you are not acting justly towards me. Remember the princess in the fairy tale, who

every word was like roses and pearls; your words might be the same to me, and yet you persist in your habitual silent mood."

She answered with a pressure of his arm only; in one way the answer was sufficiently eloquent, though not satisfactory—for he was pained, and felt hurt at not being able to draw out the treasures of her mind.

On another occasion, when she had, in a similar manner, awakened a yearning desire to know what was passing within her, and all his searching inquiries proved without avail, he exclaimed:—

"I am afraid your uncommunicative character will make us both very unhappy; reflect on this, Pauline."

The tone in which this was spoken alarmed her even more than the words; for she was herself filled with the kind of presentiment common to poetic minds; there was in his soul a cloud, as it were, a cloud that affected her electrically.

"What do you mean?" asked she in a husky voice.

"I will endeavour to explain myself in all sincerity, Pauline. I think I may venture to say, without seeming presumptuous in your eyes, that I am endowed with a certain amount of talent. Now, you must beware of the egotism of talent. You must not conceal your soul from me, but allow it full play, before it is too late."

The words were frank enough, but did not convey his meaning to her sufficiently clearly.

"I dreamt the other night," said she, "that you broke off our engagement. At home I often feel as if a cloud were hanging over the house, threatening me with destruction."

"It is your reticence that is the cloud," rejoined he, tenderly; "if you would but say what it is you fear, the cloud would vanish at once, and you would be surrounded by sunshine."

"Your love is all the sunshine I require."

Her words were tender and prettily expressed, but they showed that in their mutual relation she expected him to be everything.

Thus matters went on for some time. Her want of communicativeness caused him periodically a fit of gloom, and led to conversations, in which all the features of their mutual relation and connection were brought under discussion; but which generally ended with some soft word bringing about a momentary reconciliation, though neither felt that they could look with confidence towards the future.

More frequently still, as could not but be expected, the absence of sympathy between Otto and Pauline's mother became apparent; and as the latter had observed that a peculiar feeling of melancholy and a kind of suppressed enthusiasm took possession of him whenever his own relatives were mentioned, she became jealous of them, and concluded that it was they who, either secretly or openly, prevented Otto from attaching himself

cordially to Pauline's kindred; and whenever any little jar occurred in the house, she never failed to make some allusion of the kind, in order to irritate him, and in the secret hope that, when matters were driven to a head, his love for Pauline would make him determine in favour of her relatives.

On one occasion she asked him, "If you had to choose between Pauline and your brother, which would be your choice?" She knew not what it was she asked; she knew not what significance his brother had in his eyes; she knew not that in his imagination that boy represented his own future fame and liberty. The answer was,

"If you would follow friendly advice, Mrs. Belle, never put that question to me again."

She went into another room, and sat down. The servant inquired if anything was the matter.

"I was frightened by two eyes," she replied.

Otto expected that Pauline, who had been present at the conversation, would put some question to him on the subject that might lead to mutual explanations. He was prepared to tell her what his brother represented in his eyes, and what she also ought to represent. But Pauline put on her impenetrable "face," and remained silent, as though the affair did not concern her.

After this, Mrs. Belle did not again venture upon any direct attack; but she gave Otto to

understand that she expected the secret engagement should soon be superseded by a public declaration. On this occasion Pauline offered a short but very decided opposition ; for she considered her mother's demand as unnecessary.

Otto provided Pauline with books, and took care to select such as would not be likely to nourish her desire for the stage, which was now never mentioned ; perhaps because both felt that it stood between them like a portent of evil. However, Otto bethought him of opening another artistic or poetic path to her, by encouraging her to sing. He praised her voice, and brought her music ; but when one day they began to sing together, new discords were produced. Pauline's musical taste had been formed by the vaudevilles, and selections from them with which the public are so richly provided ; whilst he had fed his love of music on classical works, and on the noble and elevating modern productions that Alfons studied ; his soul had imbibed their fragrance ; and in singing, when the indefinite, yet decided, spontaneous expression of the inner being speaks out, it became apparent. She perceived it, for her ear was better than her execution ; she suddenly stopped, and "put on her face," but could not be induced to sing again in his presence, although she continued to practise when alone.

There are innumerable inconsistencies in a connection such as that between Otto and Pauline,

and her relatives. The feeling of respect on which it is, or should be founded, constantly makes itself felt; a little display of good feeling suffices to gather together again the parts which seem on the point of dissolution, if even they do not agglomerate round a common centre, in promise of firmness and stability.

Otto, on going to Pauline's home one afternoon, found no one in the sitting-room. Mrs. Belle was in the kitchen, where washing operations were going on. She stood by the hearth, stirring with a wooden ladle a huge caldron, under which glowed a flaming fire.

To Otto's inquiry about Pauline, she answered that she would probably be home before evening.

"Well, I only came to say that I should be engaged this evening. Good-bye!"

"Here, Kroyer!" exclaimed Mrs. Belle, suddenly, in a loud voice. "Let me tell you, my good friend, that Pauline is not a little obstinate; I would advise you to cure her of this in time. She is fond of you—that she is, and you may turn her round your finger, if you will but take the trouble to do so. As to her father, you know how he is—he never says a word. But believe me, if you want a good wife, you must begin in time. I told her that she might as well do those errands another day, but then she made a face, and started off without saying a word. Such behaviour you ought

not to tolerate But this is not the only thing, you may believe me, Kroyer—if a daughter is not submissive to her mother, she will not be so to her husband either Severe!—I severe! Nay, indeed, it would be good if I were a little more severe; but it's of no use. However, as you are such a learned gentleman, you ought to point out to her that she is bound to obey her mother; for, after all, I am her mother, whatever whims she may have in her head.”

Otto fully understood the drift of this speech: Mrs. Belle had fallen out with her daughter, and now wanted to make friends with him. He felt very little desire to undertake Pauline's education in this sense—to teach her to love and reverence Mrs. Belle. He fancied how Scott would smile at the grandpapa's part assigned to him; yet the spell of his childhood's home fell upon him, and he could not resist the confidence with which Mrs. Belle addressed him. When, therefore, he met Pauline on her return, and they were alone in the twilight, he began gently and tenderly to reprove her. She listened in silence. He repeated his words again and again, in the hope of at length eliciting a reply, until, with an almost imperceptible smile, she put her arm around his neck, and whispered,

“Put aside the leaf and kiss my lips!”

Those words and that smile quite intoxicated him.

“Was it not Agnes, the minister's daughter, who

had hitherto borne a mask, and called herself Pauline?"

Just then Mrs. Belle opened the door and put in her head, saying, in a tone of vexation,

"I thought you were in a hurry to get away this evening?"


"True," said Otto; "I must leave you."

As he passed Mrs. Belle he heard her muttering something to herself, the last words of which were, "a regular soft one!"

Not until he had proceeded some distance on his way did Otto recollect what she had asked, nor did the meaning of her words come to him; but in his present mood he threw aside her demand like that of an importunate creditor.

CHAPTER VI.

THE family of the Mendozas was the only one that Otto visited besides that of his Pauline, and he was a frequent guest in that house. Yet he remained as a stranger there, because he could never find any point of thorough sympathy between himself and the members of the family—nothing that he could speak of with real fervour—and because, likewise, he was under the apprehension that he might unwittingly transgress some rule to which the good, kind people attached importance. The only approach towards intimacy that ever took place was when, having seized some Hebrew expression, he made an attempt to use it. On these occasions the ladies laughed heartily ; but though he saw that it amused them, he always feared that some sensitiveness might be concealed beneath the laughter ; he therefore but seldom ventured to apply an orientalism, lest he should be abusing their friendly hospitality.



"He is a good child," was the judgment pronounced upon Otto in this family; and Alfons, having by chance mentioned this in Scott's hearing, the latter ever afterwards cited the Misses Mendoza, when there was a question of penetration.

By degrees it became an established rule that Otto should visit the Mendozas every Friday evening. He had observed with quiet satisfaction that he could be of use to them on those evenings. When the Sabbath begins, the pious Jew must desist from every kind of work—he must not touch fire or light, but must leave everything to be done by others; the very pious do not even consider themselves at liberty directly to demand that their Christian servants should do anything that they are themselves forbidden to do. Thus, in the Mendozas' house, much inconvenience was experienced in consequence. If the old man felt cold of a winter evening, or if the lamp flared and the light hurt his eyes, or if it burned dim, he did not venture to ask anyone to remedy the evil, but would patiently wait until some person who might give help could at length understand what was needed. Even this he considered almost as a transgression, unless the assistance came from some stranger not of his household.


Otto, one night noticing that the lamp did not give its wonted light, wound it up without a further thought; but the grateful acknowledgments which the insignificant act called forth proved that he had

performed a greater service than he was aware of; he soon learnt to understand its significance, and thenceforward made himself useful whenever he could. This circumstance, however, only made the distance between himself and the family more apparent; it showed that they belonged, as it were, to two different worlds; even when in their room, and seated at their table, he stood apart from their family life.

Isabella, the sister of Alfons, came to Copenhagen on a visit to her grandfather. Her complexion was no longer so dark as it had been in childhood, but was distinguished by that peculiar and beautiful palor characterizing the early Italian madonnas, while her lustrous black hair gave a peculiar charm to her delicately formed face and regular features. On first seeing her, one might be inclined to suppose that she must be cheerful and lively; but the quiet and monotonous constraint of a Jewish household, the observance of the many ceremonies, the strict exclusiveness that was maintained, had originated in her an amount of reserve and self-control far beyond her years. She was friendly and courteous towards Otto, but always in a formal manner. As they met the first time, so they met every subsequent time; and, as far as Otto was concerned, the fact of her being a Jewess and the sister of Alfons, placed her, in regard to his feelings, in a different position to that of any other woman.

While Otto had been reading, falling in love, and

living in disquietude, Alfons, with undisturbed mind, had been prosecuting his musical studies, and his rare talent was now beginning to awaken attention. His frank and amiable manners made him a general favourite ; and what, perhaps, assisted him as much as anything else, in making his way in the world, was his uncommonly graceful manner and carriage. In a city like Copenhagen, a graceful bearing has really much social significance ; for the citizen class, as well as the official class, live upon a mutual interchange of little marks of respect, are honoured by trifling attentions, and dishonoured by petty slights. Under these circumstances, very little is required in Copenhagen to bring a clever and polite man into notice among people of consequence. A few years ago, before the fermentation and party passions of politics had found their way into so many of the relations of life, there were, in many of the wealthy families of Copenhagen, a true appreciation and love for whatever was distinguished in poetry and art ; and among them prevailed a truly noble and æsthetic spirit of hospitality. A distinguished lady, to whom Alfons had been introduced in one of the wealthy families where art was sincerely cherished, drew him towards her, spoke of him with warm admiration among her friends, and opened to him her own house, as well as others. Alfons visited these houses as Otto visited his home, without wishing or expecting more than could be given ; and he did



not even feel wounded on perceiving that he was viewed by the young ladies almost like an abstract being—a talent clothed in a handsome form—without their ever seeming to notice that this form was that of a man.

This gentle, innocent existence acquired for him many friends and a good reputation, and at length he was invited to play at a concert given at court.

The evening of the concert Otto spent in Alfons's home. The first joyful pride and overwhelming delight among his relatives, at the great and unlooked-for honour, had by this time given way to anxiety. The old Mendoza was, contrary to his custom on week days, seated in the room with his family. He slept, or pretended to sleep—arose from time to time, as if awakening—was peevish—or, resumed his seeming state of repose. Neither his daughters nor grand-daughter had the least conception of the world amid which Alfons was at that moment moving, and they were painfully uneasy as to how matters might go off. The youngest daughter, feeling frequently on the point of fainting, swallowed tumbler after tumbler of water. The others endeavoured to sew or to knit, asked purposeless questions from time to time, but did not attend to the answers.


Alfons was to perform in a sextette of Beethoven, and in one of his own compositions for the piano, flute, violin, and violoncello. Scott, who

had been present at one of the rehearsals, had suddenly interrupted the music with the exclamation:—

“Why, that is myself! Stop, thief!—stop a moment! Ah! my dear sir, do you suppose I do not recognize myself? Those comic, humorous pipings of the flute you have stolen from me; it is one of my ‘unfeeling’ discourses you have set to music. Now, confess, was it not this you held in your mind? You have been seeking revenge, like Michael Angelo, who put the cardinal into his ‘Judgment-day’ in the form of the devil! Confess it, you have been taking your revenge!”

“Not revenge,” answered Mendoza; “but I confess that some scene or conversation may have been present to my mind while composing; or I may have conceived the idea of the music while the conversation was going on.”

“Only a Jew could have done that!” cried Scott; “for it is not only a trait of genius, but cunning. Yet it is a wonderfully innocent, amiable, good-natured cunning! It teaches me a new kind of reflexion, of which I had not the least conception before. And as for the music, I now declare you to be a true artist—such melodies and harmonies were never produced by a bungler. Look at yourself in the glass, and you will see the germ of a great man. Hang it! I might have known that a man could not be so handsome without its signifying some-



thing," continued he, in a suppressed voice. Putting on his hat, and going towards the door, he said, "Do play that passage once more whilst I walk off!"

Otto narrated this little occurrence; and the ladies felt quite strengthened and confident after it, although they disliked Scott, and never asked him in when Alfons was not at home.

"He looks at you so quizzingly," said the younger aunt; "I always fancy that I have got some black on my nose, and that it is that he is laughing at; but when I go to the glass I see nothing but my own face."

"Do you think Alfons handsome?" asked one of the aunts of Otto.

"Yes, very handsome."

The conversation again stopped; the thoughts of all were too much pre-occupied; and though the knitting-needles were busy, the work did not advance in the trembling hands.

At length they thought they heard a well-known footstep on the stairs: they listened in breathless stillness; and when Alfons entered the door, his aunts rushed from their seats, with the exclamation, "Well, how did it go off?" while Isabella ran forward and embraced her brother, with tears in her eyes, as though he were returning from some dangerous undertaking.

"Did you meet with success, Alfons—dear Alfons?" asked she.

"Leave him alone—give him time to speak," cried the grandfather.

"It went off very well," said Alfons, with a tone of quiet contentment, that quite satisfied his aunts and sister.

"Thank God!" said they, making way for him.

"It went off well?" cried the grandfather, angrily, for he was very anxious, but did not like to appear so—"it went off well? To be sure, everything goes off well for those who are pleased with themselves."

"Nay, grandfather, the king himself said so."

"The king!" cried the aunts and sister. "Did the king speak to you, Alfons?"

"The king?" said the grandfather, involuntarily putting his hand up to his velvet cap. "What did the king say?" unconsciously speaking in Spanish, the language still frequently used by the descendants of the Jewish immigrants from Spain.

His eldest daughter touching his arm gently, with her eyes reminded him that there was a stranger present.

"Well," said the grandfather aloud, "when the king has spoken to my son's son, Mr. Kroyer may hear that the grandfather is a Jew. And you knew it before that, did you not?" he added, holding out his hand to Otto with a friendly look.

Otto was moved; he drew near and put his hand in the old man's who continued proudly:

"In our family we have numbered Spanish dons; the Mendozas have jingled their spurs in the presence-chamber of the Andalusian kings, and we are of the tribe of Judah." But, as if all that had occurred between that time and the present had passed rapidly before his mind, he added in a very different tone :

"What did the king say?"

"The king asked me my name, age, how long I had studied music, and under what professor?"

"And what did you answer, Alfons?" cried the eldest aunt.

"What could I answer, aunt, but the truth?"

"Well, and what did the king say then?"

"The king said that I had much talent, that I ought to travel, and that I might petition for a stipend."*

"Dear me, how busy we shall be!—we have all his things to get ready!" cried the aunt, and her thoughts dwelt so exclusively on the king's will and its prompt execution, that she quite forgot the painful separation it would entail. Neither did her sisters or father think of this. Isabella alone understood by her own feelings why it was that Alfons had come home so subdued, in spite of his good fortune.

* It is customary in Denmark for the government to assist deserving artists, men of science, and even artisans, with pecuniary means for two or three years, to enable them to travel and become acquainted with the progress of their art or science abroad.

"The queen also spoke to me," continued Alfons.

"The queen! What did she say? How does she look? Is she handsome?"

"Silly creature," said the old man playfully to his daughter; "a queen is always beautiful."

"But our queen is really beautiful," rejoined Alfons, "and so sweetly condescending."

"But what did she say? Were you not frightened? Could you answer her properly? What did she say?"

"She said that I had remarkable—a very remarkable talent."

"Very remarkable talent! Oh, Alfons, and we have been listening to you so calmly every day of our lives!" cried his eldest aunt, throwing her arms around her nephew, with tears of emotion in her eyes.

"And she said she hoped I should be successful, and would ever remember whence all true inspiration comes."

"From whom other than from the Lord, Adannai, our God!" cried old Mendoza.

A faint and involuntary smile flitted over Alfons's countenance, as if he knew that such was not exactly the meaning of the words.

"And what did you answer, Alfons?"

"I answered that I was truly happy to have won her majesty's gracious approval, and that I would endeavour to prove myself worthy of it."

"Nay, only think how nicely he answered!



Who would have believed it ? How could you have the presence of mind to answer so well ? ”

“ I do not know. At such a moment, all one’s powers seem stimulated—the mind is excited, the whole being seems tuned a tone higher than usual, and yet a wonderful harmony pervades it.”

“ But do come and sit down, and tell us all about it. What took place after the queen had spoken to you ? ”

“ We had tea and cake, and bread and butter.”

“ Common tea ? Such as we drink ? And did they offer you some also ? Have you eaten and drunk with the king and queen ? ”

“ I have.”

“ It is a great honour,” said the old man ; and even he forgot to consider whether the food could have been quite pure, according to the Jewish law. But he interrupted his grandson with the question :

“ But did you pronounce the blessing, after the king had spoken to you ? ”

“ What blessing, grandfather ? ”

“ Oh, how silly ! ” exclaimed the old man merrily. “ He knows nothing.” And he then repeated the formula which the Jews are enjoined to pronounce when they see a king, even a heathen king, thanking God that their eyes have seen majesty.

“ The next time I see the king I shall remember it,” said Alfons.

And then again followed a stream of questions about the persons present, about the room, the

etiquette observed, the ladies' dresses, the musicians, &c., &c., in the midst of which the grandfather inquired what would be the amount of the stipend granted to him.

"It will probably be 600 dollars a-year for two years," said Otto.

"Two years! Is he to be away from us for two years?"

And then only began the sadness; the ladies sat down to their work again with moistened eyes, and almost wished that it had not gone off so well.

But the old man would not allow the spirit of gloom to dwell in his house on this proud evening, and therefore again turned the conversation on the king, and from him to that king who will ever be the first of all earthly kings in the eyes of the Jews, namely, Solomon. He spoke of the great work of art that God had bidden the king raise upon Mount Moriah. "And who was Solomon's greatest architect?" asked he in a cheerful tone of voice. "Ah! I daresay our learned Mr. Kroyer does not know this, nor even my grandson."

"No, grandfather; who was it?"

"It was Shamir. But who was Shamir?"

They all abstained from answering, and the old man continued: "On the sixth day of the creation, when twilight had already set in, and the first Sabbath was about to commence, God created ten wonderful and powerful beings, one of which was the worm Shamir. It was not larger than a barleycorn, but



it could bore through a granite mountain ; and when Solomon was commanded to build the temple without touching the stones with iron, he succeeded, by dint of great energy and cunning, in obtaining Shamir from the spirit Asmodai, who had him in his keeping.

"It seems rather strange," remarked Alfons, "that at the last moment, after everything else was created, God should have called into being creatures more powerful than all the rest !"

"Foolish young man," replied the grandfather, "is not the way of the Lord ever thus ? Was it not in the dusk of evening that Moses was born ? Do not all great things take birth in darkness, when everything else seems exhausted ?"

"What has become of Shamir now ?" was asked.

"When the second temple was burnt by the Roman emperor Titus, Shamir disappeared from the earth."

Otto was struck particularly by the last words : the whole creation had sorrowed at the fall of the temple, the earth had in its pain yielded up one of the most remarkable of created beings, and through the speaker and his hearers went a feeling of this universal gloom.

In order to break the silence, he said—"Then there do really exist demons, and other supernatural beings ?"

The old man awoke from his reverie at the sound of the stranger's voice, whose presence he had en-

tirely forgotten; and he seemed for a moment to feel himself a stranger there, for his thoughts had been dwelling in his great biblical home. He endeavoured, with an almost childish bashfulness, which was most touching, to explain to Otto that these things were not believed in, although they were spoken of as realities.

"Oh, yes, I quite understand that," said Otto; "it is poetry, which the whole world must admire."

"Our books do indeed contain much that is admirable," answered the old man, proudly . . . "Well, can you tell me the name of Adam's first wife?—you understand, as tradition has it? It does not belong to religion, but there is a deep meaning in it."

"Adam's first wife? Was that not Eve? Was Adam twice married?"

The old man's eyes twinkled with delight.

"Adam's first wife was called Lilis," said he. "God made her of earth, like Adam, but she would not be submissive unto him. At last she seduced two angels, and drew from them the secret word by means of which mortals are carried away from earth, and heaven is opened to them—she then soared away. Two mighty angels were sent in pursuit, but they could not succeed in making her submit, except on condition that she should be allowed to injure, if she could, all born of human parents—the boys until the eighth day after birth, the girls until the twentieth; therefore is it that we say holy words

over them to protect them. But," he concluded, "we are not bound to believe in this, though many of our people do so. The tale is only told because of its hidden meaning."

"What does it signify, grandfather?"

"Many things. For instance, we learn from it why Eve was made out of Adam's rib—because when there is too much of earth in a woman, neither her husband nor the angels can keep her in bounds."

Otto was filled with surprise and with reverence for this peculiar culture and poetry.

"How fixedly the stranger looks at me!" said the old man in a whisper to his eldest daughter.

"He likes to hear you speak, father."

"Then I will tell him more. How was it," asked he, again raising his voice, "that King Solomon learnt how to subdue Asmodai, and to gain possession of Shamir? Where did he and Balaam learn their cabala and witchcraft? They learnt all from Sham-sadai, the angel that was chained to the dark mountains on account of his sins; for, once upon a time, when the Lord spake with the angels in heaven about the sins of man, the angel Asmodai said, that were he sent to earth, he would act very differently. And the Lord said, 'We will see!' and sent him down. Shamadai met a young girl, by name Istehar; she was beautiful, and he tempted her; at last she said she would be his, if he would tell her the secret word that leads to heaven. At length, when he betrayed it to her, she pronounced it aloud,

and she was lifted up to heaven. Then the Lord placed her as the seventh star in the constellation Kimah—what is it you call Kimah?”

“The Pleiades,” answered Alfons.

“Do you know,” said the old man, looking fondly at his eldest daughter, “Istehar is the same as Esther, your name. So you see you may also be placed in Kimah, if an angel should fall in love with you.”

“I am afraid that will never be, father.”

“I am afraid so,” said he. “But now, let us have a little music—let us hear ‘the very remarkable talent,’” continued he, with the irony which endeavours in vain to conceal the love and the pride hidden beneath.

“What shall I play?”

“Oh, Alfons!” exclaimed Otto, “play a Spanish song. Can you remember the Spanish song that you and your sister sang years ago at our children’s party? It is long since, but it was such a lovely melody! Do try just a few bars!”

The words had hardly been uttered before Alfons began Miriam’s song; it at once became apparent that this was the religious war-song of the race; for, when he began, the family listened devoutly, and then gradually joined in harmony, at first with subdued voice, afterwards swelling louder by degrees. The old man pushed his velvet cap on one side of his head, closed his eyes, and from time to time his deep bass voice was heard. Old songs bid the past

come forward in the heart, like those old frescoes that rough hands had covered with plaster in times past, but which break through their covering now. The thoughts of the Jewish family reverted to Spain, that lovely land their eyes had never beheld, but which their traditions depicted in such lively colours ; and to that sea-shore whither Miriam came, at the head of the white-clad maidens of Israel, to cheer the hosts with the praise of Jehovah. The same tones led Otto's thoughts back to his home, to the place where he had heard them for the first time, to the lovely child whose hand he then held clasped ; and this remembrance was strangely blended with that of the enchanting summer evening on the lake, enjoyed in company with the actress. While the magic of the music thus brought the past again before his eyes, his heart overflowed with the love of his childhood, and the hymn of triumph that resounded in his ear seemed to lift him above all that was passing and painful. It was granted him for one moment, to feel the all powerful love for which his soul was formed—that tender absorption in another being—that entire devotion to another personality that seems to bear aloft the standard of all that is beautiful, and to beckon onward to immortality. And suddenly, when the music ceased, he remembered—Pauline !

Then he knew in his conscience that he did not love her with all his heart and all his soul. She and hers stood aloof from the mild, blue, starry light that

seemed to envelop his consciousness ; and he had a strange, proud feeling, as if something unknown, but powerful, something demoniac, yet desiring his good, had drawn aside the veil from his innermost existence. Under the influence of this mood he went home and wrote to Pauline, renouncing her. He felt that he must not speak the whole truth—to do so would be so cruel, merciless. He dared not impute to her any blame, not even for her silence and reserve. Neither could he venture to touch upon her family, except in the vaguest manner. Yet he found means to tell her gently and delicately, that it was absolutely necessary they should part, while it was still time, before their engagement had been made publicly known. When he had finished the letter, and thought of what pain it would inflict on Pauline, he felt what pain it caused himself, what a sincere sacrifice he was making to the ideal, and how in future chilly solitude would be his fate. The pang was so great that it seemed suddenly to break through a barrier within him, and to lay open a hitherto undiscovered, or at least unobserved, realm of light, joyous yet sad, the rays from which spread themselves through his soul—it was the realm of poetry, and during that night all that he had experienced, desired, dreamt of, took form in rhythm and verse. He might have said with truth that one of his *Fylgier*—* the white or the black—was flapping her wings outside the window or above his head ; for, from that

* Good or evil genius.

moment, he came under the dominion of a passion which was to prove stronger than all others, and into its service all others would be pressed.

A few hours after receiving Otto's letter Pauline suddenly said,

"Mother, let me go on the stage!"

"On the stage!" cried Mrs. Belle, who found a vent for her grief in anger. "So you have still that whim in your head!" Then followed many bitter words; after awhile, however, she continued in a milder tone, "Are we then such very low people, Pauline, that you can allow yourself to appear on the stage? Is your father not a respectable man? Do you not think we have sorrows enough without this?"

"Mother, mother! are Mrs. Heiberg, Mrs. Neilsen and Miss Ryge* low people."

"No; but you are neither a Mrs. Heiberg, a Mrs. Neilsen, nor a Miss Ryge."

"I must begin before I can become what they are!"

"Yes, and you may become many other things, if once you begin. And what do you think your aunt would say to it?—she is quite aware that you have set your heart upon this fancy, and she has begged me for heaven's sake to watch over you. I know that

* Names of Danish actresses of high repute both as women and as actresses.

she has mentioned you in her will; but if she heard of this, she would strike out your name; of that you may be as sure as that I am standing here!"


"Is my aunt rich, then?"

"Rich! I don't know what you mean by rich!—she has been able to save something, living economically as she does; and I daresay you will get two or three thousand dollars."

"Oh, of what use are they?"

"Use!—of what use! did anybody ever hear the like? Well, I can tell you one thing, my good girl, that whether of use or not, I will sooner have you locked up, where there is neither air nor light. But what an unreasonable thing! I will not hear a word more about it, not a word—now you have not got him any longer to help you against me—now you have only me; and I will make you obey! Oh, yes, put up your face as much as you like, I shall break you in!"

But a girl who is to be "broken in" will try to find assistance; and Pauline's mind was for the present entirely absorbed by the event which was to her completely incomprehensible. She felt persuaded that Otto had not broken off his engagement because of anything personal in her, but that her home had been repulsive to him. Between his conduct when she had said, "Take away the leaf and kiss my lips," and his letter, was a chasm which she could not bridge over in any other way. She loved him; he ruled with absolute sway over her thoughts and her heart.



The consciousness that such was the case had been her secret self-justification when he upbraided her for being so silent. She loved him, and she was convinced that he could as little renounce her love as she could live without his. She loved him ; he had thrown Runes* before her ; and, as the old ballad said, their power no one could escape.

According to the rules of proceeding on such occasions, she was to send Otto back his ring. She did this in a letter which required an answer.

The letters led to a meeting ; and as these were frequently repeated, and could no longer take place under Mrs. Hillebrandt's roof, they sought refuge and secrecy in Otto's rooms. Pauline became his Agnes.

* Among the ancient Scandinavians much sorcery was supposed to be practised by means of the Runic character ; and, among others, love spells.

CHAPTER VII.

“Aber ich, ich hab' erworben
Dich und alles, Schloss und Leut;
Pauken und Drommeten huld'gen
Meiner jungen Herrlichkeit.”

THUS resounded again the triumphant hymn, and more powerfully than before. Heinrich Heine, the German poet, sang it to the maid of the Harz mountains. It is one of those songs which would seldom be sung, if men knew and reflected how serious life is. But there are circumstances under which the seriousness of life is never allowed weight, until their consequences follow.

The only feeling of which Otto was conscious, for the time, was one of defiant, proud satisfaction at his new relation to Pauline—the triumph of love. He lived more and thought less; and even had he thought, he would hardly have been able to recollect,

or to understand the struggle that had been going on, and the discord that had existed in his mind so short a while before ; nor would he have been able to comprehend the object he had held in view, when he became so scrupulous.

Such is the power of action !—man stands either aloof from, or above all theories, but his actions become part of himself. There is that in an action, to which we give ourselves up in spite of our better knowledge, that rises above our heads like a mist, blinds the eye, and penetrating into the consciousness through innumerable delicate pores, at length completely envelops it. Then, perhaps, we remember former ideals, like things we have learnt by rote ; but we do not remember them with the heart—not in a vigorous and stimulating manner.

But there is also, in the sweet intoxication of human passion, a wonderful power of oblivion of all that does not belong to it, and at the same time a power of recalling that world, and those ideals to which it does belong. Otto at this time recollected with gratitude the gods of Greece, who watched over the observance of the laws of the beautiful in enjoyment, as among the highest laws of humanity. He felt inclined to bend his knee to them, because they had made him free, and especially to sing hymns of praise to Aphrodite and to her son, the golden-winged Eros.

He felt as though he had suddenly passed from a state of object thralldom, childish restraint, to one of

freedom, knowledge, manhood. Sometimes, too, he would smile, with a kind of subtle pleasure, that the existing state of things, which he had always longed for, had been brought about, as though his wishes had been active without his knowledge.

He laughed at Schiller, who in a sentimental mood had complained that the gods had disappeared, that the time had gone by—


“Da man dein Tempel noch bekränzte,
Venus Amathusia!”

The gods, so Otto thought, were present to all who could see with fitting eyes, and who had the courage to offer sacrifices to them. They knew that he was one of these, and Pauline was a gift from them.

He grew more and more proud of her: proud of her graceful, youthful figure, of her eyes, the tender expression of which ever renewed in him the wonder that he should have gained and should possess the love they spoke of. But he was especially proud of her independent spirit, of its power to soar above all prejudices and stupid conventionalities; for he believed that it was conscious freedom which, after long hesitation and reserve, had become active in her as in Agnes, the minister's daughter; or in Heloise, who declared,

“Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No! make me mistress to the man I love.”

He seemed to himself like a young husband, but infinitely more happy; because to the husband the



bride is given—he has bought her with marriage; he knows not what free, struggling, and at length conquered womanhood is. It was the devotion, the conquest, the self-surrender of a human soul to him, that seemed so wondrous!—that he had become the possessor of another being! But this strange happiness was, after all, something that life owed to him, and he had only taken what was his due.

He could not but smile at others, who were always speaking about such conquests, but to whom the connexion was but a fancy with which they gave a savour to existence. Compared to them he was like one of Béranger's students, one of those ideal youths destined to instil new vitality into science, to shine in poetry, or at the head of a battalion or of an army, to avenge Waterloo, and are accompanied on the road to immortality by the lovely Lisette, who modestly withdraws as soon as the light of fame begins to illumine their path. But no, so far his thoughts did not go; for a life full of feeling has this peculiarity, its horizon is never wide—there is no looking back, no looking forward, the present moment is everything.

The fates or the gods, whom he praised for his happiness, were propitious, and procured for him and Pauline many opportunities of being together; or perhaps it was that they now knew better than formerly how to seize and to avail themselves of opportunities. Sometimes the will of the gods seemed unmistakeable. The spring was just beginning, and

Pauline contrived to be away from home half of the great prayer day. In the morning it rained, but they ventured out in a closed carriage, in spite of the rain; when they reached the woods, the sun suddenly shone forth, and they walked through the deer-park in its light, admired the budding leaves on trees and bushes, and found violets in the grass—and all this without meeting other living beings than the brown deer, that now stood still at a little distance; gazed at them curiously with their large eyes, and then bounded off like a troop of scared children, making the forest resound with the stroke of their hoofs.

While they were walking through the woods, Otto was accidentally induced to tell Pauline about the man who, cutting his name on a tree, wounded the Dryad, and made her blood flow. Nothing more was wanting to make the wood an enchanted grove to Pauline. She looked on the enchantment as worked by beings under his control; her imagination was fed by his, and she followed him through the forest with more devotion than if he had been a monarch leading her through his earthly possessions.

And later, when they were seated together at the inn, taking their repast, and the sun was shining and the birds twittering, there came wafted on the air the sweet sound of wind instruments playing at a little distance; he put his arm around her, and exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Every promise is fulfilled:

‘Pauken und Drommeten huld’gen
Meiner jungen Herrlichkeit.’ ”



He never thought of inquiring whence the music came—it would not have surprised him had it been not of this earth at all; but Pauline was anxious to know, and she learnt that there was a fête at a country house in the neighbourhood, belonging to Mr. Sander. He had rebuilt the place, and to-day being the birthday of his daughter, the young Mrs. Hald, a housewarming on a grand scale was taking place. The garrulous hostess, who seemed to be pleased with the young couple, volunteered further information about Mr. Sander and his family. He had, she said, for many years been very melancholy and reserved; but since his daughter had given promise of an heir, he was an altered man; he had bought this country place, had rebuilt the house, set up his carriage, and given large parties, and all this for the sake of this daughter, whom he quite idolized. Hark," she continued, "now they are drinking her health, I am sure! And they are letting off fireworks—I must run and see!" and with this the hostess started off.

Otto and Pauline had become grave and thoughtful, but said nothing; however, the shadow that had fallen upon their joy soon vanished, when they strolled out again into the wood.

Yet, here was something in this collision with life, and orderly, powerful reality, which continued to exercise an influence over them. Pauline, perhaps, sooner escaped from it, because she had habituated herself to lean upon Otto with closed eyes; but

to him this day was the last of perfect happiness and oblivion. Thenceforward there was deep in his mind a restlessness, a longing for action, for something that could satisfy his intellect and his imagination. To be perfectly happy on earth, in real life, he must live that life only half, and must half transport himself away from it, into paradise, by means of poetry.

While he was reading the old chronicle about Harold Godwinson, Harold's fate underwent some change, and took dramatic form in his mind. Harold had been over to Normandy on a visit to Duke William, and had imprudently promised him feudal homage. In order to display his valour before William's court and the beauteous Norman dames, he had followed the Duke on a raid against kindred tribes of his own race in Brittany. Subsequently, when fighting for the crown at home, he met Harold Haardraade in combat with undaunted courage, and came off victorious; but when William, who had landed in the meanwhile, advanced with his Normans, Harold became uneasy and restless; and, anxious to settle the matter at once, gave battle before he was fully prepared. He fell, wounded unto death by a Breton prince, who out of revenge had joined William. There was much in these events that took strange possession of Otto's mind. It seemed to him that he saw deep down into Harold's soul, but was not yet fully conscious of what he beheld there. When

Harold went to battle, he left behind his beloved, the beautiful Edith, while the woman who should have been his wife was in the camp of the Norman. Here was an opportunity for the expression of many secret thoughts, and for vigorous and touching scenes. There is power in action. It carries with it an atmosphere coloured by its own nature, that lays itself around the consciousness, and displaces or alters distant ideals. Otto's poetry was coloured by the life he had created for himself. In the drama were energy and passion; in the representation of Harold's love, everything seemed to take part with the beloved and against the wife.

The lively occupation afforded to his mind by his poetic creations, and by his love, with its little artifices, its anxieties, and its joys, made him feel as if the harmony of life had been completely restored. He took a new view of himself and of his relation to Pauline. Many thoughts and misgivings, which at other times would intrude, were thrown back by the feeling that this connexion poured fragrant oil into the lamp of poetry; and the exalted reality in which he lived and breathed seemed the soil which, fertilized by the genius of poetry, was giving forth flowers. He gave himself up without reserve to the idolatry of beauty and poetry. The personal fate of men and women seemed to him of no importance: whether they gained or suffered a little more or a little less,

during life—whether they incurred a little more or a little less guilt—nay, even if they went to destruction—what did it signify, if they had but ministered to the great spirit—if they had but been good servitors of the beautiful, good soldiers of liberty—or rather, one of the strings of the Æolian harp, vibrating and emitting sound when the world-spirit stirs. Though his heart retained an involuntary belief in individual happiness, he had a kind of poetic faith in these views, which he expressed to Pauline—especially on one occasion, when he was showing her an engraving of a celebrated picture, which represents Francesca di Rimini floating in the air; by her side is Paolo, round whose neck she has wound her right arm, while, turning her face, expressive of unutterable sorrow, towards Virgil and Dante, she says, “*Amor noi condusse ad una morta.*” But, amid all her grief, and even whilst speaking, the remembrance of the sweet moments of love is evidently present, and the thought that, were she once more to come back to life, and once more to die for her love, she would still love Paolo.

Otto maintained, while gazing at these beautiful images, that they had lived to sufficient purpose; and he endeavoured to combat his strong sympathy, by reasoning that they had known life in its highest sense, had left it early, and to them the most beautiful resuscitation had been

granted ; for through the poet their souls had been transformed into poetry, and through the artist into images which charmed, saddened, and exalted. Pauline listened, with a wondering and admiring smile.

The manner in which his mind was occupied, and perhaps, also, the fact that he was often, as it were, turned half away from her—that he gave so much, without giving himself entirely—held her in a state of complete subjection ; and once, after a conversation in which his words had made all her feelings vibrate, or, perhaps, a sympathetic power, a glance, a soft intonation of his voice, had called forth in her greater tenderness than usual, she said, “You are like a forest!—I could lose myself in you!”

Electrified by the beauty, grandeur, and flattering application of the metaphor she had used, he exclaimed, “You are lost—you will never find your way out again!”

But, at other times, some of the old dissonances made themselves felt again ; and it more particularly pained him that he could not make Pauline see his poetic aspirations in their proper light. She always admired, did not for a moment suspect that there could be anything better—and then directly reverted to what people would say, to the applause of the public, &c. His heart also throbbed with pride and anxiety at the thought of the public and of fame—nay, he was at such moments far

more vain and more ambitious than she; but he did not like her to express it so crudely—nor was he pleased at her admiring him so humbly and so indiscriminately. He felt instinctively that he could forgive himself, if his lower nature invaded the sphere of the higher. But she must represent the claims of the ideal; and, whatever might be their thoughts, he wished their conversation might be such that should lead them both upward. Pauline was like an unfinished statue in the sculptor's studio—the one half has assumed the designed form, while the other half is still held enthralled, as it were, in the marble block; and Otto possessed not the charmed chisel wherewith she could be freed.

He did not visit his mother this summer, and he had a good and true excuse to plead—he was anxious to finish his dramatic work, so as to be able to offer it for representation during the winter. One day, towards the autumn, when he and Pauline found another opportunity of going into the woods, he bought some tea, which had been recommended as particularly good and delicately flavoured; after they had installed themselves in the same little inn they had before visited, he begged Pauline to do the honours of the tea-table; but whether it was from some instinctive dislike of performing the duties of a matron, except in a real home, or from a distaste for such occupations in general, she did not accept the mission in the manner he meant, but let the

hostess prepare two cups of tea in the kitchen, while she herself sat at the window, gazing out into the garden.

"There are no such merry doings at Mr. Sander's to-day as there were when we were here last. Do you remember?" said she, in a voice wherein Otto's acute ear detected a slight expression of satisfaction at not having to witness the joy of others.

The house opposite looked melancholy indeed ; one window alone was lighted up, and two still shadows were thrown upon the blind.

"Have the family opposite returned to town?" asked Pauline of the hostess, who came in just then.

"No, but it is a house of sorrow now."

"Indeed! How so?"

"Have you not heard of it? The child died, and they are all broken-hearted — especially old Mr. Sander. It is sad to see how he has shrunk to a mere skeleton, he that was so stout and robust."

The shadows that appeared upon the blind were those of Mr. Sander and Camilla. The father had come out to his daughter, on this dark autumn day, more depressed even than usual. She saw the sorrow, nay, the despair, depicted on his countenance ; she was anxious, yet feared, to know and share the grief that he seemed to conceal from her. She was silent for some time, endeavouring to gather strength to question him, and to hear what he might have to reveal.

Her trembling heart sought courage and support

in prayer, but in vain. Mr. Sander took up a book that was lying on her table, and mechanically turned its leaves. Suddenly he thrust it from him with a look of terror or despair, and cried out, "There also—there also! It pursues me everywhere!"

"What, father? For Heaven's sake, what is it?" cried Camilla, terrified, and turning deadly pale. She rose, took up the book, and saw that it was Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth."

"Oh, dear father," she continued, trying to smile, "this is Shakespeare!"

"Yes, but even he knew it! He also lets the king say, that, because he had sinned against God, his wife was childless. The Lord condemns the sinner! The Lord makes a woman barren, should she be the wife or daughter of a great sinner! Do you hear me, daughter?"

Camilla fell back, almost fainting.

He went on in a gentle tone, and with choking voice,

"My dear girl, my own darling Camilla! It is all my fault!—it is all my fault that your infant died! Do not curse me, my child! I have deserved it; but have mercy on me!—forgive me!—pray to God for me, to take off the frightful burden that is oppressing my soul—to let me sleep one night in peace, and awake in the morning with a light heart—to let me enjoy once more this solace, which I have not known since the death of your child!"

And then he told her, for the first time, of Mr.

Belle, the merchant in Middelfort, who by his hardness had been driven to commit suicide.

"And see," continued he, tearfully, "lately, when there was a question of my being elected one of the municipal council, Hagemann came forward as a candidate, merely to thwart me; and then they made some allusion in the newspaper. . . . to . . ."

"Has it been in the papers!" whispered Camilla, almost inaudibly.

"Do not be alarmed, my child. It was not put in plain terms, that everybody could understand it. But . . . but, of course I was obliged to withdraw, or Hagemann would have gone further, I am sure, for he spares no one. And for all that," continued Sander, "his house was enriched formerly by smuggling in copper coins. I know that full well. Ah! if I were but younger, or if that had not taken place! . . . Oh, how dreadful must have been his feelings when he put the rope around his neck! What must he have thought of me? And when he appeared before God, what accusations he must have brought against me! And his wife and children, when they beheld the frightful spectacle, what must they have felt? And they were driven out of the house! . . . Oh, my child, do not abandon me!"

After a long pause, Camilla, who was kneeling before him, her soul uplifted in silent prayer, said,


"But you took care of the wife and children—did you not, father?"

Sander groaned, "Yes . . . some years afterwards

... when I had grown rich ... but his two children had gone to a foreign land and died there ... a little niece of his had been sent back to Copenhagen, where her parents lived. This child's father is book-keeper in a merchant's office. Heavens knows, I have often offered the widow money, but she would not accept it. She lived a long while in poverty, but the little she gained multiplied, for the Lord looked in pity on her! ... I have offered her money, but she always answered that the debt of life could not be redeemed with money, but must be atoned for by my race ... Only think, she came to my office once and told me so face to face, so calmly, earnestly, terrifically! ... Her prophecy has been fulfilled! Do not curse me, Camilla! For the love of Heaven, speak to me a word of comfort! Let me hear your voice—it is like an angel's voice in my ears!"

Then she poured forth such words of comfort as only a woman can command, and in that wonderful tone of voice that comes from the depths of the soul, sad, full of sorrow, yet soothing like soft strains of music. With admirable delicacy she told him things that seemed only to be breathed past his ear—could not be seized, but that nevertheless conveyed knowledge. She gave him vaguely to understand, in this way, that hers was the sin that brought about the death of her child, because she had not sufficiently loved its father.

But however faint and vague the words that



conveyed the accusation, her father seized the thought and cried,

“No, no, for this likewise I bear the responsibility. Had my mind been less pre-occupied we would have led a more pleasant life, and with my wealth we might have done so. I should have provided better society for you, and watched over you, and allowed you to choose among the best. Do you think I did not know that Milner was a worthless fellow? Perhaps you do not know it; but I saw it distinctly, and now I tell it you. But I durst not forbid him my house; I feared to do so; I feared lest we might have no society at all. Oh! my child, my child! could I but live my life over again!”

Father and daughter went on for some time longer pouring out their hearts to each other. Her words were like oil upon the waters—the turbulent waves subsided, though the deep swell still continued. At length he rose to take leave. She begged him to stay with her that evening, but he was not in a mood to see and converse with Hald on his return home. She insisted on going down to the carriage with her father, and, having thrown a shawl over her head and shoulders, came out upon the steps, in spite of his affectionate remonstrances.

Otto and Pauline passed by at this moment. Pauline was struck with admiration of the elegant equipage. Otto recognized at once the young wife, whose lovely countenance now bore traces of deep

sorrow and tender sympathy ; he remembered that when he beheld her the first time, in her bridal dress, amid light and joy, she had seemed to him not to belong to this world ; whereas she now appeared to be intimately connected with the earnestness and sadness of life, to be bound to earth and its sorrows, only to raise them in her person into poetry. She seemed to him one of those women in whose image man has created the angels ; but he was so far from placing himself in thought in any personal relation to her, that she gave him the impression of standing, like the dream-visions on the stage, behind the thin curtain that separates this world from the better one which he could never reach.

Then, while they were continuing their walk, Pauline bent her face forward to look into his, as if to discover the cause of his silence. In her look and her smile she offered him all that she had to give—her love.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE day, when Pauline was narrating with great glee some little artifices she had employed to secure a whole afternoon with Otto, he suddenly became conscious of and surprised at a feeling of repugnance to those artifices which he had himself, not long since, encouraged her to adopt. It was in vain he said to himself, this was the very Eros he had learnt formerly to admire; and when she had had recourse to a similar trick before, he had been amused and delighted at its success. A change had come over him; the ideal had become stronger than nature, and he could not conceal from himself the fact that Pauline was devoid of one essential element of the beautiful; there was nothing noble in her—she could never be an object of reverential love.

Nevertheless, he was far from thinking of separating from her; occupied as he was with

the world of poetry, he hardly observed that he was bargaining with himself in regard to her, feeling that, if she could not be something more exalted for him, she might be something less.

But real life, which is so mobile, and, in happy moments, so yielding, is at other times, when we most require its obedience, stubborn even in its most petty details. Gradually, as his joy in her subsided, his words flowed less easily and pleasantly than before. Hitherto they had come at the sight of her, like the song of birds at sundawn; and the restraint now cast over their conversation forced him, as it were, with demoniac power, to speak of subjects which he did not really wish to broach. He questioned her about her singing-lessons, and spoke of her old love of the stage. She answered evasively, "Oh, how could I think of measuring myself with Mrs. Heiberg?" Thus it proved, as Scott had said, "the lower a woman sinks, the lower becomes her ideal." Then she told him, half in jest, that "those at home"—this was the manner in which she now designated her mother when, on rare occasions, she alluded to her—"those at home wanted her to learn to cook;" and laughing, she pointed out to him the following passage in Baggesen's "Labyrinth," which he had lent her: "The position of a good housewife is infinitely higher than that of a good actress; for it is undoubtedly more important to fulfil the higher duties

in earnest, than to perform the lower ones in sport."

He felt that there was something false in these words, and in her gaiety. They both stood for a moment with eyes cast down, searching each other's thoughts. He saw much ; her claims upon him had not in the least diminished.

Had Otto not possessed in a singular degree the faculty of throwing back disagreeable thoughts into some special receptacle—the lumber-room, as it were, of the mind, which we all have more or less, particularly in youth—he would have been frightened at the sleight-of-hand trick "real life" had played before his eyes. As it was, he became only vaguely conscious of it, as of something unreal ; for the greater part of his consciousness was absorbed in the world of poetry and of dreams, which stood before him wonderfully distinct and life-like, illumined by an enchanted sun, that never set. But while thus apparently absorbed, a painful process was being carried on in his mind against Pauline : her every fault became an accuser that endeavoured to reject her ; habit, generosity, and loving memories carried on the defence ; but on the justice-seat sat that peculiar egotism of genius which yearns for the infinite, and which, awakened to a sense of reality, feels like a chained eagle, and says, "I have a right to develop myself ; I am born for a purpose—none shall obstruct my path !"

How often she laid her head on the bosom in

which these pleadings were going on, in which her cause was gained or lost, without suspecting it, because he always remained gentle and attentive. She tried once, while in thought, to put on one of his gloves ; but feeling it too tight, with womanly instinct, she hastily tore it off. She, however, had no idea he had observed it, or that he had remarked at the moment that, with her, neither the hands nor feet were small.

Alas ! the pleadings for and against her were being resumed, and the reflection suggested itself, that among the noble races of men both hands and feet are delicately formed.

At length, however, her suspicions were aroused, and she attempted, from time to time, a sort of coquetry, to make him uneasy, to let him see that there was a possibility of his losing her ; but she had not the courage to act decisively, and with a man's premature insight he saw through her, and parried her feigned attacks, for he likewise feared to let matters come to a crisis. She took courage, however, one evening, and whispered to him : " What will you say when I tell you a gentleman is suing for my hand ? "

The stilted expression of which she made use grated on his ears, and still more disagreeable he found the artifice—for he believed it to be nothing more.

" Indeed ? And who is it that is suing for your hand ? "

“Otto, you no longer love me! . . . If I but knew for a certainty that I am a burden to you, I would leave you at once, would never see you more, though you have often said that I was your good angel, and that your happiness would be gone if you lost me!”

These words and her tears won the process and led to a reconciliation, when it seemed to them both that, so long as their mutual love continued, they would be more indifferent than ever to the world around.

One day Otto received a letter from his mother, informing him that a vexatious lawsuit that had been brought against her was lost through the carelessness of her counsel, and begging him to take steps for an appeal to a higher court.

To his mother's wishes in this matter he attended with the greatest zeal; and to get rid of the feeling of anger and hostility produced, he endeavoured to bury his thoughts in his books.

In the course of his reading he found a description of a recent journey across the Arabian desert, during which the traveller, whilst halting on an oasis, had met two Greek monks; on asking them how they could venture unprotected among robber tribes, they displayed a firman signed by General Bonaparte in 1799. Since then the general had become emperor, the emperor had died in St. Helena, dynasties had changed on the throne of France; but still the Arabs reverently obeyed the

commands of the Fire-Sultan—his name on that slip of paper was like a guard of honour in the desert.

Otto trembled with emotion; tears started to his eyes, and a mighty yearning to perform something great among men awoke anew with overwhelming power. At this moment Pauline entered. In her caresses there was something which could not be admitted within the sacred precincts of the hearth where his mother's image was enthroned, in spite of its prosaic simplicity, nor could the thought of her soar with him into the region of enthusiasm, where the banners of fame were beckoning him.

But he recalled his thoughts, imprisoned them, and received her with gentleness. She was more animated than usual, began to speak of his drama, of the distribution of the parts among the actors, should it be accepted; and as, notwithstanding his gentleness, she perceived that there was "something wrong," she attempted to recall the past by pronouncing a spell, and bending forward, she whispered: "Take away the leaf and kiss my lips!" But he felt only the painful change that had taken place since they wandered together over the white snow; and though hardly a minute elapsed before he recovered himself, the interval was long enough to reveal the dreadful truth—a burning blush, soon superseded by death-like pallor, overspread her countenance, and proved that she had correctly read his feelings.

He tried to caress her, out of pity—the pity we sometimes exercise towards ourselves when we submit to the tooth-ache, rather than have the tooth extracted. His soul rejected her; he knew it now; but what then? The human heart learns so painfully quickly to subdue its pride. She could not renounce him, yet she could not bear the existing state of things. With self-control conquering a bitterness of feeling, for which a dark power in her mind promised her he should one day be made to suffer, she turned the conversation upon other matters, and suddenly reverted to the circumstance she had mentioned a few days previously, that some one had offered her marriage.

“Well,” answered Otto, “this is the second time that you tell me this, and I cannot allow it to be repeated a third time. If you assure me that another man is offering you marriage, I have of course no other answer to give than that I would make you my wife, but you know that I cannot marry yet, and I therefore now propose that you should go and stay with your aunt, at Middelfort, say for two years.”

“Would you send me away?” exclaimed Pauline, with the utmost astonishment.

“You give it a strange name; would you rather remain here and permit other men to court you?”

“If I go to Middelfort, I daresay I shall be allowed to stay there long enough!”

"Do not speak thus, Pauline; try to compose your thoughts, and put a value upon yourself, that we may both honour."

"You can talk much better than I—I have no chance against you with words. But whatever you may say, I will not believe that you would send me to Middelfort, with the intention of fetching me back again."

"Listen, Pauline. I have reflected maturely on what it is my duty to do in this matter. My father's last words to me were an exhortation to be an upright man, and I will do my duty. I give you my word of honour that I will; and surely you believe that I know what this means, and that I will keep it."

From the very commencement of the conversation Pauline had been irritated, and this irritation was greatly increased by his speaking exclusively of his *duty*. She replied,

"Had you been so true to your word, you would never have broken off our engagement."

"These are bitter and imprudent words, Pauline, which you should never have uttered."

"Go on!" cried she; "scold, give vent to your anger, do not keep it back till it frightens me!"

"I cannot use hard words to one whom I have"

"What were you going to say?" cried she; "was it one whom you *have loved*?"

"Do not seek the meaning of a word that was not spoken, Pauline. Let us conduct ourselves towards each other as it beseems those who have been happy together. Reflect seriously, and make up your mind to go to Middelfort; it will be well for us both."

"Say first that you love me! Give me the assurance upon your honour!"

"Answer my proposal first—your 'yes' will be followed by mine."

"I will *not* go to Middelfort."

"Then you have answered for us both."

"You never loved me, Otto! May God forgive you! You have looked down on me, but I will show you that you have been mistaken. Beware! and pray that, when I leave you, your happiness may not follow me. I will never return until you come to my home and fetch me!"

With these words she rushed away, yet waited outside, thinking he would follow her. But he did not stir; he believed she would return.

The next day Pauline went to a singing-master, as a preliminary to going upon the stage. Was she seeking fame, in order to bind Otto to her?—or what was her restless mind seeking?

The singing-master tried her voice, and declared that so pretty a girl would always please the public. Although not young, he was stately and handsome, and Pauline thought that there was something so manly, and at the same time so paternal and

friendly, in his manner, that she could have confided to him all her sorrow. But one day, when he was singing with her, the erotic power in his nature revealed itself so clearly under the animation and fire of the musician, that she espied danger. Yet she did not flee. A defiant desire for life, activity, forgetfulness of the past, a something to strive for, had taken entire possession of her. She now met other young girls, whose mode of expression encouraged these feelings. To get on, to succeed, to be admired, was their highest object, and many a questionable means of success was slurred over with a joke or a smile.

She felt very keenly the difference between such a life and the life she had led with Otto. Even in his joy and his devotion there was ever a certain earnestness—nay, almost severity; not until now did she feel how her whole mental being had been kept on the alert; and she alternated between admiration and hatred, when she thought of how she had fallen through him who had shown her the highest ideal.

She wished to forget; and, one evening when the singing-master had appointed her to come and rehearse a difficult piece of music, and, in order to give fire to her singing, let the cork fly from a champagne bottle, he put his arm around her . . .

"I am lost!" murmured she to herself.

"Lost?" said he. "Nay, you are a charming girl!"

A few days after this Otto received a letter from Pauline—a confused, passionate, violent letter. Two leading thoughts distinctly pervaded it; the one, of reproachful accusation against him, mingled with general reflections upon how criminally a man acts who misleads a girl, as he thereby exposes her to innumerable dangers—the other, of triumph, defiance, threatenings, lurking beneath obscure allusions to future celebrity. But, between the lines, might be read the consciousness of transgression—a kind of wild, unhappy feeling, which he understood without being willing to make it quite clear to himself. He locked up the thought deep in the poetic recess of his soul. Had he admitted it into his mind as part of the realities of life, it would have wounded and distressed him beyond all endurance.

There was one expression in the letter which especially pained him. She wrote—“What you wish is to find an adoring slave, who gives herself up to you without asking anything in return. She must impose no restraints upon you, must never be a burden to you; she must come when you beckon, and go when you weary of her—and you alone have the right to distinguish yourself in the world . . .”

It was true, and yet so false; it was the vulgar, prosaic translation of words which she had herself approved, when they stood before the picture of Francesca di Rimini. Thus it is. After the “heavenly music” had ceased—after the rosy hue and enthusiasm of love had vanished—the loving words

remained, like the stubble in the fields of autumn, or like the skeleton of a beautiful figure.


Otto repeatedly received similar letters, which he endeavoured in vain to put a stop to by gentle answers. One afternoon he met Pauline in the street, and prepared himself for a violent outburst; but the sight of him seemed to subdue her, and she was so gentle, that he might have supposed the letters to be forgeries. There was at the same time a tender softness in her manner towards him, and yet she refused to take his arm, or even to touch his proffered hand.

After having made some short allusions to her letters, which she evaded, he said, "I am glad to have met you; for I prefer telling you verbally that my drama has been accepted, and will be performed shortly."

She congratulated him, and their eyes met. A feeling of envy first shot through her heart, and then a deadly pain at having for one moment envied *him*, which was as instantaneously superseded by a feeling of despair, and then of defiant hope that she should play a brilliant part upon the boards.

All these feelings passed with the rapidity of lightning through her mind, and gave an expression of sorrow and bitterness to her otherwise so gentle eyes, which now glittered wildly, like a bird's. He felt as if he could fall down before her, and implore her soul for forgiveness.

When they parted, she hurried to the singing-




master, and demanded a final decision as to whether she could now appear on the stage, and as to what parts she might claim. He answered, after many evasions, that he would endeavour to get her an appointment as a chorister.

The love of Otto and Pauline had pretty nearly followed the course of the year. It had its budding-time in spring, its days of fiery passion in summer, and it had waned with the sinking sun; now, the relation between them was like autumn, with its falling leaves, its delusive tints, and its nights disturbed by the wail of stormy winds. Otto was in a fever of anxiety, on Pauline's account, as well as on account of his drama. He could not, and would not, write to Pauline; yet rather than submit longer to the strange uneasiness that had taken possession of him, he determined to do what was most painful—to go to Mrs. Hillebrandt, and endeavour to learn from her something about Pauline.


He found Mrs. Hillebrandt at the ironing-board, very much depressed, and not the least inclined to speak about Pauline. She asked him if he had lately seen her father, and implored him to go and call upon the old man. "It will give him pleasure," she said; and went on to give a very confused account of certain unfortunate events that had taken place in her family, and which Hillebrandt showed no disposition to try to ameliorate.

The pastime in which Ferdinand André had sought consolation for his unsuccessful love, after his meeting with Emilie in Klampenborg, had gradually acquired a strong hold upon him. He had gambled and tiddled with all the impetuosity of his nature, and had at length ended by marrying a servant-girl. For a time, he exerted himself strenuously, and worked hard for wife and child; but his wife fell ill, and was for a long time confined to her bed; and this sickness in his home, destroying all the fruits of his exertions, Ferdinand, driven to despair, again began to gamble, fell into the hands of usurers, and at length drew fraudulent bills. About this time his wife and child died; and, besides his legal obligations, when his frauds should be discovered, he was deeply in debt on all sides.

Between André and his wife these matters were never mentioned. André pretended that they did not concern him, and Mrs. André sold whatever valuables she still possessed, in order to help her son. All she could give was, however, far from sufficient; but the worst features of her son's misfortunes she never learnt distinctly; yet she lived in constant fear of something dreadful happening, and that it should come to her husband's knowledge. But André really knew all, made the greatest pecuniary sacrifices to pay his son's debts, and even went




so far as to sell all the superfluous furniture in his room ; while he was always in a state of painful uneasiness lest he should be obliged to discuss the matter with his wife, and to renounce the supercilious reserve which he had long maintained with regard to her ; and, worst of all, lest he should be betrayed into an exhibition of feeling, at the same time, he was obliged to shorten her weekly allowance, and—such adepts are we in the art of deceiving ourselves when we so will it—he failed to observe that she made no comment, raised no objection. She had learnt that he had paid some of Ferdinand's creditors, and he had also discovered that she was doing her best in the same way. This great grief, this depressing fear of a friendless and poverty-stricken old age, softened his heart, though unconsciously, towards his poor wife. Still he was ever muttering bitter words about that good-for-nothing son, who had been spoiled by his mother, and she must now bear the sad effects. But, nevertheless, he was most anxious that she should not hear anything about the fraudulent bills ; while she was equally anxious that he should not hear anything about the creditors who came to her. They contrived all kinds of cunning devices to deceive each other—listened and watched at the doors, to enable creditors to come unobserved—and the delight at their successful artifices almost made each forget that



the creditor thus paid took away with him almost the last resource of the family.

The more André curtailed his wife's weekly allowance, the more saving he likewise became in other respects—and thus never now allowed himself the luxury of dining at a restaurant, but invariably dined at home. His usual glass of wine, also, he renounced, telling his wife he had a disposition to gout, and that the doctor had recommended him to abstain from wine. She, on her side, complained one day of the servant's insolence, and of her having taken herself off; but it was the last day in the month. "I wonder whether he really has the gout?" thought she; and, "I wonder whether the servant really left without notice?" said he to himself. Neither dared to question the other, for fear of seeing the abyss which both suspected.

One day they sat down to table together. The cloth was beautifully white and clean, and everything nicely in its place. He ate the first dish—milk-soup—and was waiting for the next, but it did not make its appearance. He looked impatiently at his wife. She looked at him in return, with large drops gathering in her eyes, and with such an expression in her countenance as only a wife can picture to herself who has no more food in the house. André rose quickly, as he used to do when the cloth was soiled;



but hurried up to his wife, threw his arms around her, and pressed her faded lips to his. It was more than twenty years since their lips had last met.

His natural feeling had at length broken through, and overwhelmed the constraint and coldness of manner that had become as a second nature in him; he had become conscious of what it was to be abandoned by all except the one being who belonged to him, and to whom he belonged. Ferdinand had made a very circuitous route, in order "to achieve something in the world."

"Why, Bianca," said André, "I am in fact a young man still. How old am I? Sixty. That is no age: my grandfather lived till ninety. What we two require, we can always manage to get; and more than that, mother, grandpa, and grandma will grow young again But don't cry, you little silly—my little folie Do you remember the first time I called you 'little silly,' because you thought I was making love to Polly in Christiansted? You and I have always been very childish, Bianca!"

"Do you know what," said she, still half weeping, "... but you must not be angry . . . do you know what I dreamt last night?"

His impatient, irritable temper had not yet been entirely subdued; he made a movement as if to rise, but conquered himself and said,

"Well, what did you dream, you little silly?"

"I dreamt that Eriksen had grown rich."

"Hm !"

"Yes, I dreamt that."

"Eriksen rich ! Where should it come from ? He is a good fellow, but poor as a church mouse. Were he rich, he would be sure to pay his old debt to me."


"I dreamt that he was rich."

"You say this in a manner that almost makes me fool enough to believe in it. But at all events, I'll take a run out, and try to get some money—I wonder where I can go ?" continued he to himself. "As well lose my time in going to Eriksen as to go anywhere else ! I shall at least hear some news."

To his great surprise Eriksen really paid him his whole debt without delay or hesitation.

Eriksen had been travelling round the country, buying up bank bonds.*

* When, in the year 1813, after the partial state of bankruptcy, measures were taken to re-establish the finances of the country on a firm footing, a national bank was instituted ; for which purpose the whole of the real property in the country was, as it were, confiscated, every piece of ground being valued at a certain amount, for which a bank bond was issued, bearing 6 per cent. interest, to be paid by the owner of the ground, and in return he was to receive a proportionate share in the future dividends of the bank. At the period indicated in the text, there was every prospect that the bank would soon be able to pay the dividends to the shareholders (*i.e.*, the owners of all real property in the land) ; but people in general were ignorant of this, and eager to sell their bonds at a very low price, or even to give them away, merely to escape from the obligation of paying the 6 per cent. In the course of ten years the bank-bonds rose to 50 per cent. above par.



And now André took a run home ; and while he and his wife were seated at their coffee afterwards, Otto came in, expecting to find sorrow, but found instead two happy faces, with eyes still swollen with weeping.

Mrs. André soon withdrew stealthily, to go to Ferdinand ; and André, with the openness of his French nature, told Otto nearly all that had happened ; and during the animated conversation that ensued they touched on most of the relations of human life. Among other things, André confessed that there was a moment when he had contemplated suicide—adding, that pecuniary difficulties were the only reason that could justify it ; while Otto maintained that great ideal sorrows might alone justify such an act, for then life would be given up with a soul like that of Cato, fresh, strong and unsubdued ; and he even maintained that it was a sort of happiness to die from true and noble grief, far different from the petty sorrows that debase the soul, and impede its soaring towards eternity.

“ Yes,” said André suddenly, with deep earnestness, like a man speaking from experience, “ if there is anything that depresses and weighs down the soul and prevents it from soaring, it is pecuniary difficulties, and it is just for the purpose of being put into the grave *en gentilhomme* that we ought, under such circumstances, to cut matters short. But now let us speak of other things. What stupidities there are in this country, you can hardly con-

ceive! Half a hundred men like this *chose*, this Eriksen, acquire competence, and half-a-dozen grow rich, enormously rich. Why? Because other people sell to them, for an old song, bonds that are worth gold! Only fancy—there are people who have given away their bank bonds, merely to avoid paying the interest! Can you conceive such a *bêtise*!”

André named several men who were amassing enormous sums in this way.

“But,” exclaimed Otto indignantly, “it is worse than *bêtise*, it is infamous, that neither the government nor the bank directors do anything to enlighten the people on the subject!”

“*Que voulez vous?* The world likes to be deceived—what is it that *Messieurs les étudiants* say: *Mundus vult . . .*”

“*Mundus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur.*”

“*Ergo decipiatur!*” cried André. “Let it be deceived . . . But what do you say to that, was it not curious that my wife dreamt that Eriksen had grown rich? For once her dreams turned out true! For once! And it must be confessed it was at the right moment . . . Do you know what, my young friend: every man ought to marry! Upon my honour, he ought to marry. Marriage brings its troubles . . . *je ne dis pas que non!* . . . But when people have lived together thirty, forty years, I can tell you, my young friend, we feel

The conversation was interrupted at this juncture



by Hillebrandt, who came rushing in, out of breath, and in a state of extreme excitement, to announce that he had discovered a means by which Ferdinand could be extricated from all his difficulties! He was to establish himself as a music vendor, and with this he might combine the business of a picture-dealer: for was not Hillebrandt a painter?—and he would enter into partnership with Ferdinand, and lend him money to begin with, on condition of his being allowed the right of superintendence . . .

On hearing this generous speech old André took a pinch of snuff, and then folding his hands, twirling his thumbs, looked steadfastly at Hillebrandt.

“Yes,” continued Hillebrandt, “I have been to Ferdinand; I only heard it a little while ago, and I have sent him . . . and if you would go to them now, grandpa . . .”

“To whom?” asked André. “What is the news my son-in-law heard a little while ago?”

“Oh! what a stupid I am! . . . She is dead, the aunt in Middelfort is dead, and Pauline Belle inherits three thousand dollars . . .”

At this moment it suddenly recurred to Hillebrandt that Otto had been engaged to Pauline, and he stopped short. Otto now took leave and went away. He felt quite confused. What was he to do? He could not possibly betray Pauline. There was something repugnant in the whole affair, which should be avoided—but how was it to be done? Was it not the benignant gods who favoured him, for

the spirit's sake, and for that of his future destiny, and who thus helped to dissolve a connection which had become irksome and oppressive? It seemed a strange and almost ludicrous retaliation, that Ferdinand, who wanted to take Emilie from him, now also wished to take Pauline; but with the ludicrous was mingled a certain something that he would have been glad to keep as distant as possible from his existence. He seemed to see an assembly of old men, on an elevated stage, sitting in judgment upon Ferdinand, while their eyes followed *him* with an expression that weighed him to the earth, though *he* was not accused. He recognized that there was a sort of retribution in the world, but he knew not whether to smile or to shudder at it.

One day after another went by, but he did not hear from Pauline. The day was fixed for the representation of his drama, and this so absorbed his whole mind, that during those days of alternate fear and hope, Pauline often seemed to him as a mere dream-shadow.

In the meantime Pauline's second engagement was concluded, and had assumed a very practical character. The wedding-day was fixed at once, and she and Ferdinand went to seek for a shop and a couple of small rooms. The happiness of the family seemed complete; Mrs. Belle, especially, was enchanted with her quick, brisk, new son-in-law, who a hundred times a-day called her "dear mother!" There was nothing to dis-

turb this happiness, except a sudden freak that entered a stranger's head. One of Otto's friends, one of those often seen, whose hatred or envy becomes the avenging instrument of fate, addressed a letter to Ferdinand, congratulating him, in a mocking tone, as the successor of Otto Kroyer, and giving a pretty correct account of the connexion between Otto and Pauline.

Ferdinand's first impulse was to rush to the Belles and read the letter to them, and when they began to discuss the contents, he showed himself very willing to disbelieve the whole matter. Men are so apt to believe what they wish to believe, and Ferdinand was by no means inclined to enter into a dialectic or a moral conflict with three thousand dollars, a music-shop, and picture-dealer's business. Pauline was the means by which to attain these, just as she had been the means to inspire Otto with enthusiasm and poetry.

Everything was being smoothed down and settled. Ferdinand assured the anxious mother that she need not say one word more — he was quite satisfied; and the oftener he said this, and the more her fear subsided, the more eloquent she grew — so that when Pauline came in, and listened to the concluding phrases with pale but impenetrable countenance, the family bond seemed to be drawn closer than ever. Then suddenly her father arose from his usual corner, where

he had been completely overlooked or forgotten, and he bade Pauline put on her bonnet and follow him.

On hearing her father's words, pronounced in a low but commanding tone, to which she was so little accustomed, Pauline trembled but obeyed. Mrs. Belle became silent, and her cheeks, that had been flaming red, now all at once grew pale.

Father and daughter proceeded to Otto's lodging, without exchanging a word on the way. Pauline staggered several times, and was near fainting, yet her father held out to her no hand—the man's silent, reserved will alone dragged her along.

It was the day on which Otto's play was to be performed for the first time, and he was expecting Sem, who had taken tickets for them in a gallery-box, and was to call for him. A knock was heard at his door, and on his calling "Come in," Pauline and her father entered.

The old man explained the cause of his visit in a few plain words, ending thus: "I have always believed you a young man of honour, and now I ask you upon your honour, can you allow this girl to marry another?"

Otto felt as if it must cost his life, but answered: "No!"

"Well," said Mr. Belle, "then you know what you have to do."

Otto approached Pauline to give her his hand; but at the last moment, when he felt that his whole

future was at stake, a sudden remembrance prompted him to say: "Pauline, we are upon our honour, can you be my wife?"

She answered, "Yes!" But when she put out her hand and attempted to look in his face, she found it impossible to do so.

He stopped short and looked steadfastly at her. She felt it; a burning blush spread over her countenance, a leaden weight seemed to press down her eyelids, and after a moment of deep anguish she rose and hurried from the room.

The father looked at Otto with an expression of unutterable grief and reproach, and went his way without saying another word.

When he had gone, Otto flung himself on the floor, humbled, terrified, with gnashing teeth, and cried:

"Oh, my God, let me die!"

"*Jam, tempus est ultimum! Hora suprema sonat!* It is high time! The great hour has struck!" said Sem, coming in. "But what do I see? Otto, are you lying there praying? Right flat down in that way! But it is too late to pray now . . . though," added Sem, devoutly folding his hands, "who knows? It is high time," he went on; "you can pray in the theatre. Come, Otto! Be a man! Come, let us get a flip* in a hurry."

"All that is done," answered Otto, mechanically rising from the ground.

* This word in Danish means a collar as well as beverage.

"Yes, bless my heart, how smart you are, Otto! What a beautiful white waistcoat! But the flip I mean is neither made of linen nor flax-seed. No. I mean a regular Jutland flip of rum, beer, and egg; that's the thing! That's what gave me courage when I went up for my examination; and if you are not too grand, I know a place where they prepare it capitally. But do make haste! There now! . . . You'll see it will go off beautifully. And how delighted the little lady will be!" continued Sem, handing Otto his hat. "Have you taken a ticket for her?"

"Yes, I have taken care of that," said Otto.

"Are we to call for her . . . ? Nay, I suppose she will go her own way. . . . You lucky dog!"

"Yes, she will go her own way," muttered Otto.

"I suspect you have already had a flip!" cried Sem, taking Otto's arm and leading him out.

From Sem's side in the box Otto looked down upon his play.

At that moment, the world was to him a vast, comfortless space, filled with darkness and sorrow; at one spot, in the distance only, he saw light; behind the glaring lamps stood stupid men and women, making fools of themselves, repeating, for money, words composed by another, concealing what lay in their own hearts; and all round sat people, as stupid and as false, deceiving themselves, and trying to forget their misery.

He heard his own words, his own drama, and was

most dissatisfied with it; he could not understand how he had sat down to write verses about the dead, who had not, after all, lived, as was there represented. . . . But when the first burst of applause resounded, it was like a flash of electricity, or like the creative words that, out of chaos, called forth a beautiful world. As if by the stroke of a magic wand, the world had now become light—it was like a vast temple of fame, surrounded by a bright halo and fragrant flowers, and far, far away in space was only one little dark spot.

The play was at an end; another and still more enthusiastic burst of applause followed; Otto hurried away with Sem. Into his consciousness had entered the feeling that fate had done something for him, and had done it through himself. A mighty, sparkling, humorous stream of energy and faith in his own star, in his being born to victory and happiness, rushed through his soul; the next moment the grief that so lately had overwhelmed him burst forth anew, as if strengthened by its brief repose; but accompanying it, in a manner to himself inexplicable, came the remembrance of the peculiar smile he had sometimes remarked around Pauline's mouth, of the down upon her lip, and of her downcast eyes—and it was as if the blood that made his ears tingle whispered to him: "They have all the same smile." In all, the silken curtains of the eye conceal the same inconstancy and the same artifice—woe to him who puts faith in them! He felt no bitterness; the


order of the world seemed rather to excuse others in his eyes, while it promised him a rich part in it; he said to himself, with quiet smiling defiance, "Supposing even that each drama should cost a woman! . . . Was it not so with Goethe and Mrs. Hillebrandt said that many maidens would weep for me!"

Sem could not restrain his praise or joy, but said aloud: "Do you see, Otto, do you see? It went off as I said! You must soon write another!"

"There goes the author!" said people as they passed, looking at him. Men turned round, stopped his progress, and thus, without wishing it, exposed him to the admiring gaze of those around.


In the vestibule Otto met Paulsen, Helzen, Carlsen, Scott, and Alfons; and Carlsen proposed that in honour of the occasion they should spend a jolly hour together.

But it did not prove to be such a happy evening, so full of mental life and youthful discussion as of old. They had all outgrown their first youth; self-love in each had found its special object, and in Otto the change was greater than in any of the others. Whatever his state of mind, the curtain of life had been withdrawn for him more than for the others; and, in addition, all his faculties were at this moment in a state of unusual tension; he seemed to feel the hand of the divinity, that would bestow upon him a truer life, more joy than upon others, and that would use him for special objects. This



gave a particular colouring and character of firmness and of capacity to all that he said.

Scott also was somewhat changed. He had found an object, and although it was uncertain whether he would ever be able to attain it, this was of but little consequence, because the means by which it was to be attained were in themselves an enjoyment. He now lived in the world of reality; occupied, struggling, supported, in the circles, to which the events of Klampenborg had introduced him, and for which they had given him a taste; he had not offered his services, they had been sought. Since he had commenced his career as a writer for one of the opposition journals, he had lost the stipend he had hitherto enjoyed, but this also he heeded but little, as his talents were appreciated and liberally remunerated. He had no great reason for saving, and therefore lived practically, as nearly as possible, in accordance with his theory of the beautiful, and seemed but little concerned at the thought that this involved him in debt. Towards Otto he continued to be friendly disposed, and as he acknowledged his talent, he would have been well pleased that his pupil should produce a work that had been so well received, had not the pupil, thus by one leap, been placed high above his master. Helzen felt instinctively that this was the state of Scott's mind with respect to Otto; probably he judged by his own feelings towards his school rival. What he desired was to stimulate Scott to exert his own talent to the utmost in criticising Otto,



and he therefore said in the course of conversation,


"Your play has indeed been successful on this its first representation; but you must consider yourself fortunate in having Scott for a friend, as his friendship will induce him to treat you tenderly in his criticism."

Otto answered: "Scott and I have never, from the beginning, recognised any other tribunal than that of the ancient gods."

"Yes," replied Scott, "I remember that we have been priests in the same temple; but, at a pinch, I daresay you will be very glad that our old friendship should serve you as a shield."

In reply to this, Otto spoke words which seemed to all present as denoting pride and presumption, but which in reality were owing to the fact that his soul, in spite of all its new joy, had not yet dried its tears of anguish, and that he felt himself in the power of the divinity by whose hand he had been touched; he looked upon all other men as instruments used to effect the purpose of the divinity. He said:

"I remember my father having once told me of a knight in the middle ages, who had been summoned before the '*Vehmgericht*,' or Secret Tribunal, under an oak in the forest, and who, to prove his innocence, offered to fight with all the judges. Seeing them hesitate, he took off his coat of mail, and as they still hesitated, he took off his helmet likewise. I believe my father's narrative has always been hovering around me like a dream, the fulfilment of



which is now at hand. I take off my coat of mail, my friends."

"I hope," rejoined Scott, "that the high-minded and valiant knight, of whom your father spoke, gained the victory in spite of his magnanimity. But to complete the analogy, will you also take off your helmet?—I mean, your name is not upon the play-bill; only a few of your intimate friends have learnt, chiefly through Mr. Sem, who the author is. Will you allow me, when criticizing your work, to mention you by name?"

"Well, yes. Let the helmet go too!"

"Then *au revoir*, Sir Knight, under the oak-tree," said Scott.

"I do not know, Kroyer," cried Carlsen, "what will be the result of the battle; but if you are to fall like Leonidas at Thermopylæ, you will go to the combat with your brow wreathed with laurels, as he did. The public have awarded you the wreath this evening. Your health!"

CHAPTER IX.

IT is not customary, at the royal theatre in Copenhagen, to perform the same piece on consecutive evenings; but the second representation of Otto's play was further retarded by the indisposition of one of the actors. The day after the first representation, however, a certain amount of honorarium was sent to him, with the special observation that it was but an instalment. The bundle of bank-notes, as it lay before him, seemed to Otto a stream from an inexhaustible well of riches, the source of which was within himself. Now, all that he had promised his mother had been fulfilled, but not what he had promised himself.

While he was still sitting contemplating the first fruits of the mine of wealth that had been opened for him, a servant brought a note of invitation to a ball at Count Lövenhjelm's, the married son of the Count Lövenhjelm, whom Otto had visited while at

CHAPTER II

Count
... the first guests.
... produced
... and the vast,
... empty room burst
... arched ceiling, the cen-
... with the family arms, from
... the mighty chandelier to light
... the guests. One thing, however,
... ; and this was, to see marched
... of the room a detachment of cadets
... military college, like a set of dancing
... , waiting for the signal that was to set them
in motion. These youths had been, as is customary
on occasions of fashionable balls in Copenhagen.

ordered, as it were, from the college—that is to say, an invitation to a certain number of cadets is sent to the governor, who then lays his commands on such youths as he selects; and thus a certain number of indefatigable dancers is secured. But as to the rest, Otto was so delighted with the brilliancy of the lights, the riches, the youth, and the beauty, which came flowing in, in a continuous stream, that he forgot to criticize and to judge. When first the music commenced, and new life seemed to spread through the blooming throng, he was quite bewildered: it seemed to him that he was in the Count of Montserrat's palace—though it was rather late—and that the music came from himself, which was true, inasmuch as he had worked his own way hither.

In the course of the evening, the Countess, observing that he was just then not dancing, took him into a side room, and introduced him to a lady—Camilla Hald. She bowed, as if to an old acquaintance, owing to her having heard so much about him from Emilie, and to his answering pretty closely to the image she had formed of him in her mind. The peculiar penetrating and melancholy expression about the eyes, or the eyelids, which is often observed in poets, and in persons destined to die early, she attributed in his case to his youthful, romantic love; and although this was not quite correct, yet it was not altogether wrong. The friendliness of her greeting did not strike him as remarkable,

because he also felt as if he knew her : had he not seen her twice before, at such solemn moments as we seldom see even our friends ? As she sat there, she was not indeed so beautiful as in her bridal dress in the church ; neither did he perceive the peculiar expression that had struck him so much that evening when she accompanied her father to the carriage. But now she held him captive by a charm which he had not known on previous occasions—the charm of her voice. Whether it had the same tone to all other ears as it bore to his, it is difficult to say. Poets have more acute senses than others ; their sense of hearing reaches to the past and to the future, and deep down into other men's souls. He heard in hers the traces of a beautiful but agitated existence, which had struggled until it had attained inward control, if not inward peace. He heard in it the mysterious *ewig weibliche*, combined with those attractive qualities which we call polish and elegance. And so great was the power of this voice over him, that the dance music, which was just beginning again, sounded frivolous and disagreeable in his ears. And so strange, or so natural, was the coincidence, that she, who had begun her first real inward struggle when looking up to Denmark's flag, awakened in him the thought, "How blessed is Denmark, that produces such beings ! And how must a man grow in excellence and power, who has intimate intercourse with such a woman !"

If Goethe is right in his assertion, "that women

are silver cups, in which we think we see golden apples;" and if, in his enthusiasm, Otto did lay on some gold, that metal, which he had before him now, was unalloyed.

When Hald married, he arranged his house with sound practical sense; there was not the splendour, in accordance with the wealth attributed to his father-in-law, but every comfort and neatness, as becomed his own position. Camilla entered cheerfully into his views on the subject; she superintended her own household, and felt happy in offering her husband's friends a hospitality which, though frugal, was always presided over by good taste. She was not aware of how enviable a privilege it was considered to be reckoned among Hald's friends, and how highly she was appreciated by the small lot of talented men who formed their intimate circle. Many a beautiful and noble thought, which was at that period published to the world, had come into existence for her sake, as it were—had been nurtured by her smile and encouraged by her silent approval. After Danish fashion, quietly and simply she had become to her circle what Madame Roland had been to the Girondists; and yet, strange to say, even Dalberg, who had spoken so pathetically of the great significance of woman, did not observe that he had before him what he had deemed so very desirable—for her happy nature was such that in her presence each individual believed himself playing the principal part.


Her own personal happiness did not, however,

keep pace with the happiness she prepared for others. Her disappointment in Hald did not arise from his mental powers being only of an ordinary character—this she had seen beforehand ; but she had respected him because she had felt that, at a moment when the peace of her soul was endangered, he loved her, with sincere honesty, if not passionately ; and because she believed—possibly because she compared him to Milner—that his was a noble character, a vigorous and exalted individuality. It is the habit of women, even of the most gifted, to exaggerate the value of the persons in whom they are interested. As the rays of the sun, falling upon a distant coast, give it an elevated appearance, so does a woman's favour apparently exalt its object, though no real elevation takes place. Camilla could not have said that she had been grossly deceived. Hald possessed all the good qualities she had attributed to him ; they were only wanting in height and depth. He was cordial, sincere, and faithful towards his friends, gentlemanly in his dress, and at the card-table had never owed any man anything ; and when he accidentally expressed a judgment upon others in regard to such matters, you felt that the man who was speaking had a clear conscience, and that his account-book was properly balanced. He also remembered, from his student years, several passages in the classics, which he knew how to apply aptly ; and he thus bore the appearance of being akin in spirit to all that is lofty in the world's history. But in the familiar con-

verse between husband and wife, wherein the true aspirations of the soul reveal themselves so distinctly, though they may not be expressed in words, Camilla discovered, but too unmistakeably, that the thermometer of his heart never rose above temperate; and when, some time after their marriage, a little conflict with the government ensued, she obtained sufficient proof that the heroism required to resign his office, and to offer her the position of a poor tutor's wife, was not to be found in him. He acted in accordance with what was considered in his circle the duties of a man of education and position, under such circumstances. He was lukewarm—she bore within her the fire of enthusiasm. She was married to a respectable man! Even had she had the will or the courage to complain before the world, would the exposure of such a grief have done more than raised a smile? Who would understand, under such circumstances, that she had sold herself, and had been deceived in regard to the purchase-money.

But, on the other hand, there is something very tranquillising and cheering in the sum of little domestic occupations, and of the little joys one may procure for oneself and others, as also in friendly intercourse with a small and select circle; and this Camilla felt. Merely to take out the best table linen, or to dress to receive welcome guests, how enlivening and refreshing! Is it not?

Then came the time when her father felt himself so happy, and procured for Hald and herself a num-



ber of enjoyments they had not known until then. But the time of sorrow followed. After Mr. Sander's death, a large capital was at once paid out to Hald, and, as soon as it could be done with decency, he began to live in grand style. Camilla's fate now grew more cheerless; she had learnt to know sorrow and anxiety, and she had fewer healthy occupations to distract her mind—for she had become a fashionable lady. Circumstances also led her to make an unfortunate comparison. She looked upon her father, especially as she had known him in his later days, as a higher, purer, more thoroughly tested character than Hald, though she knew that the world would judge otherwise; but this was a depth into which she tried to avoid looking. She felt the want of something to occupy her mind, of something to strive for, of something that would enable her to throw off thoughts that were burthensome. The political conversations she constantly heard around her had awakened a kind of ambition—not the ambition which is naturally generated in a woman who is born in a high position, and who sees the possibility of acquiring dominion. Camilla's was the yearning of a plebeian but poetic soul for life in its greatness and power—for opportunities of looking up, with admiration and rejoicing, to the luminous deeds of men; and, compared with this, the practical ambition of great ladies, and the active political part they play in the world, is but feeble and prosaic.

Hald, on the contrary, was not ambitious; he had

the desire to rise, it is true, but far from him was any thought of a sudden leap or a bold move; to mount up gradually to the highest step of the official ladder, and to become privy-councillor, according to old established routine—this was the only ambition that he nourished, while he attended to his daily work and duties. Even had Camilla been a Lady Macbeth, she could never have made him a Macbeth. Neither were the other men of the party, with whom she came in contact, ambitious—at least, not on a grand scale. A theologian might dream of becoming a bishop, a lawyer of becoming chief justice, &c., but real, fiery energy she perceived in none of them. They all presented a tame mixture of moderate personal aspirations and true interest for the commonweal, but not one had real and full faith in the great reform for which they believed themselves to be labouring; no one had the courage to risk his whole existence on the throw of the dice; all tried to establish themselves comfortably for the time being. It was painful to her to hear daily the same talk about changes, revolution, the introduction of a new and better state of things; and yet to see that no one ventured upon a bold step, or exposed himself to any serious danger, or looked for help from any other source than the political events of foreign countries, which, like a favourable wind, were expected to overthrow existing forms. “When Louis Philippe dies,” was the saying of the party. Camilla now had a housekeeper, who had been in her

father's service; she was engaged to be married, and Hald had undertaken to defray the expenses of the wedding, which, however, was postponed from time to time.

"When is the great day to be?" once asked Dalberg, when the subject was under discussion.

"When Louis Philippe dies," answered Camilla, with a smile, that even Dalberg only half understood.

Camilla read a great deal. Sometimes, indeed, it struck her that life evaporated in this way. But then again, when she met with thoughts, beautiful, fresh, full of faith, it seemed to her that behind the world of book-leaves lay hidden a new life, a new promise—just as in the woods new plants spring up under the fallen leaves of the previous year. Besides this, society was not quite without charm to her. She had, indeed, lost many of her illusions, yet frequently, when she got into the carriage to go to a party, she still felt as if she were going to meet something new; and, at all events, she afterwards returned to her books with renewed delight. As for Hald's influence upon her, it was as beneficial as could be expected under the circumstances. He could not converse with her with perfect freedom, because he had a vague consciousness of there being in her soul a deep well, which it would be best to cover over; he therefore avoided every conversation that might lead too far. He determined to let his wife enjoy every pleasure that the real world

offered, and hoped thus gradually to make her forget "certain romantic ideas that all young women have." He spoke to her about the world, about society—or he did not talk to her at all, but took her about with him, presented her to the admiring eyes of the world, contrived to have her elected directress of a benevolent society, and likewise encouraged her natural desire to attend church regularly.

In Milner, Hald found a trustworthy and indefatigable coadjutor. Milner had, of course, continued to be a member of their intimate circle. How could they throw off an associate whom both had known before they were married—whom they met everywhere, who was liked by everyone? Besides, he had never made a distinct proposal to Camilla. There are relations that may have been distinctly seen, nay, that have almost taken tangible form in the conscience, which nevertheless, among educated and polished people, may dwindle down to a mere nothing, because they have never been officially embodied in words. But this "mere nothing" is most potent, and Milner knew, therefore, that all hope for him in regard to Camilla was lost, though he could never quite understand why. He felt convinced that Camilla must feel interested in some other object, and Hald was the last person he supposed to be this object. To discover this secret became to him a matter of great importance; not because he entertained any feeling of hatred or revenge—Milner was not a Spaniard—but simply because he was tor-


mented by curiosity, and because it would give him an opportunity of teasing Camilla—and who knows to what further advantage the possession of the secret might be turned ? The principal reason, however, why he attached himself to Hald's house, why he tried to make himself indispensable to Hald, and tolerated by Camilla, was his desire to stand well with society in general. There was something in Camilla's manner that gave her power ; she was not one who could be easily ruined in public opinion ; it was therefore advantageous to be considered a friend of hers. As for Hald, he had an instinctive feeling that Milner could never be dangerous to his domestic peace, and he therefore willingly conceded to him a position in which his knowledge of the world and his practical talent made him useful. The prudent and fortunate Hald possessed in Milner a kind of harmless cicisbeo, who watched Camilla with becoming jealousy.

Such was Camilla's lot ; but, so much is there of the godlike in a human soul, that, in spite of all that she had lost, or perhaps because of all that she had lost, and because of the conflicts she had passed through, she had, notwithstanding her youth, the self-reliance of a woman of the world, combined with an expression of simplicity and purity indescribably beautiful.

CHAPTER X.

THE day after Otto had been introduced to Camilla, he re-read his drama, and applying the remembrance of her as a tuning-fork, he discovered discords in it. There were parts which he could not have written had Camilla been present to his mind; he was astonished that the public should have overlooked these blemishes, and applauded in spite of them. The truth was, that the public had not attended the theatre with souls attuned to the pitch of such a tuning-fork; it is the poet who must strike the tone, and it is the poet alone who is so happy, that a slight circumstance, an accidental meeting, the glance of an eye, the peculiar tone of a voice, may suffice to make the strings of his heart vibrate with great world-sympathies, which call him back from digressions and transgressions, to his true home.

While Otto was thus occupied, Camilla was receiving morning calls—among her visitors were Milner and Baroness Hielmkrone, the late actress.



The conversation turned upon Count Lövenhjelm's ball, and Camilla mentioned that she had there met the author of the new drama.

"Ah, by-the-bye, how did you like the play?" asked the Baroness.

"Oh, very well!"

"Not immensely, then? You did not find it divine, as do some people whom I have seen?"

"I, on the contrary, have heard some people express no little disapprobation of the piece," said Milner.

"But do give your full opinion of it," said the Baroness, again addressing Camilla.

"You ask as if I were a critic," answered Camilla; "but I cannot do more than repeat, that I liked it very well. There are scenes in it which quite carry you away; but there are parts which might lead to the supposition that the author has made painful experiences in life."

Camilla said this merely to point out some defect, as she was expected to be critical; and in doing so she bore in mind, what she took for granted, that Otto must have retained a painful remembrance of having lost, or having been disappointed in, Emilie. But Milner put a very different construction on her words, and resolved not to forget them.

The actress, or rather the baroness, answered with finesse :—

"On the stage the defects of a piece are very

often the means of its success, and successful it seems to have been. The future is open to the author, and I am pleased at it, especially as I foretold it."

"You are acquainted with him?"

"Yes, I met him at a friend's country-house, where I was staying; and should I happen to meet him again, I would ask him to call on me."

"I daresay you may have an opportunity of meeting him here," said Hald, "for I used to know him formerly. I only wish I had invited him to my house before this, for I daresay he is much sought after now."

"The blockhead!" thought Milner, "to say he supposes a man is much sought after, when speaking of him to ladies."

With his usual correct instinct, Milner felt that, in some way or other, Camilla was interested in Otto, and he determined to prevent their drawing nearer to each other.

"Will you invite Mr. Kroyer for next Wednesday, Hald?" asked Camilla.

About an hour later, Milner met Otto at the confectioner's, where it was his wont to take a cup of coffee in the morning. He immediately went up to Otto, paid him a great many compliments, and then added that he was glad to be able to give him a proof of his old friendship, by having procured for him an invitation to the Halds' for next Wednesday. The plan which Milner had laid forced him to

adopt this form, though he felt that it bordered on impertinence.

Otto threw back his head, and said,

"To what am I indebted for your protection, Mr. Milner?"

Milner was somewhat disconcerted, but answered, with effusion, .

"Pray, look upon me as an old friend, Mr. Kroyer. You are now a celebrity, or, at all events, you are on the way to become one; but I knew you. . . . Do you remember when we met for the first time? It was in this very room; you had a discussion with Helzen—do you remember? Old friends must stand by each other, and therefore I took your part at the Halds'."

"Were Mr. and Mrs. Hald not present, then?" asked Otto, forcing himself to retain his composure, whatever might follow.

"Certainly; but it was Mrs. Hald herself that I had to contend with. She said it was evident that you must, at one period of your life, have frequented company that was not very good."

On some dispositions a deep wound does not produce its full effect at the first moment. Otto had not yet lost the power of "parrying an octave with a simile," and said,

"My dear sir, why did you confide to Mrs. Hald that you and I had been associates?"


Milner turned pale; but after a moment said, in equally honeyed accents,

"Dear friend, this is the very reason why I wish to appear arm-in-arm with you at her house on Wednesday."

"I accept the invitation, as if it had already been officially communicated," said Otto, "and will make my appearance, if I find it practicable; but I have already an engagement for dinner on Wednesday."

Milner seated himself at another table, and Otto struggled hard to conceal the deep and bitter resentment he felt at Camilla's having spoken of him in such terms after the meeting of the previous evening. "Ah," he said to himself, "she comes of the race that ruined Pauline's family." And the direction which his thoughts thus took only added a new pang to the former one. In order to maintain an appearance of unconcern, while Milner was present, he took up a newspaper, and endeavoured to read, though the letters floated in a confused mass before his eyes. Suddenly, however, his own name, and that of his drama, caught his eye, and riveted his attention; and, with re-awakened consciousness, he read through a long criticism—Scott's criticism—of his work.

It was for the most part just. The defects of the drama were indicated sharply and distinctly, but honestly likewise. The critic, however, assumed throughout the character of a public accuser, and the article seemed calculated to produce injury on the author, by its tone of superiority and raillery. It ended with a declaration that, though the reviewer did not feel worthy to assume the position of a



preacher of morality, he could not refrain from expressing a fear that the piece was not quite moral.

This latter insinuation was the most unjust ; for although various views expressed in the work might be open to objection, from a moral point of view, the papers were in the habit of allowing French plays of far more doubtful character to pass muster, without incurring censure ; while, in the present instance, the reviewer could not but know that, the word "immorality" being once pronounced, the public would feel bound to see a deep taint in every little deviation from received views. And it was Scott who thus criticized views entirely in accordance with his own theories.

"This is the difference between the ideal and the natural," said Otto to himself with a smile ; and he rejoiced that this smile enabled him to take leave of Milner without betraying the true state of his feelings.

On his return home, he found Hald's invitation, which he declined on the plea of a previous engagement.

The second representation of his drama was announced for the same evening. There were still some hours before the time, and he was glad that Alfons dropped in. Alfons was indignant at Scott's criticism, and said what a good thing it would have been for Otto had he never known Scott.

"Nay," answered Otto, "I cannot admit that,

for I feel very much attached to him. I am so fond of him that I can forgive him for having always been my superior! In relation to him, I have never been quite free. . . ."

"No, you have often been tyrannised over by him, though you are much better than he."

"No, I am not. At all events, the sight of his face has ever made the same delightful impression upon me as it did the first time I saw him. . . . Can you remember the first time we saw Scott? . . . Two children as we were then! . . . Well, it is no use dwelling on the past. . . ."


"Yes, he then already put forward false theories."

"No, you are unjust towards him; Scott belongs originally to a good race, and was born with the power of seeing the beautiful. But he is most remarkably deficient in the power of believing in the æsthetic ideals which he himself raises up; whilst in me he has awakened them, and inspired me with faith in them, because we are akin."

"In the name of goodness, what is it you mean? Akin?—you are not a relative of Scott's?"

"Yes," answered Otto, passionately. "Yes, I am, for I am persuaded that the views of the Indians are the truest. They were placed near the source of being, and why should they not know more than we about the mysteries of our nature? I am convinced that there are and ever will be four castes, and that the distinctions between them will never be eradicated. First, there are people with noble souls and

noble destinies, penetrated with beauty, beaming forth beauty, ruling all others with magic power. Their number is of course small: nature is not prodigal of her best. If your nation were free, with its high destiny, Alfons, you would belong to this privileged few; you might be promoted into the first caste, merely by our conquering Jerusalem and making it over to your people. The second caste is composed of people who have noble souls, but with destinies less exalted. A mother is wonderfully farsighted, or she speaks prophetically of her child's fate without knowing it. How often my mother used to say: 'Would that he were an earl's son!' I, with my destiny, am like the man who maintained that his forehead was not high enough for his thoughts; that they were imprisoned; for as soon as they rose in all their power, he got a horrid headache. Scott is differently situated. His sense of the beautiful is, I think, *distract*. The next class consists of people who do good, but in a non-beautiful way—for instance, they are kind to one person because they hate another; or such as do evil, but in a peculiarly pleasing, attractive way, and who thus prove that theirs are bastard souls. The last class is composed of plebeians, who have neither outward nor inward beauty. Everything about them indicates that their race has lately advanced from the animal to the human; they stand upon the lowest step of the ladder of rank; and I believe that through all generations a keen observer



would be able to discern whenever a man, even though handsome, has in his veins blood of the race whose nature is low and sensual; and it is between people of different races, that real *mésalliance* takes place—for we of the upper classes may sink down to the lower, but it is not our home. We commit faults, but we afterwards trample on and crush them, and thus rise above them. Come, will you go with me to the theatre?"

Alfons excused himself, being engaged.

In the meantime Ferdinand André had gone to his father in a state of excitement, with the paper containing Scott's criticism. "Only fancy!" he exclaimed, "he has written a drama! It is very poor! It is immoral! I will go and hiss!"*

The blood mounted into André's face when his eye caught Otto's name. He read the criticism through, and then said to Ferdinand, "If you intend to hiss, you had better take friends with you to assist you. When you are ready, my son, you may come and fetch me."

A few others also, who either did not know Otto at all, or only very slightly, furnished themselves with whistles that evening on visiting the theatre;

* The right of the public to accept or reject a piece by applause or hissing (or in Denmark, more strictly, *whistling*) is recognised in Denmark by the fact of five minutes after the fall of the curtain being allowed by the authorities for the wage of war. After the expiration of this term the curtain rises again, and three strokes of a gong are sounded. Whoever continues to applaud or whistle after this is arrested by the police.

for in a large city like Copenhagen there are always people whose repose is disturbed by another man's fame or fortune, and who are ever ready to place themselves under the standard of morality when there is a question of destroying him.

In the theatre it soon became apparent that a certain pre-occupation prevailed in all minds. It was felt in the atmosphere as it were; the air was impregnated with that electricity of expectation and suspense which spreads from the mass to the individual, and is by him comprehended through the means of senses which are known only to the play-going public. The applause was repeatedly interrupted by hissing, a well-organised hissing, that seemed, however, merely to wish to repress the expression of a too partial leaning towards approbation, and to secure quiet for impartial judgment and enjoyment. At length, however, at the conclusion of the piece, a regular contest between the two parties ensued.

Where is the author, who, from however ideal a stand he at other times judges his own work, does not on such an occasion feel that the defenders' zeal is too temperate—who does not wish that he had a thousand hands wherewith to swell the sound of the applause—that he possessed the wings of a bird to carry him hither and thither everywhere, to seize the rushing noise that comes from all sides, making him feel as though on board a ship which springs a new leak as soon as a previous one has been

stopped? He doubts the sincerity of the plaudits—why do they cease so suddenly? Have they, perhaps, been given only to challenge the hisses? No, they begin again! They have only paused to gather new strength! The sound rolls like the thunder of victory, like the waves of the ocean against a rock-bound coast; it swells, it reaches up to the very gallery, and drowns the hisses! The ladies in the boxes have risen, and are looking out upon the turmoil with mingled fear and excitement—their lovely glances seek the conqueror—but what new shrill, mocking sound is that, cutting like a scourge into the very soul? A sound that wounds and lacerates! Who is it that is using a cat-call? Who is the deadly enemy that inflicts such wounds? Whence does it come? Thence no, from yonder What demonlike exultation there is in the sound! And people seem amused, even while combating it! How can they be so good-humoured? They ought to thrust their opponents from the boxes! Tear them to pieces! Will it never cease? A conflict without result, like labour in hell, and causing hellish suffering! Oh, hateful sound of help! Cure as bitter as the disease! The curtain rises, and three vibrating strokes bid applause and hisses alike cease. Silence! In the name of the state, the gong announces, not that the author has conquered, but, like the physician in the chambers of the Inquisition,

that the torture must be continued no longer! Oh, humanity!

The play was by no means condemned by the contest that had taken place, and experienced judges asserted that the opposition would at last be silenced, and that it would maintain its place in the repertory of the theatre. But Otto did not see the matter in this light. Indeed, he saw nothing. His soul had been stung and pricked to the quick, and was suffering from wound fever. For many hours after, he felt as if still in the thick of the contest; there was a buzzing, a ringing in his ears, falling like the strokes of red-hot hammers on his head; he was surrounded with teasing, mocking, jeering sounds. He heaped up barrels of gunpowder in the theatre, and blew it up, with all the spectators; but the dispersed fragments gathered together again in the air, and whizzed down upon him like flaring demons.

Thus passed half the night; but towards morning, came, with bodily exhaustion, a certain degree of mental calm. He wrote to the directors of the theatre, and withdrew his drama; he then believed himself relieved and cured; but in the depths of his soul dull anguish still brooded, and with it was mingled the constant remembrance of Camilla's words to Milner.

"Above all," said he to himself, rising and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "let me take heed that the vulgar mob be not called in to witness my anguish. When they hear that a man has been

unfortunate, that he has become a prisoner of war, they flock round him with curious stare, as round the prisoners at Rome, who were made to fight with wild beasts, or gladiators, and were thus destroyed. Then woe to him who seems to fall under the weight of his despair! They signal with bent thumbs that the death-stroke shall be dealt!

“ They are all merciless — perhaps I am so myself. But that day, when my father stood at the school-room door looking so intently at me, I made acquaintance with my real kindred. That great self-sacrificing love with which he dragged himself alone to the carriage, that not even one hour of schooling might detract from my well-being in the future, also belongs to my nature; but in me it is like a well, without bucket or windlass, whence no water has ever been drawn. But I feel within me the capacity to love without selfishness, to love like the departing, the dying. But others I daresay she felt a kind of cruel pleasure at seeing me overwhelmed by that ocean of enmity; it was piquant, for she knew me personally!

“ Well, it is fortunate that I had written to Hald beforehand, to decline the invitation. *Tabula rasa!* Let the past be effaced! In future only thorough friends, or thorough foes; the sooner I get rid of half friendships the better—and especially Scott's.

CHAPTER XL

FOR some days immediately after the disastrous representation of his play, the remembrance of Pauline blended with Otto's thoughts in a manner mysterious to himself, whenever they recurred to his drama and to his own fate; he was forced at last to yield to the association of ideas, and confess to himself that he looked upon his misfortune as a sort of retribution. But in youth more especially, we are little inclined to investigate such feelings narrowly, preferring to let them rest in the dark back-ground of the soul. However, if it were in reality a retribution, a punishment, it seemed to him so severe, that it must settle the account, that the entire past must be blotted out by it, and that he now stood unshackled in presence of the future, with his natural gifts, his sense of the beautiful, and his energy, and likewise with a deep experience such as few or none of his equals in age possessed. These thoughts


were quite in accordance with the impressions we generally bring with us into the world from the time of our childhood ; for the child's first conception of transgression is, that it can be entirely blotted out, if a promise be given not to repeat it, but to act better in future.

When Otto next passed the theatre, he was surprised to find that there was not a trace of anger left in his heart against those who had hissed, but that, on the contrary, he was solemnly impressed with the idea that in that building he had stood before an assembly of strange, imposing, earnest-minded men, who had sat in secret judgment upon him, and that through punishment he had atoned for his sin and been freed from it, like Orestes in the sanctuary of Athene. At that moment the very paving-stones under his feet seemed sacred ; the human beings whom he met were dearer to him than they ever were before, and he thought of how, in future, he might become something good through them and for them. Those acquaintances who met him were struck by the expression of his countenance, and wondered whence that mildness came ; and some, perhaps, suspected that it was laboriously got up.

As for Scott, he had not time, during the daily skirmishes in which he was engaged, to take much heed of those who fell by his hand ; all that he could do was to bestow upon them "a glance and a grave." But of Otto he made an exception ; for

although the evil in Scott's nature had been developed by his new vocation, yet the disagreeable, painful sensation, that Otto's young fame had caused him, was soothed by what he had done, and he could not divest himself of a certain partiality for Otto, and of a feeling of respect for that which the idea purposed to effect through his active will. It was by no means Scott's wish entirely to crush Otto, he was therefore somewhat anxious to know what effect the severe lesson had had, and was not a little surprised, when next they met, to find him as calm as if nothing had happened. At first Scott thought this was dissimulation on Otto's part, but he soon discovered that he might, without causing pain, speak of the matter—that is to say, of Otto's challenge, and of the consequences. Otto's only answer was, "Let us leave the dead in peace."

"As you will," said Scott; "but I must add this much—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Pray observe, however, that here in Copenhagen a little humiliation is often a great gain: perhaps this will be the means of procuring you friends, if you desire it. Upon the whole, it is not customary here to display one's riches too much, to bid defiance therewith, as it were. Our greatest capitalists live in moderate style only; they do not build houses where '*Marmorbilder stehen und sehen dich an.*' In society you may see the same principle prevail: we keep at a little distance from the ladies, do not pay them many high-sounding compliments—




for that would at once be set down as 'paying court.' No, my dear fellow — be moderate and prudent if you will go far; it is better to fall before you have climbed very high."

"Certainly, if I must fall," rejoined Otto. "I accept your explanations with gratitude; and I may add that, even though I may, for a moment, have conceived that you had done me an injury, I bear no malice. But I feel in duty bound to tell you that you must beware of me in future. There is something peculiar in my destiny, or in destiny in general, as it seems to me, in the world; and, be it with or against my will, I shall undoubtedly be the cause of evil befalling you some time or other."

"If so, may I request that it be with your will?" said Scott, irritated.

Otto went home, saying to himself, "I do not know whether it is real gentleness and forbearance working in my nature at present, or whether it is weakness and cowardice, and that they are right in feeling contempt for my will. Perhaps, after all, man is nothing more than an intelligent animal, that obtains all that his capacities will allow. The lamb is called gentle, because it suffers: had it the power, it would tear the wolf to pieces. Was I not more powerful and more manly the other night, when I felt that I hated every one present? Is it because I felt myself too weak to satisfy my hatred, that I have renounced it? or are the love and sym-




pathy I feel for all my fellow-beings really rooted in my nature? If so, Heaven itself must keep them alive; for I am so lonely, and it is not good for man to be alone. I will try to make a poem of it!"

But the attempt did not succeed—partly because, to produce a poem, the soul must to a certain extent stand aloof, and be emancipated from the subject matter to be treated; and partly because his nature, like that of all true poets, required love—and, as he himself said, he stood alone.

Then the fear of proving weak and cowardly came over him again with almost maddening force. He lighted a candle, and held his left hand over the flame, until the skin became blackened and blistered; and when his mind had thus been rendered more composed by the physical pain, he said to himself, with calm satisfaction, "They have not got me yet!"

While this was going on, although not formally engaged in prayer, yet his soul had longed and prayed—and his prayer was now being answered, but in a form which he did not at first quite recognize.

During the contest in the theatre on account of Otto's drama, it had been observed that from the third tier of boxes, resounded at intervals most energetic and persevering bursts of applause; people laughed, and said that that lusty clapping could only be produced by the horny hands of labour.




And so it was. The plaudits came from a journeyman carpenter, who, when the tumult was over, went his way, like a Newfoundland dog that follows his master from a combat, but grumbling, and showing his teeth. At the end of a few days the carpenter had made up his mind what to do, and the result was a visit to Otto.

"Peter Kroll!" exclaimed Otto, surprised and rejoiced; for at the sight of that face, so well known in early life, it seemed to him that his childhood, with all its poetry, once more wafted its fragrance around him.

Peter felt rather shy, yet mustered up courage to tell his errand. "When I saw," said he, "that a play by Otto Kroyer was to be performed, I took a ticket, and the next day I told some other carpenters and joiners from our town that they were going to perform a play at the theatre by one of our townsmen, and they said they would go and see it. The whole matter has since been talked over in many workshops, and if you will let the piece be performed once more, there are two hundred artisans who are ready to go and applaud it, even should the old rotten house fall down about their ears from the noise."

Tears started to Otto's eyes on hearing this simple-hearted offer, and on observing the delicacy with which Peter avoided all mention of the hissing. The offer, however, he thankfully declined, telling Peter his reasons for so doing. Having no time to spare ex-



cept on Sundays, Peter was obliged to leave, but Otto would not allow him to go until they had appointed to meet on Sundays at some of the various galleries and museums which grace the capital. On these occasions Sem would form one of the party, and it afforded Otto a peculiar pleasure to observe the difference between his two friends. The healthy nature of the carpenter seized with great precision such ideas, and such only, as were calculated to improve and ennoble him in his calling ; whilst the half-cultivated scholar walked about in perplexity, never knowing what to admire and what to find fault with, but pertinaciously defending his opinion, when once expressed.

“ I don’t care,” said Sem, on one occasion when he had been signally defeated in a discussion in Thorvaldsen’s Museum, “ I don’t care ; after all, it is nothing but heathendom ! ”

“ Well ! ” said Otto, as he conducted them to the open court in the centre of the building, where Thorvaldsen lies buried ; “ well, look here ! Naked he came from the womb of his mother, and naked he left this life ; but his soul has erected this place and filled it with its treasures—you may kneel here, if you feel inclined, and no one will attempt to laugh.”

“ I am glad that I have to do with building ! ” said the carpenter.

Peter was very industrious, and had made a little workshop in his humble attic, where he occupied himself with his “ own little contrivances,” as he

called them, in the evenings, after his regular work was over. When Otto paid him a visit from time to time, he observed that the conversation never flowed easily if Peter's hands were not occupied; but when this was the case, he communicated everything that he had seen and heard during the week; and though these narratives contained but little, they were often full of interest to Otto, as representing episodes of the life of the people. Thus Peter on one occasion narrated, that during the previous week he had taken part in a festive repast given in honour of two artisans who were leaving the country. The one, according to Peter, was a mechanical genius, who had not been brought up to any particular trade, but who excelled in whatever he undertook—he could not find employment in any workshop, because he did not belong to a guild, and for the same reason the law forbade his working on his own account. Then it was said that he had made for another man a plate for forging bank-notes, and he had been tried for it, but had been acquitted; then some of his acquaintances had helped him to get out of the country.

“I am glad to find,” said Otto, on hearing this, “that you journeymen take the part of, and assist, those who suffer from the guild-laws.”

This thought was above Peter's comprehension, he was proud of belonging to a guild. “Oh, no,” he said, “that's not it; but one of the fellows was from our part of the country, and the other

from Taasinge ; and there were some ship-carpenters from Taasinge among those who helped to get them away ; and after we had accompanied them a little on the road, we went in somewhere and took a glass together."

Otto perceived the peculiar feeling that held possession of Peter's mind, and was silent.

After a while Peter continued : " It's a pity for that fellow, the man who made the plate for the bank-notes."

" But you said that he had been acquitted—why, then, allude to the charge ? "

" Well, that's true enough ; but people say that he did it, and therefore it is about the same as if he had done it. It's a pity that he got into the scrape, for he is a very clever fellow ! He wanted to discover the quadrature of the circle."

" What is that, Peter ? " cried Otto, astonished ; " how do you come to know that word ? Have you studied mathematics ? "

" A little," answered Peter, without any change of tone, and without even looking up from the piece of wood in which he was boring a hole. " He taught me a little."

" But the quadrature of the circle cannot be discovered ! You must not believe in that ! "

" Why have they then promised a prize to its discoverer ? "

" Who has done that ? "

" Of course I don't know those great scientific

gentlemen. But they say it is an immense prize, and that there is another for the discovery of a *perpetuum mobile*!"

"You were not thinking of constructing such an instrument, were you?"

"Yes, to be sure," answered Peter, reddening.

"When?"

"Last winter he was staying with us. We both laboured very hard at it, and it was that that made us so poor. I got work here, but he got into difficulties, poor fellow—see, here are some of our attempts," continued Peter, taking down from a shelf some little machines in wood and iron, and explaining to Otto how, if it were not for some little defect here or there, they would go on working for ever, without stopping."

"Do you really believe in such a possibility?" asked Otto, whose reason and imagination were struggling with each other.

"No, it's most likely that it never can be managed; it would be rare fun if it could! But see, here is another concern, that I have invented entirely by myself."

This was a machine calculated to save a great amount of human labour, and Peter showed Otto how well and regularly it effected what was required of it.

"I wish I knew the science of mechanics," said Otto. "I will begin to study it; for they who understand it well address themselves to the whole world."


"Yes, but of what use is that in our country?" said Peter. "I have heard that there is some place abroad, where, as soon as you have made a discovery of any kind, people come forward and say, 'Here is money; let us see what your invention is worth.' I mean to take my machine abroad."

"Are you going abroad, Peter? Where are you going?"

"I don't exactly know, myself, as yet; but they say that in Austria there are a great many clever carpenters and joiners; and if I could get as far as Vienna, and earn something there, I should like to make an excursion among the mountains, to see how they use water-power."

From the very commencement of his renewed intercourse with Peter, Otto had felt that, besides some deep purpose which did not as yet appear, the meeting with this friend of his youth was intended to show him that he, with his yearning for life and its reality, should not shut himself up exclusively with books, but should mingle with the people, and make himself thoroughly acquainted with the relations amid which he was living. Following the hint, he accompanied Peter, when—as was, indeed, rarely the case—he went to dancing-rooms, or other places of amusement for the lower-classes. Otto visited also the great public workshops and arsenals, the workhouses, poor-schools, and hospitals; as likewise the churches and small conventicles which the Dissenters, who were then still

exposed to persecution, held more or less secretly. On these occasions Sem served as his guide; for Sem, though a high churchman himself, had formed acquaintance with a Baptist, whose children had been baptized by order of the police, at the requisition of the bishop. In this manner Otto was initiated into the extraordinary confusion that reigned among the professing Christians: the more powerful showed pride, and used violence; the weak and oppressed clung with all the greater zeal or fanaticism to an isolated doctrine, the more they were persecuted; and maintained, their eyes glaring with fiendish joy, that their opponents were doomed to eternal perdition. Thirsting for the rule of love, Otto went back to the Lutheran churches, and here he probably made the same experience as many other earnest seekers, who enter with a desire to look with reverence upon a true man in act and deed, but who find nothing but an orator.—Not that words are not also deeds;—but in our city, though you may meet here a fashionable preacher, who, in a honeyed way, arranges Christianity as a religion of comfort—and there others who, by the deadening force of habit, have sunk down to the performance of their Sunday duties as a mere business routine—you will have to seek far for those whose words have life and energy; and though they may ultimately be found, it must be confessed that those who earnestly seek are often unfortunate at first, or what they, in their shortsightedness, deem unfortunate.



"After all," said Otto to himself, "a Protestant has no need of learning from others what love and truth are." He opened his Bible. His eye fell upon the following passage in the gospel of St. Matthew :

"Jesus said unto him, if thou wouldst be perfect, go and sell what thou hast, and give to the poor ; and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me.

"But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions."


Otto said, with determination, "I have not great possessions ; but I do not see that, if I gave away all that I have, and went to the workhouse, I should be a better man than I am at present."

Thirsty and dry as a branch in winter, he went, as if driven by an inward instinct, to one of the professors of the Royal Academy of Painting, and asked, as a favour, for the key of the gallery of antiquities ; and, although his request was an unusual one, it was granted. He cast himself before works of ancient art, as before a well in the desert ; and not only feasted his eyes upon the beautiful human forms, but derived likewise intense satisfaction from many things he had until then almost entirely overlooked. Thus the little eggs with which the capitals of many columns were adorned seemed to him to be a touching and a comforting symbol of hope in life, and of trust in its ultimate potency and fruitfulness, and to be applied with an equally com-

forting joy in beauty. Ah! these were remnants from the time before these words were pronounced: "Ye know not sin except by the law; but ye have received the law." Who has not been tempted to call that time a blissful one?

And there stood Otto, suddenly become conscious of his passionate love for the beautiful, feeling that to serve this faithfully was henceforth to be the true aim of his life. Thus he became as a heathen—but a heathen with the Bible for his guide, like many another Christian, who, however, neither possesses Otto's deep sense of the beautiful, nor his untiring zeal in search of truth.

The winter passed away and in the spring Peter obtained work in Elsinore. "I will soon go to see you," said Otto to him at parting. "There is to be a people's gathering in the woods near Elsinore;" adding to himself, "and that will give me an opportunity of paying my homage to the genius of spring."



CHAPTER XII.

THE popular assembly, or people's gathering, takes place. A simple stone, in an open glade in the forest, constitutes the tribune ; over it the grand beech-trees, with their light green foliage, form a splendid vaulted baldachin, and from it the eye reaches the coast of the neighbouring kingdom, across the blue waters of the Sound. Below the orators, who succeed each other on the stone, stand the people in dense masses—Sunday-clad, devotional, joyfully believing, and lustily cheering—full of life and freshness, like the sunshine and the verdant trees. Yes, the people have come forth from the dark corners, where petty passions are nourished, into the light and the freshness which are the sources of honourable thought ; and the merit of this belongs to the liberal party, so indefatigable in their endeavours to awaken in the nation the feeling of unity, freedom, and independence.

But it is a bold thing to take part in one of these popular meetings, if you belong neither to the mass of the people, nor to the liberal party.

To belong to the mass of the people, you must have its naïve faith, often rooted in ignorance, and share in its material interests, and the consequent capacity of being easily aroused to passion. Otto was in no way connected with the material interests of any class. If ever he reflected upon these matters, he held the interests of the entire state in view. When, for instance, he heard it maintained that the interests of the democracy, and particularly of the peasantry, demanded that the great landed proprietors should be sacrificed, and their possessions curtailed, he felt that, though born of the middle-class, he could not participate in these opinions. It seemed to him ridiculous and contemptible to allow his private feelings towards Canute Jedde and his doings to weigh with him when called upon to judge the affairs of his country ; and besides, what he had seen of the nobility had impressed him with the idea that family greatness is essential to a country, for the sake of the beautiful, and that a new kind of greatness could not be provided by parceling out their estates among the peasantry. He was of opinion that every peasant who acquired a piece of land in an unjust manner became degraded by the possession.

As regards this point, however, the democratic or demagogic views were not openly put forward



at the meeting we are describing ; and though subsequently contended for with great perseverance and violence, they have, up to the present moment, been successfully resisted. The chief political object of the assembly had a different tendency.

The liberal party had within a recent period assumed a new character. For some years it had been struggling for the introduction of a free constitutional system for all the provinces of the state, without distinction of nationality. Some of the leaders had even proposed that the duchy of Slesvig, together with that of Holstein, should have a separate constitution ; and the kingdom of Denmark—*i.e.*, the Danish islands and the peninsula of Jutland—another. The difference of nationality had not as yet been felt to be of political importance. With respect to these purely political questions, the liberal party had not gained any great influence over the people, with the exception of a limited number, who, feeling no enmity to the mild absolutism under which they were living, regarded with a certain degree of indifference the suppression of newspapers, the prosecution and condemnation of their writers, and the street disturbances which took place from time to time, and were put down by the staves of the police.

But the report of a scene in the Slesvig provincial assembly, where an attempt was made to prevent one of the deputies (who had hitherto spoken German) from addressing the assembly in Danish, had

gone like an electric shock through Denmark. The liberal party at once adopted the question of language as its own, and now assumed the character of a staunch national party, calling the people to battle against Germanism.

When the question was put forward in this simple form, as to whether or not the people should defend themselves against German encroachments, all Danish hearts beat in unison, and gave the same response. But on nearer investigation the matter became more complicated. The party that called itself exclusively national maintained that Slesvig belonged to Denmark, and ought to be incorporated with it; whereas the terms of an old state paper on the subject merely expressed that Slesvig belonged, not to the province of Denmark, but to *the Danish Crown*. There could be no doubt that the Germans were wrong, when they, as they announced, were desirous of incorporating Slesvig with Holstein, thereby establishing a German claim to it; but it might be doubtful how far the Danish party were right in wishing to incorporate Slesvig with Denmark, and, in order to secure this incorporation, and the entire separation of Slesvig from Holstein, to expunge Holstein from the Danish monarchy.

The national party tolerated no dissent whenever; the power was in its hands, and whoever ventured to oppose it was denounced as anti-national and un-Danish.

To return to the popular assembly and its orators

—Otto, who had obtained a place in the neighbourhood of the stone tribune, enjoyed with calm delight the fine spectacle and animated discourses, until one particular gentleman mounted the tribune, and put forward the opinion, to which we have just alluded, as an article of faith. Otto was too well versed in political and international law not to follow the discourse with attention ; and, when his eye caught Helzen's, who was standing close to the speaker, he shook his head disapprovingly. With a rapidity which, at the moment, did not strike Otto as strange, Helzen cried out, pointing to Otto, "There is a gentleman here who wishes to speak !"

When the speaker had finished his address amid great cheering, several voices called for the gentleman who had wished to speak, and Otto mounted the stone. Behind him were the leaders and the forest, before him the people and the ocean ; and so grand and beautiful was the spectacle, so enlivening the scene, so strangely animating the influence that seemed to float in the atmosphere, that Otto, filled with the electricity of the situation, soon conquered the timidity which seizes every one who speaks in public for the first time.

He said that he had not intended to speak, but he accepted the opportunity afforded him ; and that, though he did not venture to consider his own views infallible, he would give them free utterance. In his opinion the question was not only whether we

had the right, but also whether we had the power, and he entertained doubts on both points. One thing he looked upon as certain, and that was, that from the people's point of view, neither the king nor the Danish people had a right to determine the future of the Slesvigers; the wishes of the Slesvigers ought to be consulted.

"Nay, those fellows ought not to be consulted, but should be forced!" cried Helzen. And the people, who had until then listened to Otto with marks of disapprobation, broke out in a cheer so loud, that it sounded like a war-cry.

Otto turned to Helzen and said: "Those who have called forth that cry will have to answer for the blood that is in it!"

"It will hardly be your blood," answered Helzen.

A number of Helzen's political friends, and among these Milner, stood around him, and a smile passed over Milner's face.

Otto answered: "Should Denmark be in danger, I will serve her as a soldier—to this I bind myself by word of honour. Will any of the gentlemen who are raising the war-cry do the like?"

The well-to-do men of the party were silent, and the smile vanished from Milner's face. The crowd opened, Otto passed through. He felt a kind of defiant pride at having ventured alone to defend what he believed to be the truth, though he had suffered a defeat in its cause; at the same time

he felt a burning desire to renew the contest, and it was not likely that one who had tested the strength of his own will by holding his hand in the fire, and who yearned for life and action as Otto did, would withhold himself from the conflict.

The meeting proceeded, and among others Scott spoke. A little while after, he came to the spot where Otto was standing, and after the first greeting said :

“ Well, to-day I may venture to approach you.”

“ What do you mean ? ” asked Otto.

“ How can you ask ? The last time we met, you warned me to beware of you, because you would most likely do me some injury, and of course I became alarmed. But to-day you have provided me with a body-guard, consisting of the whole party whom you have made your deadly enemies.”

“ Before you go further, Scott, let me thank you for the fine speech you delivered. It was full of warmth ; I suppose that little red spot on each of your cheeks is the last radiation of the inward heat.”

“ I will be more honest towards you than you have been towards me, and confess that the heat was produced by cold. I shivered with fear when I mounted the tribune. But it was also my first, my maiden speech, as they call it in the English parliament. Now, I have tried that also ! It is very pleasant, after the first nervousness has been overcome, and the public begin to applaud. Very pleasant ! I can quite understand now why it is that

the wealthy make opportunities for themselves to deliver speeches. I also understand now why the Spartans, who were a poor people, were so chary of words. Ah, yes! I understand many things now, and, among others, what Oehlenschläger has said :

“ And therefore every lovely maiden
Must give the orator a kiss ! ”

“ You are quoting incorrectly ! ” cried Otto, laughing. “ He says ‘ the poet,’ not ‘ the orator.’ ”

“ Oh, we have changed that, my dear fellow ! The oration, the political oration, is the poetry of our day. Sophocles, Shakespeare, Goethe, have written poems enough—we have a provision sufficient for centuries ; but the oration, the living word, is born in the life that surrounds us, flies away and perishes in it, and must in each moment be born anew in another form. Speech is that which distinguishes us from the brutes ; many a bird sings poetry, but see if it can make a speech, as I can ! ”

Half jocosely, and pleased at having met once more, which they did not however openly avow, they continued to discuss this novel theory, until Scott again referred to Otto's speech, and the imprudence of coming forward in that manner.

“ What is truth ? ” asked Scott. “ When can you ever say, with perfect certainty, that you are speaking truth ? . . . If you put forward a principle that is at variance with those of the rest of the world, and at the same time a fact which is perfectly correct from your point of view, the world will call

it a falsehood. There is consequently no such thing as absolute truth. The truth is merely a mode of representaton that serves a good object . . . ”

“ Good heavens, Scott ! Why, this is pure Jesuitism ! ”

“ Yes, but 'tis not I, 'tis the world says so . . . Besides, I must beg you to observe that if we would effect anything in the world, if we would stir up the people, it is of no use to employ simple, unvarnished truth. We must address ourselves to their interests and to their imaginations, and must paint in strong colours. You may be assured that all the works of Raphael taken together, would not produce half the effect upon the people that would a large penny print representing some horrid massacre or murder ! ”

“ And if the people are to be amused with penny prints, father, why should we not exhibit them as well as any one else ? ” *

“ You are rather hard upon me ; but I excuse you, in consideration of your being, after all, a poet. The poet partakes of the best instincts of the people, the politician shares their bad ones ; for in politics we come forward in our entire individuality, we do not sit alone at home with the Muse, but take an active part in life ; even in his evil doings the politician may act honestly, for he belongs to an association, the one carries the other along, he grows warm, irritated, and while awakening and employing the prejudices of the people, he participates in them.”

* Quotation from a Danish play.

"But why the deuce need you belong to an association? Can you not think, and grow warm, even though alone?"

"Yes, my dear sir, but then perhaps all the enjoyment would be lost! And what the deuce do you think people live for in the world, if not to enjoy themselves, while helping to drag the car of time a little forward or a little backward?" Scott then went on to deliver a panegyric on all that was excellent, intellectual, and remarkable in Dalberg and his friends.

But it belonged to Scott's nature that when looking closely, even at what he most enjoyed, he began to find fault with it; consequently, as he went on, his words oscillated between earnestness and irony: "The greater number of us," said he, "are really good and respectable people, lead a comfortable domestic life, and strive with prudent ambition to distinguish ourselves among our fellow-citizens. We do not boast of being heroes; none of us is a Conrad or a Manfred, nor pretends to be so; and we do not deny that the brothers Bandeira were eccentric enthusiasts, for risking their lives for an object which was in itself beautiful and desirable no doubt, but not worth the sacrifice of life. Neither would I venture to say that those among us who have any fortune are ready to sacrifice that; but some of us subscribe very handsome amounts, others show great merit in collecting them—in short, we are highly respectable. In our circle none but select subjects form the to-

pics of conversation, such as art and æsthetics, or the badness of people in general, which is always dwelt on with great moral indignation ; or else we admire and praise each other, and constitute an Insurance Company for moderate happiness and a little bit of slander."

"This was not the view I took," rejoined Otto. "Before I was called upon to speak, I passed in review the men who stood nearest the stone, and it seemed to me that they were not a few whose countenances showed them to be truly upright and estimable men, who would not willingly, or even from negligence, do anything really dishonourable; but who either did not sufficiently know the right, or were induced by their zeal to overlook it. It did me good to contemplate those faces—they seemed to me to belong to our noble Danish forests and sea.

Scott looked with surprise at Otto and said :—

"I might have said the same, but I was afraid of wounding you, by singling out the best of your opponents as a subject for discourse."

"You must have made painful experiences during the period that we have not met."

"Hm!" said Scott, somewhat confused ; but he added immediately afterwards : "Come over to our side."

"I do not understand you, Scott."

"Nevertheless, it is our mother-tongue that I am speaking. I mean, join our party. I never before paid you a compliment, but now I will do so : you are born

to be a leader, and in our ranks you will find your place."

"Is your party then willing to give up the opinions that I combated?"

"By no means! But what is that to you? The important thing is that all Danes should be unanimous, and it is better to participate in the errors of our countrymen, than to stand alone on the side of truth, opposed to them."

"I deny that!" answered Otto, with flushing cheeks. "It is of the utmost importance that justice should be done, whoever may be the sufferer. The mischief in our country is that one party alone seeks to influence the people, and calls itself national; while a great number of persons, as for instance our nobility and great landowners, hold back, either from indolence or want of courage. All these might be roused and formed into a great Protestant-national party."

"What is this? Have you become religious?" cried Scott.

"No, by Protestantism I do not mean to imply anything dogmatic or ecclesiastic."

"Pray, explain. I listen."

"It is soon explained. Above all, stands the power we denominate love. This is the pure sunlight and principle of heat, and the various religions are prismatic refractions of it. Below this power two opposite principles are in motion, struggling for supremacy in the world: The one is the principle of

investigation, of discussion, of self-determination, and this I call Protestantism ; the other is the principle of emotion, of passion, of belief in authority, of dependence upon others, and this I call Catholicism. Every people that is held in leading-strings by moods and emotions, and controlled by others, is Catholic ; every people that governs itself rationally, and relies on itself, is Protestant."

"Hm !" said Scott ; "let us go a little deeper into the wood and discuss this matter further."

"I cannot, for a friend is waiting for me."

"Is Mendoza out here ? "

"No, it is not he ; it is an early acquaintance, a carpenter."

"Aha ! You are in the same position as all founders of a new religion. Mahomet first won over his slave Seid and his wife Cadisha ; when you get a pretty daughter, I will be your son-in-law Ali, and I will approve myself a respectful suitor."

"My dear future son-in-law Ali:—Seeing that you are to have my daughter, when Heaven bestows one upon me, you shall also have my son, my first-born political child. I send him to you, either that he may convert you to the true faith, or that you may convert him and me."

Such was the beginning of a letter addressed to Scott by Otto sometime after the conversation recorded above, and accompanying the

first of a series of essays entitled, "Humble Opinions of a Carpenter on Lofty Matters of State Policy." This essay was peculiar, inasmuch as Otto had applied to a political subject the same art in composition and treatment as a poet applies to his poetic subject matter. To the reader it appeared at first as if the author were really an artisan, who, though he put the word "humble" on the title page, gave his opinion with ridiculous arrogance, upon matters that he did not understand. But as the reader proceeded, he discovered that the work had, as it were, a double bottom, and that the apparent ridiculousness of the artisan only served to bring out what was more ridiculous still. The real train of thought in the book was distinguished by simple good sense, which, in a caustic manner, placed in juxtaposition the life of the state and every-day life, family life, artisan life, life in the public dancing-rooms, in the hospitals. The carpenter introduced in his book, besides himself, a more learned personage, with whom he seemed to live in a state of perpetual disagreement, and who afforded an opportunity for putting forward thoughts and opinions which could not consistently be placed in the mouth of an artisan, and which shone out the more brilliantly, the more stupidly they were contradicted.

Thus was effected a very lively and almost dramatic representation of the Government which prosecuted the liberal press, but allowed works promoting superstition to be freely disseminated among

the people ; of the bishops who called in the aid of the police to christen the children of the Baptists, and thus transformed the baptismal rite into a mere bath ; of the liberal party who founded temperance societies, and induced the poor solemnly to pledge themselves to abstain from brandy—while the same liberals, instead of furnishing the poor with spiritual food in lieu of the spirituous liquor of which they would deprive them, on going home themselves drank wine, &c., &c.

However much Scott might be changed, he had not been transformed into a politician, but had remained true to his æsthetic nature. Any literary work that appeared, whatever might be the views it advocated, was sure to please him, provided it were clever, and especially witty. Charmed with the originality, liveliness, and caustic power of Otto's work, he wrote to him asking for more ; and after some time, when an almost complete review of every phase of political life had been produced, he gave as his opinion, and Otto concurred with him, that the "Humble Opinions of a Carpenter" ought to be published.

"Send Sem to me to-morrow for the manuscript," said he ; "I will add to it an essay of my own, in similar style, on the subject of absolute government ; I owe this to my party, since I have taken part in your high treason."

In using the term "high treason," Scott alluded

Otto's attack upon his party ; but by no means the attack which he himself was about to publish inst the monarchical party, in order to serve the rests of his own.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE "Opinions, &c.," were published, and attracted great attention. The public was not accustomed to such freshness and independence of opinion, with such delicacy and simplicity of form. It is true, well-nigh the whole world was attacked, and this attack formed the ideal basis for an entirely new constitution of parties; but when censure is put forward in a good-humoured way, and no names are mentioned, each individual supposes his neighbour, and not himself, to be understood. Besides, the mental idealism, from which the work had sprung, was generally recognized and appreciated; and the deep and passionate yearning for true life and happiness, which appeared as it were between the lines, awakened involuntary sympathy; for everyone longs for something. The only parties offended were the two great powers in the state: the government and the liberal press. The government frowned, because

of a hint to the Danes and the Holsteiners to make common cause for the sake of liberty, and because the carpenter says: "Then we will march forward two hundred men strong." The liberal press was stung by the accusation, which, though not distinctly expressed, was undoubtedly implied, that it sometimes found it more expedient to lead the people in the dark than to enlighten them.

From all sides was heard the question: "Who is the author?" All who knew Scott, and remembered his discourses in the Student Club, could hardly refrain from suspecting him of being the man, although he was upon the staff of one of the liberal papers. Helzen made no endeavour to throw off the suspicion, but on the contrary held it fast; for Scott's reputation was throwing him into the shade. Yet the difficulty was, to obtain certainty; and after some consideration Helzen came to the conclusion, that if Scott were indeed the author, he would most probably have used some other person as an intermediary between himself and the printers, and that Sem was the man most likely to have been employed.

Scott, who perceived the suspicion that hovered over him, became very cautious; and remembering that Sem had fetched the manuscript from his house, he impressed him with the necessity of secrecy, adding, that great things were depending on it. On hearing this, Sem promised himself that rather than betray anything, he would let the police

torture him as the Hebrew mother* or St. Stephen had been tortured.

Helzen and Milner met him one day in the street.

“ Well, how do you do, you famous man, you great unknown ? ” said Helzen.

Sem felt so flattered at being called great, even in joke, that he took the compliment as if meant half in earnest, and with a pretended modesty, that looked very much like the affectation of a real celebrity, he said : “ In what way am I famous ? ”

“ Oh, don’t pretend to be so innocent ! We all know that you are the author of that political work, you will very soon receive a visit in your Noah’s ark from a royal footman, who will bring you an invitation to dine with the king.”

“ Nay, do you know what, Helzen ?—verily that is saying too much ! So much as that we have not merited ! ”

This “ we ” was not lost upon Helzen, who continued : “ Well, well, you may ask Mr. Milner here, who is employed at one of the government boards, whether the king did not ask who was the author, with the intention of nominating him to the living in Gladsaxe.”

“ But Gladsaxe incumbency is not vacant ! ” cried Sem.

Without appearing the least disconcerted, Helzen replied : “ Oh ! then, it is some other rich living

* *Vide Maccabees, chap. vii.*

near Copenhagen, a living of four thousand dollars a-year."

"Oh, do be serious, dear Mr. Helzen. Do you really think that the king is so pleased with that work? Could I really get a nice little living, even if I were not the author?"

"No, Sem; what are you thinking of? Of course, if you are not the author, you can't get the living; it is because you are the author that you are to have it."

"Yes, but the real author and the other author might go halves . . ."

"Nay, nay, Sem, you are too generous; I see that you are trying to get one of your friends promoted, by lending him a little of your light, just as the sun lends his light to the moon . . ."

"Is it really true, Mr. Milner?" asked Sem, in the greatest perturbation.

"Most assuredly. The author may rely upon some great reward," answered Milner, taking Sem's arm.

Sem was quite overcome by this honour, and for a while forgot both book and living at the sight of the blue sleeve and straw-coloured glove that rested so familiarly on his arm.

"Well, reverend sir, shall we announce you in the royal antechamber?" asked Helzen.

"But," said Sem, "I cannot get up into the pulpit like a thief! I cannot do that. Nay, verily I cannot! 'Let no man go beyond and defraud his

brother in any matter; because that the Lord is the avenger of all such.' I cannot accept the reward, for it is Mr. Scott to whom it is due. 'Honour be to him to whom honour is due!' If you will but have the goodness, Mr. Milner, to mention at the Board, so that it may be placed before His Majesty, that I humbly that I should be so glad to have something, if it were only the post of vestry clerk and could such be had, because I am the person who took the manuscript to the printers, I would be very grateful; but the reward is not due to me—*tenax propositi vir* Ah! what a terrible temptation!" added he, in a weak voice, letting Milner's arm fall, taking off his hat, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"We will take care of that," said Helzen. But in the glance he exchanged with Milner, there was such an expression of triumph, that Sem began to suspect he had again been fooled. Nevertheless, he was not able to judge the men he had to deal with otherwise than by himself, he therefore had recourse to entreaties.

"Oh, dear Mr. Helzen," said he, "perhaps I have been saying something that I ought not to have said; but don't let it go further—don't get me into a scrape!"

"Certainly not," answered Helzen.


"Depend upon our discretion," said Milner, with an amount of irony which he himself thought very becoming.

"Good Lord!" said Sem to himself when he left them, "I hope I have not been doing mischief!"

The next day, Scott received a note from the editor of the paper on which he was engaged, asking whether he would consent to declare, in the presence of some men of honourable standing, who would be invited to meet him, that he was not the author, and had no share whatsoever in the book in question. The note went on to say that, in case he could not immediately answer the question in the affirmative, the messenger had orders to deliver him another letter. This contained his account with the paper up to that day, showing an adverse balance on his side, and a request for an acknowledgment of the settlement of all dues.

In the meanwhile the government had taken other measures to discover the author—that is to say, it had employed the police; and Otto one day received a visit from one of these officials in plain clothes, who invited him very politely to accompany him to the criminal court.

It was in the afternoon. Entering by the little arched way of the Townhouse, they proceeded across a small court-yard to the police chamber, a large square room, on the left of which a crowd of officials were engaged in writing reports, or taking down depositions; while on the right, seated in a row with their backs to the windows, were a number of persons, some of whom had come to make complaints, or to give notice of losses—and others, of the poorer



class, to deliver up things found, &c. Passing through this dark, ill-savoured room, they next entered the passport-office, a very large apartment, in which the clerks of the office, as well as several police officials, were seated at desks, writing in silence, or speaking in a suppressed voice. At the one end of this room were two low doors, with dark panels, and through one of these Otto was ushered into the "criminal chamber."

The only persons present were the assessor, or assistant judge, and his clerk.

If, around the administration of justice in public, there dwells that solemn awe that, in olden times, seized the spectators of those single combats during which wind and sun were equitably divided between the chivalrous combatants, and of which the results were considered to be divine judgments, we may say that around the administration of criminal justice, as it exists amongst us, however much it may be guaranteed by law and custom, and by the humanity of the judges, there dwells a silent and mysterious awe, accompanied by a feeling as if justice were to be carried out either in a supernatural or an arbitrary way. Otto was impressed in this manner, and was amused at his destiny, which allowed him to make this experience, and gave him the means of depicting in imagination the inquisition of Venice. He was also entertained at the thought that he was about practically to experience the effects of the system with which he had made

himself theoretically acquainted during his first years at the university, and that he had then already longed to reform. "It seems," said he mentally, "that the fates intend to test me thoroughly;" and he was right, for there is no alternative—either the fates test us thoroughly, or they throw us aside with disdain, when they find that we are fit for nothing better.

Gradually, however, he awoke to the consciousness that he had been brought to that place for some other purpose than to study the law, or to indulge in fancy pictures of Venice. After the first formal questions had been put to him, as to name, age, birthplace, and profession, the assessor asked him who was the author of "A Carpenter's Opinions, &c." Otto declined to answer until he should be informed whether he was there as accused or as witness; whereupon the assessor read aloud some passages from Scott's treatise on the absolute form of government, and asked him what he thought of it.

"I like it very much," answered Otto; "I think it exceedingly well written."

"Does it not appear to you," continued the assessor, "that this passage and this"—repeating them—"refer personally to his majesty the king?"

"It is possible; and as you seem to think so, I am inclined to do the same."

"Write down," said the assessor, addressing his clerk, "that the defendant admits that the pas-

sages indicated allude to his majesty the king."

"Be so good as to wait a moment," said Otto. "I do not know his majesty the king; but if you know him personally, and you think that the description suits, I am ready to believe you."

"We must take the matter differently," said the assessor, rising from his seat, and walking towards the bar where Otto stood. "We are aware that, to the printers, you have named yourself as the author of this book; but we do not believe that you have written it—at least, not the whole of it. I have already discerned that you have not written the essay on the absolute system of government, and I rejoice at it, on your account. But who has written it?"

"I cannot tell."

"Do you know?"

"If I did know, I could not tell you."

"You have a brother?"

"Yes," answered Otto; and the assessor observed that the question made him start.

"I may tell you privately," said the assessor, "that your mother has sent in a petition, requesting free admission for your brother to the academy at Sarū; but the brother of the person who has written this essay cannot be admitted. Who has written it?"

"I cannot tell."

"I must have an answer. Either you have written it, or some one else has."

"If you must have an answer, you had better take it by the means you have at your disposal."

"I have no other means than imprisonment."

"Then I am your prisoner."

"Reflect maturely. Your domicile has been sealed up by the police ; and if you prove obstinate I shall be obliged to proceed to an investigation of your papers, in order to discover the author and his coadjutors."

"I can give you no other answer than the one I have already expressed."

"Well, then, I must act accordingly. It is too late to proceed to search your papers to-day ; and, besides, I would rather give you time for reflection. I will therefore send you to the lock-up ; and, as I presume you have not been prepared for such an event, I hope you will partake of my dinner—although, unfortunately, I cannot offer that you should do so in the same house and at the same table. Do not refuse, my dear fellow ; at this moment I am no longer assessor of the Criminal Court, neither am I your enemy, I can assure you."

Otto having been removed by a police-officer, and the door of his apartments sealed up immediately after, his landlady lost no time in communicating to the other people in the house that he had been arrested ; and Sem, who had called shortly afterwards, having learnt the news, spread it among the students at the club, whence again it found its way to Camilla Hald, among others.

Like many more, Camilla had the notion—and it was perhaps not far wrong—that poets are endowed with a more delicate organization than other mortals; and, as regards Otto, this idea had been strengthened by personal acquaintance, and by what she had heard of his youthful love. She felt pained, therefore, at the thought that the police should lay its rude hand upon him; and it seemed to her contrary to the order of nature that he—the poet—should be shut up in a dark dungeon, and left to pine for air and light. There were some points in Otto's history that were incomprehensible to her. She had always wondered why he had so suddenly disappeared from society; and now she concluded that, with energetic indignation, he had determined to take those bold steps, against all that was antiquated and decaying, that her more intimate associates hesitated to venture upon. And now he was to suffer for this; and he was alone, far from all his kindred. It seemed to her that she was the only being near who could be called upon to do something for him; because she was, through Emilie's confidence, in a manner, though a very indirect one, connected with his childhood; yet neither her own feelings, nor the opinion of the world, would admit of her taking any decided steps in the matter. She durst not even send him a few sympathetic and consolatory words. Why durst she not? Was she a coward? Should she, while something within her was yearning for the exercise of active humanity, should she ring


for her maid, and dress for a party, or for the theatre, consoling herself with the thought that not one of those whom she would meet there would upbraid her for it; but that they would rather blame her should she take any steps in the matter, do anything unusual? Should she be content to do like all the rest, and postpone all ideal boldness, "until Louis Philippe dies"? This thought was delusive; but, after all, what could she do? Very little.

When a woman has determined to act, the execution generally follows without long reflection, and the means are chosen with instinctive tact. Camilla wished to send Otto a few sympathetic lines, that should tell him that unknown friends were watching him with interest; and, remembering Emilie's words to him under the apple-tree, she wrote:

"He who loves the ideal most, gets the smallest share of fortune's apple!"

She neither added name nor date, but despatched the note, leaving it to fate to place it in Otto's hands.

Otto's landlady received the note, and not knowing what to do with it—for it looked so delicate and pretty that she thought it was a pity it should get into the hands of the police, while, on the other hand, she dared not keep it in her own, for fear it should contain dangerous matter—she slipped it in under Otto's door; and having done so, smiled triumphantly at the trick she had thus played the police.




In the meanwhile, Otto was walking to and fro in his prison, reflecting on his own position. He was undergoing persecution from the state, yet neither the people nor the liberal party seemed to take any heed of it. Had one of either party been arrested as he was, crowds of people would be assembled outside his prison, and would be shouting his name, and calling him a martyr. He had not spoken for justice and truth with less enthusiasm than others ; on the contrary, he had spoken the truth to both parties, and thus he was now in this difficulty. The government seemed disposed even to favour and reward him, for what he had written against the liberals, but such reward he turned from with disgust. Yet his brother would be the sufferer, if he could not make up his mind to earn the reward by the betrayal of Scott. "Who in the world stands so high that my brother needs his protection more than mine?" This he would have asked that evening, when he saw the actress for the last time, or the evening when his drama was performed for the first time, or even on the morning of the very day on which he was arrested. But now, though he would fain repeat the question, another presented itself : "Who are you, shut up here behind locks and bolts? What will mother and Wilhelm say when they hear of it?" On the other hand, were he to betray Scott, he would inflict on his own soul indelible degradation. Independently of any injury that might accrue to Scott from such a step, it would

be an act of cowardice, a dereliction of principle and duty. But, so cunningly was he tempted, he need not even mention Scott's name; he need only allow the search among his papers to take place, and proof against Scott would be found; for neither Otto nor Scott had thought of destroying the letters in which is mentioned Scott's part in the essay on the absolute system of government. The mere fact of his remaining quite passive would thus be a kind of denunciation of Scott; and this could only be avoided by his declaring himself the author of all the essays in the volume, by which he would entail on himself and his brother evil consequences that neither had deserved.

He could not come to a determination. To whatever side his thoughts would turn, they met a sealed door, which he tormented himself in vain to open. Suddenly he was impressed with the desire to pray. Although he held no positive religious dogma, he believed in a divine principle, and considered it blasphemous to offer up any prayer but such as contained its own fulfilment. According to his views, we should pray for nought but the spiritual; by such prayer we seek the means to raise ourselves above the material, we uplift the soul into that mental sphere towards which we aspire—and thus the prayer becomes fulfilled.

But now Otto felt irresistibly urged to pray. He needed help, and he remembered his mother's words—"You must learn to pray, my son."



"Well," he said, "I will pray. Great Spirit, if Thou, as an independent existence, dost recognize me as a part of thine essence, and if Thou wilt vouchsafe to manifest it to me, I will have faith in Thee and enter thy service, and devote to it all my powers."

After having pronounced these words he felt more calm, and lay down to sleep. Early the next morning he was conveyed in a cab, in company with the assessor, his clerk, and a police officer, to his own lodgings. He had determined to wait until the last moment for inspiration.

They arrived at Otto's door, the seals were taken off, and though the assessor was watching Otto's countenance, the little note, which the landlady had slipped in under the door, did not escape his notice. He stooped to take it up, and, observing that it was sealed, presented it to Otto, saying—

"You are at liberty to open it, but, in right of office, and in prosecution of my duty, I must demand to see the contents."

The delicate, feminine, unknown handwriting on the address awakened Otto's curiosity—or rather, it produced the same effect as would the sight of a veiled female figure. He broke the seal, one glance sufficed to read the contents: "He who loves the ideal most, gets the smallest share of fortune's apple!"


According to the apparent sense of the words, they contained a friendly, admiring admonition, sug-

gestive of patience or renunciation; but in Otto's soul they awakened, besides, a wondrous echo from the days of his childhood. Who could have written these words? Emilie? Impossible!—although, as he might have said, borrowing a simile from the Bible, “The hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of another.” But whose is this voice? How could he help believing that it was his childhood's *Fylgie* that had written to him? At all events, it was a proof that some being—beautiful, feminine, and intellectual—was secretly watching over him. He had a guiding genius—he was not forsaken! A breath of that love, without which there is no life for the poet, had reached him.

“Will you be so good as to hand me the letter now?” said the assessor.

To do this would have been to allow the inquisition of his domicile to commence. And how could he give this letter into the hands of a judge of the criminal court? Thus Otto recognized, almost with a thrill of awe, that his prayer of the preceding evening had been heard; he had received a token that he was not to allow the examination of his papers to proceed.

Therefore, turning to the assessor, he said: “You need not proceed with the examination of my papers. I confess the printers to be right in naming me as the author of all the essays. You have found the criminal—and now, sir, may I request the favour of your breakfasting with me.”



"I am much obliged to you," answered the assessor, "but I will not intrude upon you longer than is necessary to take a minute of your declaration, and to obtain your signature to it."

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE royal hint to Alfons, the evening he played at court, as to a travelling stipend, had since been converted into a distinct promise; its fulfilment was, however, for a long time postponed, as was not unusual during the reign of Christian VIII.; nor was the sum granted as large as had been at first expected; Alfons had, therefore, been obliged to work hard to make up what was wanting to enable him to travel, in order to study satisfactorily, and with advantage, the old masters of his art in Italy. At length everything was settled. Alfons's little capital was collected; and among some of his friends, who determined to give a little parting festivity in his honour, was an elderly gentleman, Mr. Wilhelm Berg, a poet, some of whose verses Alfons had set to music. Spring had just come; the woods were clad in their freshest verdure, so it was agreed

that the entertainment should take place at Ermelund House.*

Otto, Sem, and Scott were invited to be of the party; indeed, Otto had expressed the desire to meet Scott there.

The spot appointed for the meeting of the guests was at Fortunen, another house of entertainment in the same forest, whither most of the party proceeded on horseback. As they arrived they assembled on the great natural terrace outside the inn, whence the eye, passing over the palace of Bernstorf, reaches the tall spires of Copenhagen, the battery of Tre Kroner, at the entrance of the harbour, and stretches far out over the waters of the Sound. The sea was deep blue, and the groups of forest trees, with their tender green foliage, stood in beautiful relief against it; while the straight columns of smoke curling up from the various houses, now hidden, now peeping, added a feeling of domestic comfort to the poetry of the green woods.

It was agreed that the friends should proceed on foot to Ermelund House, through a pathless track of the forest on the right, where the trees seem to grow more unconstrained, and to throw out their branches more freely, and the copsewood seems more scrubby and wild, because so rarely disturbed by the presence of man. They went on in silence; the absence of regular pathways prevented them

* An inn situated in the midst of a beautiful forest, called the Royal Deer-park, about six English miles from Copenhagen.

from walking in groups—thus favouring a state of reverie and thought, while they were unconsciously imbibing the beauty of the surrounding forest. The golden rays of the afternoon sun played among the leafy crowns of the beeches, and fell in long streaks upon the grassy earth between their tall white stems, the long vistas of which were broken here and there by open glades, interspersed with copse and brushwood ; while over these lower groups of verdure was spread a soft, rosy tint. From time to time, the rippling of a rivulet was heard, and numberless birds were chirping, piping, whistling. The voice of the cuckoo, too, sounded at long intervals from the distance, and now and then the wanderers stopped, thinking that they caught the notes of the nightingale.

At length they arrived at Ermelund House, tired and silent, yet in cheerful spirit and vigorous mood. The table was already laid with such dishes as Mendoza could partake of.

“ You are fortunate,” said the Wilhelm Berg to Mendoza, “ to be able to take such a lovely spring day with you, as your last remembrance of Denmark ! Your country takes a sweet farewell of you ! As for your countrymen and countrywomen, you will have opportunities of meeting many abroad ; and among the most pleasant are the Halds, who, I hear, are fitting southward this year.”

“ I cannot understand,” answered Mendoza, sadly, “ how it is that people in Denmark leave home, when they are not obliged to do so. Our country is so

beautiful! When I hear the tinkling of the rivulets in spring, I am always reminded of the music of the middle ages. The conscience of the modern musicians must prick them, when surrounded by such natural scenes as this, they remember their compositions and the applause with which they are received. Oh, I love the middle ages!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Scott. "Well, I commend you for that. If we were now in the middle ages, the present party would probably have been composed of priestly men engaged on a pilgrimage to St. Ermelund, or the holy hermit Fortunus; and when you passed by bearded and in caftan, bowing humbly to them, they would spit at, instead of doing honour to you, as we do to-day."

"That is true enough; but still each party, though having a different faith, would be strong in his own."

Scott was surprised, or, at least, endeavoured to look so, and said,

"Another reflection, upon my word! Were you a Christian musician, I would, without hesitation, class you among the lyrical, spontaneous geniuses; and feel assured that you would, like a faithful sentinel, never go one step beyond your beat. But the people to whom you belong escape from every category—besides, they won't do for sentinels."


"Mr. Scott is witty as ever," said a voice near the foot of the table.

Scott pretended not to hear, and continued:

"Well, Mendoza, I will try to appease you, and praise the middle ages. . . . This wine is excellent; and as I look thus through the glass, I see the forest out yonder glowing in purple tints. I will slowly and joyfully quaff a glass of this grape-blood to the health of the middle ages." . . .

Up to this moment Scott's liveliness had had the appearance of being forced; but a sudden joyfulness of spirit seemed now to burst forth in him, and he continued:

"Hush! the spirit is coming over me, and I am about to speak—possibly it may even prove to be a melodrama. I say then, all hail to the middle ages! There was life in the world then; the knight trod the dance with golden spurs, the maiden blushed so modestly, the squire stood without, with spear and shield, looking furtively on, whilst the hand-maiden watched him narrowly, with cunning glance. Then there were angels in heaven, and numberless blue-eyed ones on earth; and there were ghosts, and brownies, and cobolds, and forest-trolls. At sunset they swarmed forth—ah! what a strange dance! But on the plain, stands the cloister, with high white walls, faldera, the red, red roses! And claret there is plenty in the cloisters' cellar. Then walked the monk in the meadow through the long summer day; and the monk prayed of the nun to give him a kiss. 'Nay, father, that is forbidden.' 'Oh, nonsense, what prate! Here I have found a delightful place.' Then merchants did not, as now, sit behind their



decks, nor did they rest content with seeing their ships pass the bar ; but, like the easterns of the present day, they went forth in caravans ; and the lords of the castles lay in wait, with waving plumes, to plunder them, as best they could. The warden cries, when he sees the band draw nigh, ‘ Now we shall get a winter pelisse, and broadcloth for summer wear ! ’ And then, likewise, were there elfin maidens, who lay in wait for the wanderer—therefore beware, O Mendoza, for the elfin maiden sees thee ! *

‘ I laid down my head on the elfin hill,
My eyelids they closed in slumber ! ’

Well, gentlemen, will you not join in the song ? ”

No second invitation was required : all joined heartily in the refrain of the ballad.

“ No, no ! ” cried Otto, when they had finished, “ it must not be elfin maidens that lure Mendoza ; they are hollow, like dough-troughs—so says the legend—and that will never do for a man so little hollow as Mendoza. I propose that he shall find some sprite abroad, who shall draw him towards herself ; he shall be another Hylas, carried off by a naiad. I have seen a drawing of Gibson’s group representing this subject. The nymphs have stolen upon him after he has left the spring ; one of them has laid her arm around him, and is drawing him back ; but the second—the one who loves him most, and for whom he is no doubt destined in the crystalline grottoes—

* Almost every sentence in this speech is a quotation from some Danish ballad.

touches him but lightly, as she lays her cheek gently against his head. When Hylas turns round to see whence the feeling comes that is thrilling through him, his eyes meet hers, and this one glance transports him to the abode of the immortal nymphs."

By degrees the conversation became less general, and more noisy. Suddenly, Otto observed that Scott seemed quite absent, with his eyes fixed, staring on one spot, while a strange but melancholy smile played around his lips. The next moment, however, he seemed to feel that he was observed, and recovered himself instantly; but soon the sorrowful smile was again on his lips, though rapidly succeeded by a jest.

Wilhelm Berg had industriously filled Mendoza's glass, and thus made him quite chatty. He spoke of many things, but ever recurred to the pain he felt at leaving home, and the love he bore every little spot in his country.

Berg drew nearer to him, and said,

"I am much interested in what you say, for I always thought that you did not look upon this country as your real home."

Mendoza seemed surprised; but immediately after answered, with an arch smile,

"Do you consider it your real home?"

"Well, to be sure, I ought not to do so."

Little by little a kind of restless mood seemed to take possession of the party; all felt its sway, and endeavoured to overcome it—yet failed, for each

contributed, in some way or other, to nourish it ; nor could it even be drowned in wine. It was caused by thoughts of travel and leave-taking—by the balmy evening, and its varied tints fading in the heavens, by the gentle waving of the branches of the trees ; but more than all was it, perhaps, caused by the temperaments and the destinies of some of those present.

Wilhelm Berg turned to Otto, inciting him to speak ; and, in reply to some observation of Berg's, Otto alluded to the power society obtains over all men. "It seems willing to give us everything," said he, "and to ask for nothing in return ; and yet, it really takes everything from us, and gives us nothing in return. It deprives us of our cheerfulness and courage. Affecting to be independent, it yet depends upon something other than itself, for it trusts not in itself. It must ever be conquered from without ; and when the conqueror enters, and stretches forth his arms to the elfin maiden, he clasps a cloud."

"Yes," said Scott, joining in the conversation ; "it is the old mystery, that is ever recurring. Baroness Stein had a romantic passion for Goethe, but he was obliged to marry his housekeeper. And how many a virtuous woman has not talked æsthetics with a genius, and kissed—her husband !"

Some of the young men laughed, the concluding words having come upon them like a surprise.

"Among seamen," said Otto, "there is a legend,

that when the Arctic ice will have been passed through, open water will be found around the pole itself, and in this, an island, with summer flowers and fruit . . .”

“Well, and you think ? . . .”

“I think, that we are all engaged in Arctic expeditions, and are feeding ourselves with hopes of something which, perhaps, is not.”

“Yes,” answered the poet—“at least, we ought to fancy ourselves in that position.”

“And yet,” continued Otto, without heeding Berg’s words, “can we say what is, and what is not ? There are creations of the imagination worth a thousand times more than all the so-called truths. Few things have made a deeper impression on me, than those words in the *Voluspa*, which say that, after Ragnaroke, a new earth will come forth, and in the grass will be found the golden draughtsmen with which the Aser played in the morning of time. I possessed in the morning of time a grass-plot, on which I and others played around an apple-tree, with the golden draughtsmen ; and I believe that I shall one day find them again—nay, often when I see the rays of the setting sun gilding the green-sward, it seems to me a promise . . . although it seems so absurd !”

“The health of the golden draughtsmen !—Love’s draughtsmen !” cried one of the company. “If we did but know where to find them !”

“I know !” cried another.

“ Where, then ? ”

“ Oh, there are plenty of them in Copenhagen ! ”

“ Bah ! Nay, then, I know better ! ” cried Wilhelm Berg. “ You will find them in the beautiful wide world—in southern climes, in mountain valleys, under the grape vines, at the Carnival festivities, on the Place Vendôme, ‘ where the column rears its head,’ on the banks of the Arno and of the Danube. There you will find them. Wherever we are strangers—where we go forth with the wanderer’s light heart—when towards evening, while the lamps are being lighted, we enter a strange town, and a golden-haired damsel appears at a window, and we say, in Heine’s words, ‘ *Ich gehe morgen fort, komme nie wieder !* ’—among the columns of the Capitol and the treasures of the Vatican, under the vaulted roofs of Gothic churches, on the marble slabs of the Basilica when the bells are ringing to vespers . . . each time the mail drives out of Copenhagen gates, and the post-boy blows his horn—there is a sound of the golden draughtsmen, though he knows it not ; nay, he knows not what the tune is he is blowing, poor fellow, clad though he be in Love’s red livery. He calls to us to come and be true to humanity—to come out and imbibe happiness and beauty, so as to be able to return home at least with some knowledge of what they are, with fuel to keep up the fire the whole of the succeeding winter-night ;—but let him blow his horn as he may, I must go to my office, whilst you—happy Mendoza !—you are to obey

the call. A happy journey to you — you happy one !”

And all the rest joined in the toast, and gave a lusty cheer for Mendoza.

While Berg was speaking, Otto again observed in Scott the same fixed look, and the same strange, sad, bitter smile ; and it so happened that when Scott, recovering himself suddenly, advanced to fill his glass and do honour to the toast, Otto in looking at him discovered that he wore no shirt.

Scott's glance followed his, and for one second their eyes met. Otto covered his face with his hands, rose, and then sank back again on his seat with a loud groan. Scott bent over towards him and whispered, “Remember where we are ! Do not let the plebs into the secret !”

All present perceived, by Scott's face, that something had passed between the two, and many, without suspecting the truth, became clamorous to know what it was.

Otto rose, walked up to Mendoza, put his hands around his head, and whispered, “You are the only true man here. Do not take it amiss that I must go !”

“But what is it, dear Otto ?”

“Something very sad. Keep your seat.”

As if by previous concert, Otto and Scott departed together.

They rode on for a long while in silence. At length, taking courage, Otto exclaimed,

"Why did you not let me know, that I might have come to your assistance?"

"I do not know when that could have been. Yesterday, while you were spending your morning in prison, fortune and I had not yet fallen out. It was not until this morning that they put an execution into my house."

"An execution!"

"Yes, it is a long story, but not without interest; when I shall have got well through it, my menagerie will be considerably augmented. I must tell you that when the catastrophe took place, and I was deposed from all my dignities, or honours, in connexion with the journal, I bethought me that the best thing I could do would be to seek a situation as assistant master or adjunct in some public school; and, with this plan in view, I called on Count Lövenhjelm. He paid me many compliments, which had all reference to your essays, and assured me, he prized my talents very highly; but he had not the courage to become my patron. People are wonderfully cowardly—"but," added Scott, interrupting himself and gnashing his teeth, "I knew it all beforehand. Have I not many a time held forth on the subject! Held forth! Well," he continued, making an effort to control his feelings, "I began to be hard up. I was obliged to try and raise money, to enable me to live, and also because a pretty large bill, that I had given my friend Mr. Hanson, was becoming due. I applied to never mind to

whom—but in vain in short, time passed, and this morning Mr. Hanson presented himself.”


“ Well ? ”

“ Well, you must know your *jus* sufficiently to be aware that there is nothing to be done when the birds of prey come with a protested bill. He had a valuation made of everything that I possessed, and as there were still twenty dollars wanting to make up the amount of my debt, he declared that I must march to prison. Suddenly, however, he conceived the diabolically ironical idea of offering to take my last shirt, as an equivalent for those twenty dollars. My man had taken my clothes to be brushed, and he was wise enough to keep out of the way with them; and so I thought, let it be! Everything is lost except my coat and trousers, and, after all, these are the most important. In coat and trousers I may still retrieve my affairs—in the bare shirt I could not do so.”

“ How happy you are, after all, to be able to take things so lightly! I do not think I could have done so . . . particularly at the first moment.”

“ It is possible that I might not have been able either; but, as we are in a sentimental mood, I may as well confide to you, that on that very morning a lovely girl wrote to me for the first time; and with that fair promise in my heart. . . . ”

“ Oh, I can conceive that,” said Otto. “ Woman always remains faithful to the last. It was a woman who remained with Alcibiades, when the barbarians



threatened to burn him to death; and she anointed his head after death—God bless her for it!”

“Amen!” said Scott.

That reticence, in regard to personal affairs, which Otto and Scott had always observed towards each other, being now broken through, Scott went on to tell Otto all that had occurred to him of late; and he particularly called forth Otto’s indignation, by narrating traits of the petty persecution to which he had been subjected, and which made Otto feel as if all honesty had vanished from the world.

“Let us ride back to town,” cried he, “and this very evening shoot down Helzen and Milner, and whomsoever we in our conscience look upon as enemies—and then let us die fighting!”

“Ah, that would be poor vengeance,” rejoined Scott; “*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. Nay, society must be paid back in its own coin. Calmness is of the greatest importance. But rest assured that that man lives not, who, for the sake of the idea he represents, would do anything for another, or sacrifice the least part of his own well-being. Religion they have invented, in order to indulge in pleasant moods and fine phrases. In reality their religion is like Law’s Mississippi bank—when they are called upon to pay, they give drafts upon the lands and territories on the other side; but when they are to receive payment, they demand cash.”


“I cannot be calm under such circumstances, nor do I participate in your belief. If I did, it would

drive me to despair. But things are not so bad as that. I spoke without thinking a little while ago. As we now stand towards each other, it becomes a duty to speak without reserve. I think that we are, at the present moment, merely enveloped in a cloud; beyond this the sun is shining, and glittering in its rays lie the golden draughtsmen. Indeed, I not only believe it, I know it to be true."

"Ay," said Scott, "you are a poet."

"No, I am not now speaking as a poet. I feel the emotions of a man. I am thinking of my family, and the thought of them would be most painful, did I not believe I could keep the promise I have made to myself in reference to them. My future prospects, as a respectable cit would say, have been injured, or perhaps even blighted, as regards any hope of an appointment at the university or under government; while to you evil has come, in which it appears I have some share; to me something has happened, at the same time, that makes me indescribably happy. My understanding does not fathom it; but I care little for the understanding. To my fancy it seems that the whole wide world has opened its arms to me, and is calling me. I say again—out yonder is the sunshine! Let us seek there fame and an honest life—a new and powerful means with which to fight the people's battle, or else an honourable death!"

"And I say again," rejoined Scott, "that you are a poet. You have written a work apparently poli-



tical, yet in reality poetical; for poetry endeavours to realize an ideal object by ideal means: while in politics a man may, it is true, have poetic feelings, but he will always endeavour to attain his object by such means as are nearest at hand. What your real object may be, as regards yourself and the world, I cannot say; I am not disposed to hold forth at present—besides, I have very likely lost my power of insight in respect to you. One thing only I know, and this is, that you are right in determining to leave—to go out into the world!”

“Well, but come with me, Scott! As far as the material is concerned, I am bound by no further obligations towards my family. I have as yet hardly touched the honorarium I received for my drama, and the book we published together has been handsomely paid. This very day, the publisher came to purchase from me the right of a second edition. Therefore, come with me.”

“Hm!” replied Scott, “it is not very agreeable to travel two on one horse, or on the travelling allowance of one . . . I do not even possess wherewithal to pay the hire of the horse I am now riding . . .”

And when he had said this, when he heard his own words, he seemed for the first time fully to comprehend his wretched position, his hopeless and wasted existence; and involuntarily reining in his horse, and turning towards the sea, from the outer edge of which masses of black and shapeless cloud

were climbing over the starlit vault of the heavens, he groaned aloud, and gave vent to a fearful anathema on all that were now at peace, or would rise in the morning to joy. He cursed the clouds because they were false, deceiving the eye with the appearance of evil spirits, which, having no real existence, could not give revenge and a handful of money, in exchange for a human soul.

He had let go the bridle; his horse stretched out its neck, and breathed heavily, the sound falling on the still air like a deep sigh.

"Hush!" cried Otto, "we are often taken at our word. Remember what the disguised devil says in 'Potter Walter:'

'The air hears it, and these mountains,
And through them it reaches my master's ears.'

"Oh, I am tired of poetry and quotations . . . Ride on; you have a home to go to, and I have none."

"At all events, ride out of the way, a carriage is coming this way very fast! Come, quick!"

Scott involuntarily seized the bridle again, but not with a proper hold, and pulling it tight, while digging his spurs into the horse's flanks, instead of backing, he made the animal turn round. They thus were right in the way of the carriage that now came up at a furious pace; its pole striking the hind-quarters of the horse, he reared violently, burst the saddle girths, and Scott was precipitated on his head into a ditch.

The coachman attempted to drive on, but Otto caught the reins and threatened to back the carriage into the ditch, if he did not stop.

"What is the matter?" asked a female voice from within the carriage.

"You have perhaps been the death of a human being!" answered Otto. "Make haste and help me! . . ."

"Good heavens! I will indeed help you if I can!" cried the lady, opening the door herself and stepping out.

She was about thirty, her face was full and round, her mouth large, her lips thick, her hair luxuriant; she was still handsome, and was distinguished by an expression of great determination.

They soon found Scott; he was in a deep swoon, and the blood was flowing freely from a wound in his head.

Otto fetched some water in his hat; resting Scott's head on her arm, the lady bent over him, and bathed his temples with her handkerchief.

After a while Scott opened his eyes, staring wildly at her; cried "Ottilie!" and again closed them; opening them soon after, to stare again and again, and cry "Ottilie! Ottilie! have you come back to me?"

"He is delirious—what shall I do?"

"I cannot leave him here!" she cried. "Ah! place him in the carriage . . . I live close by . . . My name is Vandonner . . ."

"Vandonner?" repeated Scott.

"Will you go for a doctor?" said she, turning to Otto.

"And for my clothes," said Scott, once more sinking back in a swoon.

Otto understood him. He helped to lift Scott into the carriage, put his horse in charge of the driver, and rode off.

Scott had never spoken to Otto about his first love, and Otto had never heard anything definite about her; nor did he make any inquiries about Mrs. Vandonner, while Scott lay dangerously ill at her house—he merely heard, accidentally, that she had lately returned from abroad, an obscure allusion being made, at the same time, to her having peculiar and powerful connexions there.

At length Scott became convalescent; and the summer being far advanced, he was able to walk in the shade of the trees, outside the garden pavilion, which had been hastily prepared for his use. Otto had made all necessary arrangements for his journey—had given bail in reference to the suit which the government had commenced against him on account of his book, and had come to take leave of Scott. But few words were interchanged between them. A great alteration was visible in Scott's countenance. To Otto he seemed like the man in the fairy tale, to have got other eyes. Formerly they had been bright and blue; now they were dim, and of a greenish cast. Whether or not this was caused by the ill-

ness, he could not tell; but Scott's whole manner was likewise changed. He had now the dry, self-possessed manner of a man who has thrown troublesome thoughts overboard.

"Write to me from time to time," said he, holding out to Otto his hand, which had grown very white and delicate, and looked quite aristocratic.

"Once more," said Otto, "will you not accompany me?—or will you appoint to meet me somewhere? I will wait for you wherever you like."

"No, thank you," replied Scott, with a hard smile. "But, in return for your offer, and for other kindnesses that I owe you, I will give you a piece of lucky advice, or a 'Heldraad,' as the old Scandinavians called it, to take with you on your journey."

"And that is——?"

"That is," continued Scott, and a remnant of his former nature played in his countenance, "that the one side of your face being that of a child, and the other that of a man, beware that you always turn the right side forward."

"Yes, but which is which?" asked Otto, laughing.

"That I cannot tell," said Scott. "The 'Heldraad' of the North were always obscure. Let it be a good sign that we part laughing—may you come laughing home again!"

Before starting on his journey Otto wished to take leave of his mother. She appointed to meet him in his native town, where she had some business to

transact in connection with *Commerceraad Theilman's* death, which had very recently taken place.

When he saw his mother, buried in papers, with spectacles on nose, minutely examining every document that might be of importance, he could not help admiring her unselfish character. Although advanced in years, she still was ready to devote her time and energies to the benefit of others; whilst he—he was going forth into the great, free, joyous world, to learn experience, it is true, yet still for his own satisfaction and delight. For a moment, he felt so drawn towards his mother and his home, that he was almost home-sick, as though he were already far away.

A little later, as he was sauntering down the street to greet his native town once more, and take leave of it for a long time, he met Dr. Siemsen, as usual, making his round of calls upon his patients.

"Hallo! How do you do, Kroyer, Otto Kroyer?" cried the doctor, on catching sight of our hero. "How time does fly! It is as if it were but yesterday . . . Well, I am getting old, and such old cattle ought really to be shot. But how are you? Can you remember when we last met, and we took that walk at the back of the gardens? Well, I suppose those thoughts are long since dead and buried?"

"Yes," answered Otto, smiling.

"That's always the way. You may believe an old *practicus*. . . She was here so lately as the day be-

fore yesterday, so you might have seen her. . . . What a pity that you did not come to the funeral!—though, truth to tell, it was not a very pleasant one.”


“Funerals are not expected to be pleasant, I believe.”

“True enough, Mr. Copenhagener ; but I did not mean it thus. The fact is, the feeling among the public was not a very good one ; but I daresay you have heard it all.”

Otto answering in the negative, the doctor took his arm, and once more led him round at the back of the gardens, leaving his patients to take care of themselves.

The tale he told was as follows : When Commercaad Theilman had completed his building operations, and had celebrated Emilie’s wedding, and on that occasion had formed, through the medium of his clerical son-in-law, a very friendly acquaintance with the new magistrate, his mind resumed its former equilibrium ; he obtained, besides, the official recognition of a new Theilman’s Lane, and thus became completely reconciled with Caroline Amelia’s Lane, and with the whole of the royal family. But in the meanwhile a new subversive power had begun to spring up : younger merchants had advanced with the times in political opinions, and had become liberals. At first, perhaps, they did not quite understand the matter themselves ; for the countenance of many a man, who spoke very disrespectfully of the

Danish peasant, assumed, on the mention of a Norwegian peasant, a look of intense delight, as if a deliciously-fragrant flower had been presented to his nose. But however confused they might be as to other political subjects, on one they were all clear and agreed—they were national. What an effect that word had! In a most mysterious manner it gave them importance in their own eyes, as well as in those of others. They were national! They had never before been conscious of it, just as Molière's *bourgeois gentilhomme* had not been conscious of speaking prose, though he had done so all his life; but their joy was all the greater, and a hitherto unknown self-confidence took possession of them when they did become conscious of possessing that quality, so highly prized in Copenhagen. It was, however, impossible to be conscious of it in its full extent, without having some one before them, whom they might look upon as an enemy. Now, it could not be otherwise, than that Commerceraad Theilman should become the opponent of the feelings and opinions with which the younger generation puffed themselves up; and they, on their side, were by no means loath to find themselves opposed to him on grounds where they were backed by a certain unknown something, a certain power in the air, as it were. The Commerceraad was not wanting in cunning; he cowed his opponents in the clubs and assemblies by means of the king's health; they were obliged to do honour to this,



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... government, some one imme-
... the Commercceraad, and asked him
... its defence, and in the bitterness
... endeavoured to defend matters he
... understood nor cared about. The
... undertaking of practical measures was
... The harbour of the town had no more to do with

up more and more, and on occasion of some discussions relative to a dredging machine, it was suggested that a new and better harbour might be obtained, at very little more expense, if a certain piece of land were embanked and a pier were built; this would give a deep basin, with a wide and commodious entrance, adapted to the prevailing winds. The *Commerceraad* adopted the new plan with great warmth, partly from zeal for the public good, partly because the land to be embanked was contiguous to his own—so that, were the idea carried out, he would be enabled to load and unload his ships on his own land, instead of being obliged to transport the cargoes by a circuitous route to and from the ships, as was done now. But for this very reason, the opposition objected to the proposal, and insisted upon retaining the old harbour. An obstinate conflict ensued. The magistrate remained neutral; a young custom-house officer adopted the *Commerceraad*'s views, and wrote anonymous articles on the subject, in the provincial paper. The opposition party, on their side, sent in a report to the organ of the opposition in the metropolis, and one morning the post brought a newspaper, in which allusions were made to the personal selfishness that was endeavouring to lead the town into hazardous undertakings, and which probably hoped, by hypocritical servilism, to attain its object through the aid of the authorities concerned.

Commerceraad Theilman was named! Com-



merceraad Theilman was in the newspaper ! The opposition triumphed. The report from the municipality was in favour of the old harbour being dredged, and this view was approved by the government.

From the moment the Commerceraad saw his own name in the paper, he never held up his head. He very rarely left the house, shyly avoided every new face, lost all interest in his business, and everything soon went wrong. On perceiving this, he proposed to his eldest son-in-law to remove from the neighbouring town, in which he was established, and to become his partner ; “but,” said Dr. Siemsen, “he was too cunning for the old gentleman, for when the Commerceraad died, there was nothing left but the furniture and the plate. The last time I called to see him, I could not help saying to myself, ‘Well, is this the man who has lorded it over the town for so many years ? What are we poor mortals ? A breath—not more than is required to blow out a candle—and we are done for.’”

Otto and Dr. Siemsen had just arrived at the stile leading from the lane at the back of the gardens into the main street. An elegant carriage passed. In it were a lady and three pretty children, all richly and tastefully attired, and in the dickey an equerry with silver shoulder-knot.

“They have been calling at the magistrate’s,” said Dr. Siemsen, bowing respectfully.

“Who are they ?” asked Otto.

"Aha! I thought so, here he comes riding. Don't you know him? It is Canute Jedde."

The horseman was a fine looking man, embrowned by the sun, and looking the picture of health and happiness. He rode a horse of noble race, which hardly required his guidance, but seemed to move on with conscious pride in himself and his master. The passers-by looked up at the rider with admiring satisfaction, and many were the signs of recognition. The mother with her children in the carriage, the stately gentleman on his noble steed, all gave the impression that they were of the fortunate of the earth, and that few could rival them in means of happiness. In this man's face there were no longer visible any traces of his wild career in Paris; nor did its expression convey the idea that he could toy with a woman's heart, as he must have toyed with Emilie's, thereby exercising so important an influence over Otto's destiny.

Otto struggled with his feelings, and, hastening towards his early home, went through the little postern gate into the garden. The apple-tree was no longer there, and the grass-plot had been converted into a kitchen-garden.

"No," said Otto, "we have no paternal estate. My garden is now another man's property. I have not even the right to stand here. And yet it seems to me that I have a paternal estate within me, and all Italy, all Europe besides! How strangely glad, yet sorrowful, I feel! I grieve at the thought of leaving

my poor mother and brother behind, and yet I am drawn, impelled forward with irresistible power. Here I used to play with Emilie! Here Peter Kroll would come and fetch me! How strange! Had she not kissed Canute Jedde, or rather had not Dr. Siemsen seen it, I should have been quite a different being to what I now am, and would have received quite a different development; and had Peter Kroll not sought me out in Copenhagen, I should never have written 'A Carpenter's Opinions.' It is they who are sending me forth to Italy. But who wrote those lines about the apple? He that was with me in the prison, and heard my prayer, took me into his service. In truth, I must be destined for something, and my destiny goes with me! May you have reason to be proud of me when I return, oh, my mother! . . . oh, my beloved fatherland!"

END OF VOL. II.

